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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. IX.

THE DRAMATICK WORKS

OF THE

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE NINTH;

CONTAINING,

CORONATION;
SEA-VOYAGE;
COXCOMB;
WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS;
FAIR MAID OF THE INN;
CUPID'S REVENGE.

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LONDON,
Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;
For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand;
J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,
Fleet-Street; and W. FOX, Holborn.

MDCCLXXVIII.

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P. WHAT
BRANCH
OF THE
ARCTIC SOCIETY

Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, Dec. 1, 1757.

THE CORONATION.

A COMEDY.

The first edition of this Play was printed in quarto in the year 1640, and has the name of John Fletcher prefixed to it, as the Author. Upon this authority we have retained it in the present edition, notwithstanding there is evidence of equal weight to authorize us to ascribe it to James Shirley, the editor of the first folio in 1647. That writer, in the year 1653, published a volume of his Plays, and at the end of one, of them, viz. The Cardinal, has enumerated the several Dramatic Pieces written by him: Amongst the rest, he has claimed the present performance, which, he says, was 'falsely ascribed 'to Fletcher;' with what degree of truth it is impossible now to determine. We think no argument can be drawn from the omission of it in the first folio, for the reason assigned in the first note to the Play. It has not been acted for many years past, nor do we know of its having ever been altered.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Seleucus, *ſuppoſed ſon to Eubulus; but, in reality,* Leonatus, *the right king of Epirus.*

Arcadius, *ſuppoſed nephew to Macarius; but, in reality,* Demetrius, *ſecond ſon to the dead king.*

Eubulus, Macarius, } *noblemen, guardians to the late king's ſons.*

Caſſander, *lord-protector.*

Lyſimachus, *his ſon, a worthy gentleman.*

Neſtorius, *father to Polidora.*

Philocles, Lyſander, } *courtiers.*

Poleanus, *captain of the caſtle.*

A Biſhop, *and truſtee of the dead king's will.*

Antigonus, *a gentleman in waiting.*

Servant *to Polidora.*

WOMEN.

Sophia, *queen of Epirus.*

Polidora, *courted by Arcadius, and his noble and conſtant miſtreſs.*

Charilla, *an attendant on Sophia.*

Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Maſquers, &c. &c.

SCENE, EPIRUS.

THE

PROLOGUE.

SINCE 'tis become the title of our Play,
A woman once in a Coronation may
With pardon ſpeak the Prologue, give as free
A welcome to the theatre, as he
That with a little beard, a long black cloak,
With a ſtarch'd face and ſupple leg, hath ſpoke
Before the plays the twelve-month; let me then
Preſent a welcome to theſe gentlemen!
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worſe of me for my petticoat.—
But to the Play; the Poet bad me tell
His fears firſt in the title, leſt it ſwell
Some thoughts with expectation of a ſtrain,
That but once could be ſeen in a king's reign.
This Coronation he hopes you may
See often; while the genius of his Play
Doth propheſy, the conduits may run wine,
When the day's triumph's ended, and divine
Briſk nectar ſwell his temples to a rage;
With ſomething of more price t' inveſt the ſtage.
There reſts but to prepare you, that altho'
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No under-mirth, ſuch as doth lard the ſcene
For coarſe delight; the language here is clean;
And confident, our Poet bad me ſay,
He'll bate you but the folly of a Play:
For which, altho' dull ſouls his pen deſpiſe,
Who think it yet too early to be wiſe[1],
The nobler will thank his Muſe, at leaſt
Excuſe him, 'cauſe his thought aim'd at the beſt.

[1] *Who* thinks *it yet too early.* ——] Corrected in 1750.

But we conclude not; it does reſt in you
To cenſure Poet, Play, and Prologue too.
But, what have I omitted? is there not
A bluſh upon my cheeks, that I forgot
The ladies? and a female Prologue too!
Your pardon, noble gentlewomen! you
Were firſt within my thoughts: I know you ſit
As free, and high commiſſioners of wit,
Have clear and active ſouls; nay, tho' the men
Were loſt, in your eyes they'll be found again:
You are the bright intelligences move,
And make a harmony this ſphere of Love:
Be you propitious then! our Poet ſays,
One wreath from you[2], is worth their grove of bays.

[2] Our *wreath from you.*] Mr. Seward conjectured with me, that *one*, not *our*, muſt be the word, and ſo I have altered the text. *Sympſon.*

THE

CORONATION[1].

ACT I.

Enter Philocles and Lyſander.

Philocles. MAKE way for my lord-protector!

Lyſan. Your Grace's ſervants!

Enter Caſſander and Lyſimachus.

Caſſ. I like your diligent waiting. Where's Lyſimachus?

Lyſim. I wait upon you, Sir.

Caſſ. The queen looks pleaſant
This morning; does ſhe not?

Lyſim. I ever found
Her gracious ſmiles on me.

Caſſ. She does conſult
Her ſafety in't; for I muſt tell thee, boy,

[1] *The Coronation.*] It were to be wiſhed that the Publiſher of our Authors Works in 1679 had given his reaſons in the Preface, or elſewhere, why he took this Play into that edition. There ſeems to be no juſt grounds upon which he could go for ſo bold a practice, ſeeing the editor of the firſt folio in 1647, Mr. Shirley, has left it out; a perſon who muſt be better acquainted with what was our Authors', as living nearer to their time, than the editor of the ſecond folio in 1679. 'Tis true, there are ſeveral fine ſtrokes in it, which might poſſibly be Fletcher's; but thoſe will no more entitle him to claim it for his own, than it will Shakeſpeare to aſſert the play of the Noble Kinſmen, in which we know he was partially concerned: To Mr. Shirley therefore, as he has laid claim to it, let's give this performance; nor rob him of the glory which *The Coronation* may do his memory. *Sympſon.*

This note betrays a wonderful inattention in Sympſon; ſince the *Coronation* was one of the plays printed in QUARTO, and Shirley profeſſed to inſert none in the FOLIO that had ever appeared in QUARTO.

But in the aſſurance of her love to thee,
I ſhould advance thy hopes another way,
And uſe the power I have in Epire, to
Settle our own, and uncontroled greatneſs:
But ſince ſhe carrieth herſelf ſo fairly,
I am content t' expect, and by her marriage
Secure, thy fortune; that's all my ambition
Now: Be ſtill careful in thy applications
To her; I muſt attend other affairs.
Return, and uſe what art thou canſt to lay
More charms of love upon her.

Lyſim. I preſume
She always ſpeaks the language of her heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more
Happineſs on earth, than ſhe encourages
Me to expect.

Caſſ. It was an act becoming
The wiſdom of her father, to engage
A tie between our families, and ſhe
Hath play'd her beſt diſcretion to allow it.
But we loſe time in conference; wait on her,
And be what thou wert born for, king of Epire!
I muſt away. [*Exit.*

Lyſim. Succeſs ever attend you.
Is not the queen yet coming forth[4]?
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Lyſan. Your ſervant!
You may command our duties. [*Exit Lyſim.*
This is the court-ſtar, Philocles.

Phil. The ſtar that we muſt ſail by.

Lyſan. All muſt borrow
A light from him; the young queen directs all
Her favours that way.

---

[4] *Is not the queen yet coming forth?*

Lyſan. *Your ſervant.*] *Lyſander's* aſking this queſtion ſuppoſes, that the gentlemen interrogated were capable of giving him an anſwer; but that the reader ſees is no where to be found; therefore I have thought proper to mark an *hiatus* in the preſent text. *Sympſon.*

Sympſon, we ſuppoſe, meant *Lyſimachus*, inſtead of *Lyſander*, who aſks no queſtion, but is the next ſpeaker.

Phil.

Phil. He's a noble gentleman,
And worthy of his expectations:
Too good to be the ſon of ſuch a father.
Lyſan. Peace! remember he is lord-protector.
Phil. We have more need of Heav'n's protection
I'th' mean time: I wonder the old king
Did in his life deſign him for the office.
Lyſan. He might ſuſpect his faith; I have heard when
The king, who was no Epirote, advanc'd
His claim, Caſſander, our protector now,
Young then, oppos'd him toughly with his faction;
But forc'd to yield, had fair conditions,
And was declar'd, by the whole ſtate, next heir,
If the king wanted iſſue: Our hopes only
Thriv'd in this daughter.
Phil. Whom, but for her ſmiles
And hope of marriage with Lyſimachus,
His father, by ſome cunning, had remov'd
Ere this.
Lyſan. Take heed! the arras may have ears.
I ſhould not weep much if his Grace would hence
Remove to Heav'n.
Phil. I prithee what ſhould he do there?
Lyſan. Some offices will fall.
Phil. And the ſky too, ere I get one ſtair higher
While he's in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lyſander, Philocles,
How looks the day upon us? Where's the queen?
Phil. In her bed-chamber.
Ant. Who was with her?
Lyſan. None but
The young lord Lyſimachus.
Ant. It is no treaſon,
If a man wiſh himſelf a courtier
Of ſuch a poſſibility; He has
The mounting fate.

Phil. I would his father were
Mounted to th' gallows!
Ant. H'has a path fair enough
If he ſurvive, by title of his father.
Lyſan. The queen will haſten his aſcent.
Phil. 'Would I were queen!
Ant. Thou wouldſt become rarely the petticoat!
What wouldſt thou do!
Phil. Why, I would marry my
Gentleman-uſher, and truſt all the ſtrength
And burden of my ſtate upon his legs,
Rather than be called wife by any ſon
Of ſuch a father.
Lyſan. Come, let's leave this ſubject!
We may find more ſecure diſcourſe. When ſaw
You young Arcadius, lord Macarius' nephew?
Ant. There's a ſpark, a youth moulded for a favourite!
The queen might do him honour.
Phil. Favourite?
It is too cheap a-name; there were a match
Now for her virgin blood!
Lyſan. Muſt every man,
That has a handſome face or leg, feed ſuch
Ambition? I confeſs I honour him,
He has a nimble ſoul, and gives great hope
To be no woman-hater; dances handſomely,
Can court a lady powerfully; but more
Goes to the making of a prince. He's here;
And's uncle.

Enter Arcadius, Macarius, and Seleucus.

Sel. Save you, gentlemen! Who can direct me
To find my lord-protector?
Lyſan. He was here
Within this half-hour: Young Lyſimachus
His ſon is with the queen.
Sel. There let him compliment;
I've other buſineſs.—Ha, Arcadius! [*Exit.*

Phil.

Phil. Obſerv'd you with what eyes Arcadius
And he ſaluted? their two families
With hardly reconcile.
Ant. Seleucus carries
Himſelf too roughly: With what pride and ſcorn
He paſs'd by 'em!
Lyſan. The other, with leſs ſhow
Of anger, carries pride enough in's ſoul:
I wiſh 'em all at peace! Macarius' looks
Are without civil war, a good old man,
The old king lov'd him well; Seleucus' father
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character
Of an honeſt lord thro' Epire: That two men,
So lov'd of others, ſhould be ſo unwelcome
To one another!
Arc. The queen was not wont
To ſend for me.
Mac. The reaſon's to herſelf;
It will become your duty to attend her.
Arc. Save, you, gentlemen! What novelty
Does the court breathe to-day?
Lyſan. None, Sir; the news
That took the laſt impreſſion is, that you
Purpoſe to leave the kingdom, and thoſe men
That honour you take no delight to hear it.
Arc. I have ambition to ſee the difference
Of courts, and this may ſpare me; the delights
At home do ſurfeit; and the miſtreſs, whom
We all do ſerve, is fix'd upon one object;
Her beams are too much pointed. But no country
Shall make me loſe your memories.

Enter Sophia, Lyſimachus, and Charilla.

Sophia. Arcadius!
Mac. Your lordſhip honour'd me;
I have no bleſſing in his abſence.
Lyſim. 'Tis
Done like a pious uncle.
Sophia. We muſt not

Give

Give any licence.

Ant. If your majeſty
Would pleaſe——

Sophia. We are not pleas'd! It had become your duty
T' have firſt acquainted us, ere you declar'd
Your reſolution publick. Is our court
Not worth your ſtay?

Arc. I humbly beg your pardon!

Sophia. Where's Lyſimachus?

Lyſim. Your humble ſervant, madam.

Sophia. We ſhall find
Employment at home for you; do not loſe us.

Arc. Madam, I then write myſelf bleſs'd on earth
When I may do you ſervice. [*Exit.*

Sophia. We would be
Private, Macarius.

Mac. Madam, you have bleſs'd me!
Nothing but your command could interpoſe to
Stay him. [*Exit.*

Sophia. Lyſimachus, you muſt not leave us.

Lyſan. Nothing but
Lyſimachus? Has ſhe not ta'en a philter? [*Exit.*

Sophia. Nay, pray be cover'd; ceremony from you
Muſt be excus'd.

Lyſim. It will become my duty.

Sophia. Not your love.
I know you would not have me look upon
Your perſon as a courtier [§], but a favourite;

---

§ *I know you would have me look upon*
Your perſon as a courtier, not *a favourite*;] This unmuſical, nonſenſical place, is differently read in the quarto of 1640,

I know you would not *have me look upon*
Your perſon as a courtier, not as favourite;

That of 1679.

I know, &c.
——*as a courtier, but a favourite*;

But yet the place is ſad ſtuff ſtill. I would ſuppoſe it once originally run thus:

I know you would not——
Your perſon as a courtier, but a (or as) *favourite*;
(Tho') *that title were too narrow*, &c. *Sympſon.*

That

That title were too narrow to expreſs
How we eſteem you.
Lyſim. The leaſt of all
Theſe names from you, madam, is grace enough.
Sophia. Yet here you would not reſt?
Lyſim. Not if you pleaſe
To ſay there is a happineſs beyond,
And teach my ambition how to make it mine:
Altho' the honours you already have
Let fall upon your ſervant, exceed all
My merit, I've a heart is ſtudious
To reach it with deſert, and make if poſſible
Your favours mine by juſtice, with your pardon.
Sophia. We're confident this needs no pardon, Sir,
But a reward to cheriſh your opinion:
And that you may keep warm your paſſion,
Know we reſolve for marriage; and if
I had another gift, beſides myſelf,
Greater, in that you ſhould diſcern how much
My heart is fix'd.
Lyſim. Let me digeſt my bleſſing!
Sophia. But I cannot reſolve when this ſhall be.
Lyſim. How, madam! Do not make me dream of Heav'n,
And wake me into miſery, if your purpoſe
Be, to immortalize your humble ſervant!
Your power on earth's divine; princes are here
The copies of eternity, and create,
When they but will, our happineſs.
Sophia. I ſhall
Believe you mock me in this argument;
I have no power.
Lyſim. How! no power?
Sophia. Not as a queen.
Lyſim. I underſtand you not.
Sophia. I muſt obey; your father's my protector.
Lyſim. How!
Sophia. When I'm abſolute, Lyſimachus,
Our power and titles meet; before, we're but
A ſhadow,

A ſhadow, and to give you that were nothing.

Lyſim. Excellent queen! my love took no original
From ſtate, or the deſire of other greatneſs,
'Bove what my birth may challenge modeſtly.
I love your virtues; mercenary ſouls
Are taken with advancement: You've an empire
Within you, better than the world's; to that
Looks my ambition.

Sophia. T' other is not, Sir,
To be deſpis'd; coſmography allows
Epire a place i' th' map; and know, 'till I
Poſſeſs what I was born to, and alone
Do graſp the kingdom's ſceptre, I account
Myſelf divided; he that marries me
Shall take an abſolute queen to his warm boſom:
My temples yet are naked; until then
Our loves can be but compliments and wiſhes,
Yet very hearty ones.

Lyſim. I apprehend.

Sophia. Your father!

Enter Caſſander and Seleucus.

Caſſ. Madam, a gentleman has an humble ſuit.

Sophia. 'Tis in your power to grant; you are protector;
I am not yet a queen.

Caſſ. How's this?

Lyſim. I ſhall expound her meaning.

Sophia. Why kneel you, Sir?

Sel. Madam, to reconcile two families
That may unite both counſels and their blood
To ſerve your crown.

Sophia. Macarius', and Eubulus',
That bear inveterate malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard; upon the queſtion
(Which ſome of either family had made)
Which of their fathers was the beſt commander:
If we believe our ſtories, they have both
Deſerv'd well of our ſtate; and yet this quarrel

Ha

Has coſt too many lives; a ſevere faction!
Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet
And peace in both our houſes, which are torn
With their diſſenſions, and loſe the glory
Of their great names: My blood ſpeaks my relation
T' Eubulus; and I wiſh my veins were emptied
T' appeaſe their war.
Sophia. Thou haſt a noble ſoul!
This is a charity above thy youth,
And it flows bravely from thee. Name the way.
Sel. In ſuch a deſperate cauſe, a little ſtream
Of blood might purge the foulneſs of their hearts:
If you'll prevent a deluge——
Sophia. Be particular!
Sel. Let but your majeſty conſent that two
May, with their perſonal valour, undertake
The honour of their family, and determine
Their difference.
Sophia. This rather will enlarge
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood
Into the ſtream.
Sel. Not if both families
Agree, and ſwear——
Sophia. And who ſhall be the champions?
Sel. I beg the honour, for Eubulus' cauſe
To be engag'd, if any for Macarius
(Worthy to wager heart with mine) accept it:
I'm confident, Arcadius
(For honour would direct me to his ſword)
Will not deny to ſtake againſt my life
His own, if you vouchſafe us privilege.
Sophia. You are the expectation and top boughs
Of both your houſes; it would ſeem injuſtice
To allow a civil war to cut you off,
And yourſelves the inſtruments. Beſides,
You appear a ſoldier; Arcadius
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,
More fit to drill a lady than expoſe
His body to ſuch dangers; a ſmall wound

I' th'

I' th' head may ſpoil the method of his hair,
Whoſe curioſity exacts more time
Than his devotion; and who knows but he
May loſe his ribbon by it in his lock[6],
Dear as his ſaint, with whom he would exchange
His head for her gay colours; then his band
May be diſorder'd and transform'd from lace
To cutwork; his rich cloaths be diſcomplexion'd
With blood, beſide th' infaſhionable ſlaſhes;
And he at the next feſtival take phyſick,
Or put on black, and mourn for his ſlain breeches;
His hands, cas'd up in gloves all night, and ſweet
Pomatum, the next day may be endanger'd
To bliſters with a ſword; how can he ſtand
Upon his guard, who hath fiddles in his head,
To which his feet muſt ever be a-dancing?
Beſides, a falſify may ſpoil his cringe
Or making of a leg, in which conſiſts
Much of his court-perfection.

Sel. Is this character
Beſtow'd on him?

Sophia. It ſomething may concern
The gentleman; whom if you pleaſe to challenge
To dance, play on the lute, or ſing——

Sel Some catch?

Sophia. He ſhall not want thoſe will maintain him
For any ſum.

Sel. You are my ſovereign;
I dare not think—yet I muſt ſpeak ſomewhat[7];

---

[6] *May loſe his* ribbon *by it in his* lock] Alluding to the ridiculous faſhion, in our Authors' time, of wearing *love locks*. This cuſtom is alſo ſatyrized in Cupid's Revenge; which ſee.

[7] *I dare not think, yet I muſt ſpeak ſomewhat.*] Why then 'tis plain he would ſpeak without thinking; and is not this heroically ſaid? However, tho' he durſt not think, yet he was oblig'd to ſpeak *to keep himſelf from burſting*. How nonſenſe, like ſame, *vires acquirit eundo!* Surely, if we ſuppoſe the words could ever be ſenſe, we muſt imagine they run once thus:

I dare not ſpeak—and *yet I muſt ſpeak ſomething*
I ſhall burſt elſe;——

i. e. He was afraid of ſpeaking leſt he ſhould utter an affront to his queen;

I ſhall burſt elſe:—I have no ſkill in jigs,
Nor tumbling——

Sophia. How, Sir!

Sel. Nor was I born a minſtrel; and in this
You have ſo infinitely diſgrac'd Arcadius,
But that I've heard another character,
And with your royal licence do believe it,
I ſhould not think him worthy my killing.

Sophia. Your killing?

Sel. Does ſhe not jeer me?
I ſhall talk treaſon preſently; I find it
At my tongue's end already: This is an
Affront! I'll leave her.

Sophia. Come back! Do you know Arcadius?

Sel. I ha' chang'd but little breath with him; our perſons
Admit no familiarity; we were
Born to live both at diſtance; yet I ha' ſeen him
Fight, and fight bravely.

Sophia. When the ſpirit of wine
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.

Sel. Altho' he be my enemy, ſhould any
Of the gay flies that buz about the court,
Sit to catch trouts i'th' ſummer[8], tell me ſo
I durſt in any preſence but your own——

Sophia. What?

Sel. Tell him he were not honeſt.

Sophia. I ſee, Seleucus, thou art reſolute,
And I but wrong'd Arcadius: Your firſt
Requeſt is granted, you ſhall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm
Firſt place and honour to his family:
Is it not this you plead for?

---

queen; and yet if he did not ſpeak, his anger unvented might do him a miſchief. *Sympſon.*

We think the text good and genuine, and Sympſon's raillery pointleſs and ill-founded.

[8] Sit *to catch trouts.*] The Editors of 1750 ſubſtitute *ſit* for *ſit*; we think improperly: Seleucus ſeems to mean, 'Courtiers that buz 'about the court, AND *ſit* to catch, &c.'

Sel.

Sel. You are gracious.
Sophia. Lyſimachus!
Lyſim. Madam.
Caſſ. She has granted then?
Sel. With much ado.
Caſſ. I wiſh thy ſword may open
His wanton veins! Macarius is too popular,
And has taught him to inſinuate.
Sophia. It ſhall
But haſte the confirmation of our loves,
And ripen the delights of marriage. Seleucus!
[*Exit cum Seleuco.*
Lyſim. As I gueſs'd!
It cannot be too ſoon.
Caſſ. Tomorrow then we crown her, and inveſt
My ſon with majeſty; 'tis to my wiſhes.
Beget a race of princes, my Lyſimachus!
Lyſim. Firſt, let us marry, Sir.
Caſſ. Thy brow was made
To wear a golden circle; I'm tranſported!
Thou ſhalt rule her, and I will govern thee.
Lyſim. Altho' you be my father, that will not
Concern my obedience, as I take it.

Enter Philocles, Lyſander, and Antigonus.

Caſſ. Gentlemen[9],
Prepare yourſelves for a ſolemnity
Will turn the kingdom into triumph: Epire,
Look freſh tomorrow!—'Twill become your duties,
In all your glory, to attend the queen at
Her Coronation; ſhe is pleas'd to make
The next day happy in our calendar:
My office doth expire, and my old blood
Renews with thought on't.
Phil. How's this?
Ant. Crown'd tomorrow?

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9 *Gentlemen,*
Prepare yourſelves.] Mr. Seward has happily reſtored the ſpeaker, *Caſſander*, which is dropt negligently thro' all the copies. *Sympſon.*

Lyſim.

Lyſan. And he ſo joyful to reſign his regency?
There's ſome trick in't: I do not like theſe haſty
Turnings [10], and whirls of ſtate; they've commonly
As ſtrange and violent effects. Well, Heav'n ſave
The queen!

Phil. Heav'n ſave the queen, ſay I, and ſend her
A ſprightly bedfellow! For the protector,
Let him pray for himſelf; he's like to have
No benefit of my devotion.

Caſſ. But this doth quicken my old heart! Lyſimachus,
There is not any ſtep into her throne,
But is the ſame degree of thy own ſtate.
Come, gentlemen!

Lyſan. We attend your Grace.

Caſſ. Lyſimachus!

Lyſim. What heretofore could happen to mankind
Was with much pain to climb to Heav'n; but in
Sophia's marriage, of all queens the beſt,
Heav'n will come down to earth, to make me bleſt.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Arcadius and Polidora.

INDEED you ſhall not go.

Arc. Whither?

Polid. To travel.
I know you ſee me but to take your leave;

[10] ——— *theſe haſty*
Proceedings, *and whirls of ſtate,*] Every judge of poetry muſt ſee, that *proceedings* is very unpoetical, both in ſenſe and meaſure: I take the true word to have been blotted in the manuſcript, and this to have been either the player or printer's inſertion. I conjectur'd *turnings, and whirls of ſtate*, which I afterwards found a ſtrong confirmation of in this very Play, act iii. ſcene iii.

Phil. *'Tis a ſtrange turn,*
Lyſan. *The whirligigs of women.* *Seward.*

But I muſt never yield to ſuch an abſence.

Arc. I prithee leave thy fears! I am commanded
To th' contrary; I wonot leave thee now.

Polid. Commanded? by whom?

Arc. The queen.

Polid. I'm very glad; for, truſt me, I could think
Of thy departure with no comfort! Thou
Art all the joy I have, half of my ſoul;
But I muſt thank the queen now for thy company.
I prithee, what could make thee ſo deſirous
To be abroad?

Arc. Only to get an appetite
To thee, Polidora[11].

Polid. Then you muſt provoke it?

Arc. Nay, prithee, do not ſo miſtake thy ſervant.

Polid. Perhaps you ſurfeit with my love.

Arc. Thy love!

Polid. Altho' I have no beauty to compare
With the beſt faces, I've a heart above
All competition.

Arc. Thou art jealous now:
Come, let me take the kiſs I gave thee laſt!
I am ſo confident of thee, no lip
Has raviſh'd it from thine. I prithee come
To court!

Polid. For what?

Arc. There is the throne for beauty.

Polid. 'Tis ſafer dwelling here.

Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an ill to Polidora;
The greateſt will be proud to honour thee:
Thy luſtre wants the admiration here[12];
There thou wot ſhine indeed, and ſtrike a reverence

[11] *To* thee, *Polidora.*] Seward reads, *To Polidora.*

[12] *Thy luſtre wants* the *admiration* here.] We muſt either read,

——— that *admiration*;

or, ——— *admiration* there. *Sympſon.*

There needs no variation at all; the meaning is ſimply, 'Thy 'luſtre wants [*i. e.* is without] its due admiration HERE; THERE 'you would be noticed.'

Into

Into the gazer.

Polid. You can flatter too.

Arc. No praiſe of thee can be thought ſo; thy virtue
Will deſerve all. I muſt confeſs, we courtiers
Do oftentimes commend, to ſhew our art:
There is neceſſity ſometimes to ſay
This madam breathes Arabian gums,
Amber, and caſſia; tho', while we are praiſing,
We wiſh we had no noſtrils to take in
Th' offenſive ſteam of her corrupted lungs.
Nay, ſome will ſwear they love their miſtreſs,
Would hazard lives and fortunes to preſerve
One of her hairs brighter than Berenice's,
Or young Apollo's; and yet, after this;
A favour from another toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the officious hangman whips
Her head off.

Polid. Fine men!

Arc. I am none of theſe:
Nay, there are women, Polidora, too
That can do pretty well at flatteries;
Make men believe they dote, will languiſh for 'em,
Can kiſs a jewel out of one, and dally
A carcanet[13] of diamonds from another,
Weep into th' boſom of a third, and make
Him drop as many pearls; they count it nothing
To talk a reaſonable heir within ten days
Out of his whole eſtate, and make him mad
He has no more wealth to conſume.

Polid. You'll teach me
To think I may be flatter'd in your promiſes,
Since you live where this art is moſt profeſs'd.

Arc. I dare not be ſo wicked, Polidora.
The infant errors of the court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuſe
So rare a goodneſs; nor indeed did ever

[13] *A* carcanet.] A *necklace*, from the old French word *carcan*, whoſe diminutive was *carcanet*. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. It is uſed in Shakeſpeare, vol. ii. p. 178. *K.*

Converſe with any of thoſe ſhames of court,
To practiſe for baſe ends. Be confident
My heart is full of thine, and I ſo deeply
Carry the figure of my Polidora,
It is not in the power of time or diſtance
To cancel it. By all that's bleſt, I love thee,
I love thee above all women, dare invoke
A curſe when I forſake thee.

Polid. Let it be
Some gentle one.

Arc. Teach me an oath I prithee,
One ſtrong enough to bind, if thou doſt find
Any ſuſpicion of my faith; or elſe
Direct me in ſome horrid imprecation!
When I forſake thee for the love of other
Woman, may Heav'n reward my apoſtacy,
To blaſt my greateſt happineſs on earth [14],
And make all joys abortive!

Polid. Revoke theſe haſty ſyllables! they carry
Too great a penalty for breach of love
To me; I am not worth thy ſuffering;
You do not know what beauty may inviſte
Your change, what happineſs may tempt your eye
And heart together.

Arc. Should all the graces of your ſex conſpire
In one, and ſhe ſhould court me with a dower
Able to buy a kingdom, when I give
My heart from Polidora——

Polid. I ſuſpect not;
And to requite thy conſtancy, I ſwear——

Arc. It were a ſin to let thee waſte thy breath;

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[14] ——— *of other*
Women, may Heav'n *reward my apoſtacy*
To *blaſt, &c.*] Mr. Seward ſuppoſes the words miſplac'd here, and that the natural order is thus;
——— *may* to *reward my apoſtacy*
Heav'n *blaſt my greateſt happineſs.* *Sympſon.*
The old reading gives good ſenſe, and more ſtrongly expreſſes, that 'blaſting his happineſs would be the proper reward of his falſe-'hood.'

I have

I have aſſurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your uncle hath been every where
I'th' court enquiring for you; his looks ſpeak
Some earneſt cauſe. [*Exit.*

Arc. I'm more acquainted with
Thy virtue, than t'imagine thou wilt not
Excuſe me now: One kiſs diſmiſſes him
Whoſe heart ſhall wait on Polidora.

Polid. Prithee[15]
Let me not wiſh for thy return too often!
My father? [*Exit Arc.*

Enter Neſtorius and a Servant.

Neſt. I met Arcadius in ſtrange haſte; he told me
He had been with thee.

Polid. Some affair too ſoon
Raviſh'd him hence; his uncle ſent for him.
You came now from court: How looks the queen
This golden morning?

Neſt. Like a bride: Her ſoul
Is all on mirth; her eyes have quick'ning fires,
Able to ſtrike a ſpring into the earth
In winter.

Polid. Then Lyſimachus can have
No froſt in's blood, that lives ſo near her beams.

Neſt. His politic father, the protector, ſmiles too.
Reſolve to ſee the ceremony of the queen;
'Twill be a day of ſtate.

Polid. I am not well.

Neſt. How! not well? retire then. I muſt return;
My attendance is expected. Polidora,
Be careful of thy health!

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[15] *Whoſe heart ſhall wait on Polidora, prithee*
Let me not wiſh ——] The leaſt attention to this paſſage will convince the reader, that the inſertion of *Polidora*'s name before *Prithee let me not*, which Mr. Seward too communicated to me, is entirely requiſite to the ſenſe of this place. *Sympſon.*

Polid. It will concern me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arcadius and Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me, Sir.

Mac. Dear nephew, if thou reſpect thy ſafety,
My honour, or my age, remove thyſelf;
Thy life's in danger.

Arc. Mine? Who is my enemy?

Mac. Take horſe, and inſtantly forſake the city,
Or elſe within ſome unſuſpected dwelling
Obſcure thyſelf; ſtay not to know the reaſon.

Arc. Sir, I beſeech your pardon! Which, i'th' number
Of my offences unto any, ſhould
Provoke this diſhonourable flight?

Mac. I would, when I petition'd for thy ſtay,
I'd pleaded for thy baniſhment; thou know'ſt not
What threatens thee.

Arc. I would deſire to know it:
I am in no conſpiracy of treaſon,
Have raviſh'd no man's miſtreſs, not ſo much
As given the lie to any: What ſhould mean
Your ſtrange and violent fears? I will not ſtir
Until you make me ſenſible I've loſt
My innocence.

Mac. I muſt not live to ſee
Thy body full of wounds; it were leſs ſin
To rip thy father's marble, and fetch from
The reverend vault his aſhes, and diſperſe them
By ſome rude winds, where none ſhould ever find
The ſacred duſt: It was his legacy,
The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven,
I ſhould preſerve Arcadius, whoſe fate
He propheſied in death would need protection:
Thou wot diſturb his ghoſt, and call it to
Affright my dreams, if thou refuſe t'obey me.

Arc. You more inflame me, to enquire the cauſe
Of your diſtraction; and you'll arm me better
Than any coward flight, by acquainting me

Whoſe

Whoſe malice aims to kill me: Good Sir, tell me!

Mac. Then, prayers and tears aſſiſt me!

Arc. Sir?

Mac. Arcadius,
Thou art a raſh young man, witneſs the ſpirit
Of him that truſted me ſo much! I bleed,
'Till I prevent this miſchief. [*Exit.*

Enter Philocles and Lyſander.

Arc. Ha! keep off.

Phil. What mean you, Sir?

Lyſan. We are your friends.

Arc. I know your faces, but
Am not ſecure: I would not be betray'd.

Lyſan. You wrong our hearts, who truly honour you.

Arc. They ſay I muſt be kill'd.

Phil. By whom?

Arc. I know not,
Nor would I part with life ſo tamely.

Phil. We dare
Engage ours in your quarrel; hide your ſword,
It may beget ſuſpicion; it is
Enough to queſtion you.

Arc. I'm confident;
Pray pardon me! come, I deſpiſe all danger;
Yet a dear friend of mine, my uncle, told me
He would not ſee my body full of wounds.

Lyſan. Your uncle? this is ſtrange.

Arc. Yes, my honeſt uncle.
If my unlucky ſtars have pointed me
So dire a fate——

Phil. There is ſome ſtrange miſtake in't.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Arcadius, the queen would ſpeak with you;
You muſt make haſte.

Arc. Tho' to my death, I fly
Upon her ſummons; I give up my breath

Then willingly, if ſhe command it from me. [*Exit.*

Phil. This does a little trouble me.

Lyſan. I know not
What to imagine; ſomething is the ground
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any ſuch danger as he apprehends.

Enter Sophia, Lyſimachus, Macarius, Eubulus, Seleucus, Arcadius, Ladies, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Sophia. We have already granted to Seleucus,
And they ſhall try their valour, if Arcadius
Have ſpirit in him to accept the challenge;
Our royal word is paſſed.

Phil. This is ſtrange.

Eub. Madam, my ſon knew not what he aſk'd,
And you were cruel to conſent ſo ſoon.

Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd
At once of all the wealth I have? Arcadius
Is part of me.

Eub. Seleucus' life and mine
Are twiſted on one thread, both ſtand or fall
Together. Hath the ſervice for my country
Deſerv'd but this reward, to be ſent weeping
To my eternal home? Was't not enough,
When I was young, to loſe my blood in wars,
But the poor remnant that is ſcarcely warm,
And faintly creeping thro' my wither'd veins,
Muſt be let out to make you ſport?

Mac. How can
We, that ſhall this morn ſee the ſacred oil
Fall on your virgin treſſes, hope for any
Protection hereafter, when this day
You ſacrifice the blood of them that pray for you?
Arcadius, I prithee ſpeak thyſelf;
It is for thee I plead.

Eub. Seleucus, kneel,
And ſay thou haſt repented thy raſh ſuit!
If ere I ſee thee fight I be thus wounded,
How will the leaſt drop forced from thy veins

Afflict

Afflict my heart?

Mac. Why, that's good!
Arcadius, ſpeak to her; hear him, madam.

Arc. If you call back this honour you have done me,
I ſhall repent I live.—Do not perſuade me!—
Seleucus, thou'rt a noble enemy;
And I will love thy ſoul, tho' I deſpair
Our bodies' friendly converſation:
I would we were to tug upon ſome cliff,
Or, like two prodigies i'th' air, our conflict
Might generally be gaz'd at, and our blood
Appeaſe our grandſires' aſhes!

Mac. I'm undone!

Sel. Madam, my father ſays I have offended;
If ſo, I beg your pardon, but beſeech you,
For your own glory, call not back your word

Eub. They are both mad.

Sophia. No more! we have reſolv'd;
And ſince their courage is ſo nobly flam'd,
This morning we'll behold the champions
Within the liſt. Be not afraid their ſtrife
Will ſtretch ſo far as death. So ſoon as we
Are crown'd, prepare yourſelves. Seleucus!

[*Seleucus kiſſes her hand.*

Sel. I have receiv'd another life in this
High favour, and may loſe what nature gave me.

Sophia. Arcadius, to encourage thy young valour,
We give thee our father's ſword;
Command it from our armory. Lyſimachus,
To our Coronation. [*Exeunt.*

Eub. I will forfeit ſooner
My head for a rebellion, than ſuffer it[16]. [*Exit.*

Mac. I'm circled with confuſions! I'll do ſomewhat:
My brains and friends aſſiſt me!

Phil.

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[16] Sel. *I'll forfeit, &c.*

Arc. *I am circled*——] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward agree with me here are two falſe names put into theſe two places; and that *Eubulus* ſhould ſupply *Seleucus* and *Macarius Arcadius*, and 'tis plain, for

Phil. But do you think they'll fight indeed?

Lyſan. Perhaps
Her majeſty will ſee a bout or two:
And yet 'tis wondrous ſtrange! ſuch ſpectacles
Are rare i'th' court. An they were to ſkirmiſh naked
Before her, then there might be ſome excuſe.
There is ſome gimcracks in't; the queen is wiſe
Above her years.

Phil. Macarius is perplex'd.

Enter Eubulus.

Lyſan. I cannot blame him. But my lord Eubulus
Returns; they are both troubled: 'Las, good men!
But our duties are expected; we forget.
[*Exeunt Philocles and Lyſander.*

Eub. I muſt reſolve; and yet things are not ripe.
My brain's upon the torture!

Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his perſon, whoſe leaſt drop
Of blood is worth more than our families.
My lord Eubulus, I have thought a way
To ſtay the young mens' deſperate proceedings;
It is our cauſe they fight; let us beſeech
The queen, to grant us two the privilege
Of duel, rather than expoſe their lives
To either's fury: It were pity they
Should run upon ſo black a deſtiny;
We are both old, and may be ſpar'd; a pair
Of fruitleſs trees, moſſy and wither'd trunks,
That fill up too much room.

Eub. Moſt willingly;
And I will praiſe her charity t' allow it:
I have not yet forgot to uſe a ſword.
Let's loſe no time! By this act, ſhe will licence

for *Seleucus* and *Arcadius* are not now upon the ſtage, but went off with the queen, Lyſimachus, &c. I have likewiſe ventured to add a word to

Eub. *I'll forfeit*
My head, &c.

which was not ſenſe, as it ſtood in all the copies. *Sympſon.*

Our

Our ſouls to leave our bodies but a day,
Perhaps an hour, the ſooner; they may live
To do her better ſervice, and be friends.
When we are dead. And yet I have no hope
This will be granted; curſe upon our faction!

Mac. If ſhe deny us——

Eub. What?

Mac. I would do ſomewhat——

Eub. There's ſomething o' the ſudden ſtruck upon
My imagination, that may ſecure us.

Mac. Name it; if no diſhonour wait upon't,
To preſerve them, I'll accept any danger.

Eub. There is no other way—and yet my heart
Would be excus'd—but 'tis to ſave his life.

Mac. Speak it, Eubulus.

Eub. In your ear I ſhall;
It ſha'not make a noiſe if you refuſe it.

Mac. Hum! tho' it ſtir my blood, I'll meet. Arcadius,
If this preſerve thee not, I muſt unſeal
Another myſtery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophia, Lyſimachus, Caſſander, Charilla, Lyſander, Philocles, and Antigonus.

Sophia. We owe to all your loves, and will deſerve,
At leaſt by our endeavours, that none may
This day repent their prayers. My lord-protector!

Caſ. Madam,
I have no ſuch title now, and am bleſt to loſe
That name ſo happily: I was but truſted
With a glorious burden.

Sophia. You have prov'd
Yourſelf our faithful counſellor, and muſt ſtill
Protect our growing ſtate: A kingdom's ſcepter
Weighs down a woman's arm; this crown ſits heavy
Upon my brow already; and we know
There's ſomething more than metal in this wreath
Of ſhining glory; but your faith and counſel,
That are familiar with myſteries,

And

And depths of ſtate, have power to make us fit
For ſuch a bearing, in which both you ſhall
Do loyal ſervice, and reward your duties.
Caſſ. Heav'n preſerve your highneſs!
Sophia. But yet, my lords and gentlemen, let none
Miſtake me, that, becauſe I urge your wiſdoms,
I ſhall grow careleſs, and impoſe on you
The managing of this great province! no,
We will be active too; and as we are
In dignity above your perſons, ſo
The greateſt portion of the difficulties
We call to us, you in your ſeveral places
Relieving us with your experience,
Obſerving in your beſt directions
All modeſty, and diſtance; for altho'
We are but young, no action ſhall forfeit
Our royal privilege, or encourage any
To unreverent boldneſs. As it will become
Our honour to conſult, ere we determine,
Of the moſt neceſſary thing of ſtate;
So we are ſenſible of any check [17],
But in a brow, that ſaucily controls
Our action, preſuming on our years
As few, or frailty of our ſex; that head
Is not ſecure, that dares our power or juſtice.
Phil. Sh' has a brave ſpirit! Look how the protector
Grows pale already!
Sophia. But I ſpeak to you
Are perfect in obedience, and may ſpare
This theme; yet 'twas no immaterial
Part of our character, ſince I deſire
All ſhould take notice I have ſtudied
The knowledge of myſelf; by which I ſhall

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[17] *So we are ſenſible of* a *check.*] Seward would read,
So were not *ſenſible of* any *check.*
But in a brow, &c.
We have adopted Sympſon's reading, which he thus explains: 'Even 'the leaſt ſeeming diſlike to our judgment expreſſed by a wrinkled brow, 'we are ſenſible of, &c.'

Better

Better diſtinguiſh of your worth and perſons
In your relations to us.
Lyſan. This language
Is but a threatening to ſomebody.
Sophia. But we miſs ſome, that uſe not to abſent
Their duties from us: Where's Macarius?
Caſſ. Retir'd to grieve, your majeſty hath given
Conſent Arcadius ſhould enter liſt
To-day, with young Seleucus.
Sophia. We purpoſe

Enter Gentleman.

They ſhall proceed. What's he?
Phil. A gentleman
Belonging to Seleucus, that gives notice
He is prepar'd, and waits your royal pleaſure.
Sophia. He was compos'd for action. Give notice
To Arcadius, and admit the challenger!
Let other princes boaſt their gaudy tilting,
And mockery of battles! but our triumph
Is celebrated with true noble valour,

Enter Seleucus and Arcadius at ſeveral doors, their pages before them, bearing their targets.

Two young men ſpirited enough to have
Two kingdoms ſtak'd upon their ſwords. Lyſimachus,
Do not they excellently become their arms?
'Twere pity but they ſhould do ſomething more
Than wave their plumes. [*A ſhout within.*] What noiſe is that?

Enter Macarius and Eubulus.

Mac. The peoples' joy, to know us reconcil'd,
Is added to the jubilee o' th' day:
We have no more a faction, but one heart.
Peace flow in every boſom!
Eub. Throw away
Theſe inſtruments of death, and like two friends
Embrace by our example.

Sophia.

Sophia. This unfeign'd?

Mac. By our duties to yourſelf! Dear madam,
Command them not advance: Our houſes from
This minute are incorporated; happy day!
Our eyes, at which before revenge look'd forth,
May clear ſuſpicion. Oh, my Arcadius!

Eub. We've found a nearer way to friendſhip, madam,
Than by expoſing them to fight for us.

Sophia. If this be faithful, our deſires are bleſs'd.
We had no thought to waſte, but reconcile
Your blood this way, and we did propheſy[18]
This happy chance: Spring into either's boſom,
Arcadius and Seleucus!—What can now
Be added to this day's felicity?
Yes, there is ſomething, is there not, my lord,
While we are virgin-queen?

Caſſ. Ha! that ſtring
Doth promiſe muſick.

Sophia. I am yet, my lords,
Your ſingle joy; and when I look upon
What I have took to manage, the great care
Of this moſt flouriſhing kingdom, I incline
To think I ſhall do juſtice to myſelf
If I chuſe one, whoſe ſtrength and virtue may
Aſſiſt my undertaking: Think you, lords,
A huſband would not help?

Lyſan. No queſtion, madam[18];
And he that you purpoſe to make ſo bleſs'd,
Muſt needs be worthy of our humbleſt duty:
It is the general vote.

Sophia. We will not then
Trouble ambaſſadors to treat with any
Princes abroad; within our own dominion,
Fruitful in honour, we ſhall make our choice;
And that we may not keep you over long
In th' imagination, from this circle we
Have purpoſe to elect one, whom I ſhall

[18] *And we did* propheſy.] *i. e. Foreſee.* *Sympſon.*

Salute

Salute a king and husband.

Lysan. Now, my lord Lysimachus!

Sophia. Nor shall we in this action be accus'd
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare
Deserving our affection hath been early
In our opinion, (which had reason first
To guide it, and his known nobility)
Long married to our thoughts, will justify
Our fair election.

Phil. Lysimachus blushes.

Caff. Direct our duties, madam, to pray for him!
[*She comes from the state.*

Sophia. Arcadius, you see from whence we come;
Pray lead us back: You may ascend.

Caff. How's this? o'er-reach'd?

Arc. Madam, be charitable to your humblest creature!
Do not reward the heart, that falls in duty
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden
Of the court-mirth, a mockery for pages!
'Twere treason in me but to think you mean thus.

Sophia. Arcadius, you must refuse my love,
Or shame this kingdom.

Phil. Is the wind in that corner?

Caff. I shall run mad, Lysimachus!

Lysim. Sir, contain yourself.

Sel. Is this to be believ'd?

Mac. What dream is this?

Phil. He kisses her! now, by this day, I'm glad on't.

Lysan. Mark the protector!

Ant. Let him fret his heart-strings!

Sophia. Is the day cloudy on the sudden?

Arc. Gentlemen,
It was not my ambition; (I durst never
Aspire so high in thought) but since her majesty
Hath pleas'd to call me to this honour, I
Will study to be worthy of her grace,
By whom I live.

Sophia. The church tomorrow shall

Confirm

Confirm our marriage. Noble Lyſimachus,
We'll find out other ways to recompenſe
Your love to us. Set forward! Come, Arcadius!
[*Exeunt Sophia, Arcadius, and Philocles.*
Mac. It muſt be ſo; and yet let me conſider!
Caſſ. He inſults already! Policy, aſſiſt me.
To break his neck!
Lyſim. Who would truſt woman?
Loſt, in a pair of minutes loſt! How bright
A morning roſe but now, and now 'tis night. [*Exe.*

ACT III.

Enter Polidora and Servant.

Polid. OH, where ſhall virgins look for faith hereafter,
If he prove falſe, after ſo many vows?
And yet, if I conſider, he was tempted
Above the ſtrength of a young lover: Two
Such glories courting [19] his acceptance, were
Able to make diſloyalty no ſin,
At leaſt not ſeem a fault: A lady firſt,
Whoſe very looks would thaw a man more frozen
Than th' Alps, quicken a ſoul more dead than winter;
Add to her beauty and perfection,
That ſhe's a queen, and brings with her a kingdom
Able to make a great mind forfeit Heaven.
What could the frailty of Arcadius
Suggeſt, t'unſpirit him ſo much, as not
To fly to her embraces?—You were preſent
When ſhe declar'd herſelf?
Serv. Yes, madam.
Polid. Tell me,
Did not he make a pauſe, when the fair queen

[19] *Such glorious courting.*] Corrected in 1750.

A full

A full temptation ſtood him?
Serv. Very little
My judgment could diſtinguiſh: She did no ſooner
Propound, but he accepted.
Polid. That was ill.
He might with honour ſtand one or two minutes;
Methinks it ſhould have ſtartled him a little
To have remember'd me; I have deſerv'd
At leaſt a cold thought. Well, pray give it him.
Serv. I ſhall. [*Polid. gives him a letter.*
Polid. When?
Serv. Inſtantly.
Polid. Not ſo;
But take a time when his joy ſwells him moſt,
When his delights are high and raviſhing,
When you perceive his ſoul dance in his eyes,
When ſhe, that muſt be his, hath dreſs'd her beaut
With all her pride, and ſends a thouſand Cupids
To call him to the taſting of her lip;
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live,
I'll pray for him.
Serv. I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſſander and Lyſimachus.

Caſſ. There is no way but death.
Lyſim. That's black and horrid!
Conſider, Sir, it was her ſin, not his;
I cannot accuſe him; what man could carry
A heart ſo frozen, not to melt at ſuch
A glorious flame? Who could not fly to ſuch
A happineſs?
Caſſ. Have you ambition
To be a tame fool? See ſo vaſt an injury,
And not revenge it? Make me not ſuſpect
Thy mother for this ſufferance, my ſon.
Lyſim. Pray hear me, Sir.
Caſſ. Hear a patient gull,
A property? Thou haſt no blood of mine,
If this affront provoke thee not: How canſt

Be charitable to thyſelf, and let him live
To glory in thy ſhame? Nor is he innocent;
He had before crept ſlily into her boſom,
And practis'd thy diſhonour.
Lyſim. You begin
To ſtir me, Sir.
Caſſ. How elſe could ſhe be guilty
Of ſuch contempt of thee, and in the eye
Of all the kingdom? they conſpir'd this ſtain,
When they had cunning meetings. Shall thy love
And blooming hopes be ſcatter'd thus, and Lyſimachus
Stand idle gazer?
Lyſim. What, Sir, will his death
Advantage us, if ſhe be falſe to me?
So irreligious? and to touch her perſon—
Pauſe, we may be obſerv'd.

Enter Philocles and Lyſander.

Lyſan. 'Tis the protector
And his ſon.
Phil. Alas, poor gentleman! I pity his
Neglect, but am not ſorry for his father.
'Tis a ſtrange turn.
Lyſan. The whirligigs of women!
Phil. Your Grace's ſervant.
Caſſ. I am yours, gentlemen;
And ſhould be happy to deſerve your loves.
Phil. Now he can flatter.
Lyſan. Not, Sir, to enlarge
Your ſufferings, I have a heart doth wiſh
The queen had known better to reward
Your love and merit.
Lyſim. If you would expreſs
Your love to me, pray do not mention it.
I muſt obey my fate.
Phil. She will be married
To t'other gentleman for certain then?
Caſſ. I hope you'll wiſh 'em joy.

Phil.

Phil. Indeed I will, Sir.
Lyſan. Your Grace's ſervant! [*Exeunt.*
Caſſ. We are grown
Ridiculous, the paſtime of the court!—
Here comes another.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your ſon, my lord?
Caſſ. Like a neglected ſervant of his miſtreſs—
Sel. I would aſk him a queſtion.
Caſſ. What?
Sel. Whether the queen,
As 'tis reported, lov'd him: He can tell
Whether ſhe promis'd what they talk of, marriage.
Caſſ. I can reſolve you that, Sir.
Sel. She did promiſe?
Caſſ. Yes.
Sel. Then ſhe's a woman; and your ſon——
Caſſ. What?
Sel. Not
Worthy his blood, and expectation,
If he be calm.
Caſſ. There's no oppoſing deſtiny!
Sel. I'd cut the throat——
Caſſ. Whoſe throat?
Sel. The deſtiny's; that's all. Your pardon, Sir!
I am Seleucus ſtill; a poor ſhadow
O'th' world, a walking picture! it concerns
Not me; I am forgotten by my ſtars.
Caſſ. The queen, with more diſcretion, might ha' choſen thee.
Sel. Whom?
Caſſ. Thee, Seleucus.
Sel. Me?
I cannot dance, and friſk with due activity!
My body's lead, I've too much phlegm; what ſhould I
Do with a kingdom? No, Arcadius
Becomes the cuſhion, and can pleaſe. Yet, ſetting
Aſide the trick that ladies of blood look at,
Another man might make a ſhift to wear

Rich cloaths, ſit in the chair of ſtate, and nod,
Dare venture on diſcourſe that does not trench
On compliment, and think the ſtudy of arms
And arts more commendable in a gentleman,
Than any galliard [20].
Caſſ. Arcadius
And you were reconcil'd?
Sel. We? yes; oh, yes.
But 'tis not manners now to ſay we are friends;
At our equality there had been reaſon,
But now *ſubjection* is the word.
Caſſ. They are not yet married?
Sel. I'll make no oath upon't. My lord Lyſimachus,
A word! You'll not be angry if I love you?
May not a batchelor be made a cuckold?
Lyſim. How, Sir!
Caſſ. Lyſimachus, this gentleman
Is worthy our embrace; he's ſpirited,
And may be uſeful.
Sel. Hark you; can you tell
Where's the beſt dancing-maſter? An you mean
To riſe at court, practiſe to caper: Farewell,
The noble ſcience that makes work for cutlers!
It will be out of faſhion to wear ſwords;
Maſques and devices, welcome! I ſalute you.
Is it not pity any diviſion
Should be heard out of muſick? Oh, 'twill be
An excellent age of crotchets, and of canters!
B'y', captains [21], that like fools will ſpend your blood
Out of your country! you will be of leſs
Uſe than your feathers; if you return unmaim'd,
You ſhall be beaten ſoon to a new march,
When you ſhall think it a diſcretion

[20] *Galliard.*] 'The *Galliard* is a lively air in triple time; Broſ-
'ſard intimates that it is the ſame with the *Romaneſca*, a favourite
'dance with the Italians.' *Sir John Hawkins, Hiſt. Muſick*, vol.
iv. p. 387.

[21] Buy *captains, that like fools——if you return* unmaim'd] Both errors corrected by Seward.

To

To ſell your glorious buffs to buy fine pumps,
And pantables; this is, I hope, no treaſon.

Enter Arcadius leading Sophia, Charilla, Eubulus, Lyſander, Philocles, and Polidora's Servant[22].

Caſſ. Wo't ſtay, Lyſimachus?
Lyſim. Yes, Sir, and ſhew
A patience above her injury.
Arc. This honour is too much, madam! Aſſume
Your place, and let Arcadius wait ſtill;
'Tis happineſs enough to be your ſervant.
Caſſ. Now he diſſembles.
Sophia. Sir, you muſt ſit.
Arc. I am obedient. [*Muſic heard.*
Sophia. This is not muſic
Sprightly enough; it feeds the ſoul with melancholy.
How ſays Arcadius?
Arc. Give me leave to think,
There is no harmony but in your voice,
And not an accent of your heav'nly tongue,
But ſtrikes me into rapture: I incline
To think the tale of Orpheus no fable;
'Tis poſſible he might enchant the rocks,
And charm the foreſt, ſoften Hell itſelf,
With his commanding lute; it is no miracle
To what you work, whoſe ev'ry breath conveys
The hearer into Heav'n: How at your lips
Winds gather perfumes, proudly glide away,
To diſperſe ſweetneſs round about the world!
Sel. Fine ſtuff!
Sophia. You cannot flatter.
Arc. Not, if I ſhould ſay
Nature had plac'd you here the creatures' wonder,
And her own ſpring, from which all excellence
On earth's deriv'd, and copied forth; and when
The character of fair and good in others
Is quite worn out, and loſt, looking on you
It is ſupplied, and you alone made mortal,

[22] *Polidora, Servant.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

To feed and keep alive all beauty.

Sel. Ha! ha! Can you endure it, gentlemen?

Lyſan. What do you mean?

Sel. Nay, aſk him what he means;
Mine is a down-right laugh,

Sophia. Well, Sir, proceed.

Arc. At ſuch bright eyes the ſtars do light themſelves,
At ſuch a forehead ſwans renew their white,
From ſuch a lip the morning gathers bluſhes.

Sel. The morning is more modeſt than thy praiſes;
What a thing does he make her?

Arc. And when you fly to Heav'n, and leave this world
No longer maintenance of goodneſs from you,
Then poetry ſhall loſe all uſe with us,
And be no more, ſince nothing in your abſence
Is left, that can be worthy of a verſe.

Sel. Ha, ha!

Sophia. Who's that?

Sel. 'Twas I, madam.

Arc. Seleucus?

Caſſ. Ha!

Sel. Yes, Sir; 'twas I that laugh'd.

Arc. At what?

Sel. At nothing.

Lyſan. Contain yourſelf, Seleucus.

Eub. Are you mad?

Sophia. Have you ambition to be puniſh'd, Sir?

Sel. I need not; 'twas puniſhment
Enough to hear him make an idol of you;
He left out the commendation of your patience.
I was a little moved in my nature,
To hear his rodomontados, and make
A monſter of his miſtreſs; which
I pitied firſt; but ſeeing him proceed,
I gueſs'd he brought you mirth with his inventions,
And ſo made bold to laugh at it.

Sophia. You're ſaucy!

We'll

We'll place you where you ſhall not be ſo merry.
Take him away!
Lyſan. Submit yourſelf.
Arc. Let me
Plead for his pardon.
Sel. I would not owe
My life ſo poorly! Beg thy own: When you
Are king you cannot bribe your deſtiny.
Eub. Good madam, hear me! I fear he is diſtracted.
Caſſ. Brave boy!—Thou ſhouldſt be maſter of a ſoul
Like his; thy honour's more concern'd[23].
Sel. 'Tis charity;
Away wo' me! B'y', madam[24]!
Caſſ. He has a daring ſpirit. [*Exeunt Sel. Eub. Caſſ.*
Arc. Theſe, and a thouſand more affronts, I muſt
Expect; your favours draw them all upon me:
In my firſt ſtate I had no enemies;
I was ſecure, while I did grow beneath
This expectation; humble vallies thrive with
Their boſoms full of flowers, when the hills melt
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds.
Let me retire.
Sophia. And can Arcadius
At ſuch a breath be mov'd? I had opinion
Your courage durſt have ſtood a tempeſt for
Our love: Can you for this incline to leave
What other princes ſhould in vain have ſued for?

[23] *Brave boy,* &c.] This ſpeech was joined to that of Eubulus, 'till Mr. Seward diſcovered the error.

[24] ——— 'boy, *madam?*] We find afterward Seleucus ſent to priſon, for which there is now no expreſs command given by the queen; and in the next place it is evident that ſhe had call'd him *boy*, to which, *Boy, madam*, is an anſwer. The words omitted, might probably come in between Eubulus and Caſſander's ſpeeches, and might be to this effect,

Away with that audacious boy *to priſon.* *Seward.*

What occurr'd to me upon reading this paſſage was this, that *boy* is only a corruption of *b'y'*, and deſigned as an ironical taking leave of the queen on his going to priſon. *Sympſon.*

Sympſon is undoubtedly right.

How many lovers are in Epire now
Would throw themſelves on danger, not expect
One enemy, but empty their own veins,
And think the loſs of all their blood rewarded,
To have one ſmile of us when they are dying!
And ſhall this murmur ſhake you?

Arc. Not, dear madam;
My life is ſuch a poor deſpiſed thing,
In value your leaſt graces, that to loſe
It were to make myſelf a victory.
It is not for myſelf I fear: The envy
Of others cannot faſten wound in me
Greater, than that your goodneſs ſhould be check'd
So daringly.

Sophia. Let not thoſe thoughts afflict thee,
While we have power to correct th' offences.
Arcadius, be mine! This ſhall confirm it. [*Kiſſes him.*

Arc. I ſhall forget,
And loſe my way to Heav'n: That touch had been
Enough to have reſtor'd me, and infus'd
A ſpirit of a more celeſtial nature,
After the tedious abſence of my ſoul.
Oh, bleſs me not too much! one ſmile a-day
Would ſtretch my life to immortality [25].
Poets, that wrap divinity in tales,
Look here, and give your copies forth of angels!
What bleſſing can remain?

Sophia. Our marriage.

Arc. Place then ſome horrors in the way
For me, not you, to paſs; the journey's end
Holds out ſuch glories to me, I ſhould think
Hell but a poor degree of ſuffering for it.—
[*Servant delivers him a paper.*
What's that? ſome petition? a letter to me?
'You had a Polidora.' Ha! that's all!
I'th' minute when my veſſel's new launch'd forth,
With all my pride, and ſilken wings about me,
I ſtrike upon a rock: What power can ſave me?

[25] *To mortality.*] Corrected in 1750.

'You

ſ You had a Polidora!' There's a name!
Killed with grief, I can ſo ſoon forget her.
Serv. She did impoſe on me this ſervice, Sir;
And while ſhe lives, ſhe ſays, ſhe'll pray for you.
Arc. She lives!
That's well; and yet 'twere better for my fame
And honour, ſhe were dead. What fate hath plac'd me
Upon this fearful precipice?
Serv. He's troubled.
Arc. I muſt reſolve: My faith is violated
Already; yet, poor loving Polidora
Will pray for me, ſhe ſays; to think ſhe can,
Renders me hated to myſelf, and every
Thought's a tormentor; let me then be juſt.
Sophia. Arcadius!
Arc. That voice prevails again. Oh, Polidora,
Thou muſt forgive Arcadius; I dare not
Turn rebel to a princeſs: I ſhall love
Thy virtue, but a kingdom has a charm
To excuſe our frailty. Deareſt madam!
Sophia. Now ſet forward.
Arc. To perfect all our joys!

Enter Macarius and a Biſhop.

Mac. I'll fright their glories.
Caſſ. By what means?
Mac. Obſerve.
Arc. Our good uncle, welcome!
Sophia. My lord Macarius, we did want your perſon;
There's ſomething in our joys wherein you ſhare.
Mac. This you intend your highneſs' wedding-day?
Sophia. We are going——
Mac. Save your labour;
I've brought a prieſt to meet you.
Arc. Reverend father!
Sophia. Meet us? Why?
Mac. To tell you that you muſt not marry.
Caſſ. Didſt thou hear that, Lyſimachus?

Lyſim.

Lyſim. And wonder what will follow.
Sophia. We muſt not marry?
Biſhop. Madam, 'tis a rule
Firſt made in Heav'n; and I muſt needs declare
You and Arcadius muſt tie no knot
Of man and wife.
Arc. Is my uncle mad?
Sophia. Joy has tranſported him,
Or age has made him dote: Macarius,
Provoke us not too much; you will preſume
Above our mercy.
Mac. I'll diſcharge my duty,
Could your frown ſtrike me dead.—My lord, you know
Whoſe character this is?
Caſſ. It is Theodoſius',
Your Grace's father.
Biſhop. I am ſubſcrib'd a witneſs.
Phil. Upon my life, 'tis his.
Mac. Fear not; I'll croſs this match, [*Aſide to Caſſ.*
Caſſ. I'll bleſs thee for't.
Arc. Uncle, d'ye know what you do,
Or what we are going to finiſh? You will not break
The neck of my glorious fortune, now my foot's
I'th' ſtirrups, and, mounting, throw me o'er the ſaddle?
I hope you'll let one be a king.—Madam,
'Tis as you ſay, my uncle is ſomething craz'd,
There's a worm in's brain, but I beſeech you pardon him:
He is not the firſt of your council, that has talk'd
Idly. D'ye hear, my lord-biſhop, I hope you have more
Religion than to join with him to undo me.
Biſhop. Not I, Sir; but I am commanded by oath and conſcience,
To ſpeak truth.
Arc. If your truth ſhould do me
Any harm, I ſhall never be in charity
With a crozier's ſtaff; look to't!

Sophia.

Sophia. My youngeſt brother?

Caſſ. Worſe and worſe! my brains! [*Exit.*

Mac. Deliver'd to me an infant with this writing,
To which this reverend father is a witneſs.

Lyſan. This he whom we ſo long thought dead, a child?

Sophia. But what ſhould make my father to truſt him
To your concealment? give abroad his death,
And bury an empty coffin?

Mac. A jealouſy he had
Upon Caſſander, whoſe ambitious brain
He fear'd would make no conſcience to depoſe
His ſon, to make Lyſimachus king of Epire.

Sophia. He made no ſcruple to expoſe me then
To any danger?

Mac. He ſecur'd you, madam,
By an early engagement of your affection
To Lyſimachus, exempt this teſtimony:
Had he been Arcadius, and my nephew,
I needed not obtrude him on the ſtate;
Your love and marriage had made him king
Without my trouble, and ſav'd that ambition.
There was neceſſity to open now
His birth and title.

Phil. Demetrius alive?

Arc. What riddles are theſe? Whom do they talk of?

Omnes. We congratulate your return to life and honour,
And, as becomes us, with one voice ſalute you,
Demetrius, king of Epire.

Mac. I am no uncle, Sir: This is your ſiſter;
I ſhould have ſuffer'd inceſt, to have kept you
Longer i'th' dark: Love, and be happy both!
My truſt is now diſcharg'd.

Lyſan. And we rejoice.

Arc. But do not mock me, gentlemen;
May I be bold upon your words to ſay

I am

I am prince Theodoſius' ſon?

Mac. The king.

Arc. You'll juſtify it?

Siſter, I'm very glad to ſee you.

Sophia. I am

To find a brother, and reſign my glory.

My triumph is my ſhame. [*Exit.*

Enter Caſſander.

Caſſ. Thine ear, Lyſimachus.

Arc. Gentlemen, I owe

Unto your loves as large acknowledgment

As to my birth, for this great honour; and

My ſtudy ſhall be equal to be thought

Worthy of both. [*Exit Sophia.*

Caſſ. Thou art turn'd marble.

Lyſim. There will be the leſs charge for my monument.

Caſſ. This muſt not be: Sit faſt, young king! [*Exit.*

Lyſan. Your ſiſter, Sir, is gone.

Arc. My ſiſter ſhould have been my bride. That name

Puts me in mind of Polidora; ha!

Lyſander! Philocles! gentlemen!

If you will have me think your hearts allow me

Theodoſius' ſon, oh, quickly ſnatch ſome wings,

Expreſs it in your haſte to Polidora;

Tell her, what title is new dropt from Heav'n

To make her rich, only created for me;

Give her the ceremony of my queen;

With all the ſtate that may become our bride,

Attend her to this throne. Are you not there?

Yet ſtay! 'tis too much pride to ſend for her;

We'll go ourſelf; no honour is enough

For Polidora, to redeem our fault;

Salute her gently from me, and, upon

Your knee, preſent her with this diadem!

'Tis our firſt gift; tell her Demetrius follows

To be her gueſt, and give himſelf a ſervant

To

To her chaſte boſom; bid her ſtretch her heart
To meet me! I am loſt in joy and wonder! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Caſſander, Eubulus, and Soldier.

Caſſ. WHERE's the captain of the caſtle?
Sold. He'll attend your honours preſently.
Caſſ. Give him knowledge we expect him.
Sold. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Caſſ. He is my creature, (fear not!)
And ſhall run any courſe that we propound.
Eub. My lord, I like the ſubſtance of your plot,
'Tis promiſing; but matters of this conſequence
Are not ſo eaſily perfect; and it does
Concern our heads to build upon ſecure
Principles: Tho' Seleucus, I confeſs,
Carry a high and daring ſpirit in him,
'Tis hard to thruſt upon the ſtate new ſettled
Any impoſtor; and we know not yet
Whether he'll undertake to play the prince;
Or, if he ſhould accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himſelf.
Caſſ. My lord, affairs
Of ſuch a glorious nature are half finiſh'd,
When they begin with confidence.
Eub. Admit
He want no art, nor courage, it muſt reſt
Upon the people to receive his title;
And with what danger their uncertain breath
May flatter ours, Demetrius ſcarcely warm
In the king's ſeat, I may ſuſpect.
Caſſ That reaſon
Makes for our part; for if it be ſo probable
That young Demetrius ſhould be living, why
May not we work them to believe Lysimatus,

The

The eldeſt ſon, was by ſome trick preſerv'd,
And now would claim his own? There were two ſons,
Who in their father's life we ſuppos'd dead;
May not we find a circumſtance to make
This ſeem as clear as t'other? Let the vulgar
Be once poſſeſs'd, we'll carry Epire from
Demetrius, and the world.
Eub. I could be pleas'd

Enter Poleanus.

To ſee my ſon a king.—The captain's here.
Poleanus. I wait your lordſhip's pleaſure.
Caſſ. We come to viſit your late priſoner.
I will not doubt, but you entreat him fairly;
He will deſerve it for himſelf, and you
Be fortunate in any occaſion
To have expreſs'd your ſervice.
Poleanus. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honourable lord his father will
Inſtruct me to behave myſelf with all
Reſpects becoming me, to ſuch a ſon.
Caſſ. Theſe things will leaſt
Oblige you; but how bears he his reſtraint?
Poleanus. As one whoſe ſoul's above it.
Eub. Patiently?
Poleanus. With contempt rather of the great command
Which made him priſoner: He will talk ſometimes
So ſtrangely to himſelf!
Eub. He's here.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Why was I born to be a ſubject? 'Tis
Soon anſwer'd ſure; my father was no prince,
That's all: The ſame ingredients uſe to make
A man, as active, tho' not royal blood,
Went to my compoſition, and I
Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,
And my birth coſt my mother as much ſorrow,

As

As I'd been born an emp'ror.
Caſſ. While I look
Upon him, ſomething in his face preſents
A king indeed.
Eub. He does reſemble much
Theodoſius too.
Caſſ. Whoſe ſon we would pretend him:
This will advance our plot.
Sel. 'Tis but a name,
And mere opinion, that prefers one man
Above another: I'll imagine then
I am a prince, or ſome brave thing on earth,
And ſee what follows. But it muſt not be
My ſingle voice will carry it; the name
Of king muſt be attended with a troop
Of acclamations, on whoſe airy wings
He mounts, and, once exalted, threatens Heav'n,
And all the ſtars. How to acquire this noiſe,
And be the thing I talk of—Men have riſen
From a more cheap nobility to empires,
From dark originals, and ſordid blood;
Nay, ſome that had no fathers, ſons o' th' earth,
And flying people, have aſpir'd to kingdoms,
Made nations tremble[26], nay, have practis'd frowns
To awe the world: Their memory is glorious,
And I would hug them in their ſhades. But what's
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And leſs in expectation?
Poleanus. Are you ſerious?
Caſſ. Will you aſſiſt, and run a fate with us?
Poleanus. Command my life; I owe it to your favour.
Sel. Arcadius was once as far from king[27]
As I; and had we not ſo cunningly

---

[26] *Tremble,* any *have practis'd frowns.*] Amended by Sympſon.

[27] *As far from* being
as I] This is true indeed, yet no mighty diſcovery, nor what the poets deſigned him to ſay: But the true ſection, and what the place requires abſolutely, is this;
——*was as far from* king. *Sympſon.*

Been

Been reconcil'd, or one, or both, had gone
To ſeek our fortunes in another world.—
What's the device now? If my death be next,
The ſummons ſhall not make me once look pale.
Caſſ. Chide your too vain ſuſpicions; we bring
A life, and liberty, with what elſe can make
Thy ambition happy: Th' haſt a glorious flame!
We come t' advance it.
Sel. How?
Caſſ. Have but a will,
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt thee to,
A king!
Sel. You do not mock me, gentlemen?
You are my father, Sir.
Eub. This minute ſhall
Declare it, my Seleucus: Our hearts ſwell'd
With joy, with duty rather—Oh, my boy!
Sel. What is the myſtery?
Poleanus. You muſt be a king.
Caſſ. Seleucus, ſtay! thou'rt too incredulous:
Let not our faith and ſtudy to exalt thee
Be ſo rewarded!
Eub. I pronounce thee king;
Unleſs thy ſpirit be turn'd coward, and
Thou faint t' accept it.
Sel. King of what?
Caſſ. Of Epire.
Sel. Altho' the queen, ſince ſhe ſent me hither,
Were gone to Heaven, I know not how
That title could devolve to me.
Caſſ. We have
No queen, ſince he that ſhould have married her
Is prov'd her youngeſt brother and now king
In his own title.
Sel. Thank you, gentlemen!
There's hope for me.
Caſſ. Why, you dare fight with him,
An need be, for the kingdom?
Sel. With Arcadius?

If

If you'll make ſtakes, my life againſt his crown,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine ſon,
And all the courtiers one after another.

Caſſ. 'Two'not come to that.

Sel. I'm of your lordſhip's mind:
So, fare you well!

Caſſ. Yet ſtay and hear.

Sel. What, that you have betray'd me?
Do, tell your king! my life is grown a burden;
And I'll confeſs; and make your ſouls look pale,
To ſee how nimble mine ſhall leap this battlement
Of fleſh, and, dying, laugh at your poor malice.

Omnes. No more; long live Leonatus, king of Epire!

Sel. Leonatus? Who's that?

Caſſ. Be bold, and be a king! Our brains have been
Working to raiſe you to this height. Here are
None but friends: Dare you but call yourſelf
Leonatus, and but juſtify with confidence
What we'll proclaim you, if we do not bring
The crown to your head, we will forfeit ours.

Eub. The ſtate is in diſtraction—Arcadius
Is prov'd a king—there was an elder brother—
If you dare but pronounce you are the ſame,
Forget you are my ſon——

Poleanus. Theſe are no trifles, Sir: All is plotted
T' aſſure your greatneſs, if you will be wiſe,
And take the fair occaſion that's preſented.

Sel. Arcadius, you ſay, is lawful king;
And now, to depoſe him, you would make me
An elder brother; is't not ſo?

Caſſ. Moſt right.

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning——

Omnes. Upon our lives!

Sel. I'll venture mine.
But, with your pardon, whoſe brain was this?
From whom took this plot life?

Eub. My lord Caſſander.

Sel. And you are of his mind? and you? and think

This may be done?

Eub. The deſtinies ſha'n't croſs us,
If you have ſpirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it?
I am not us'd to compliment: I'll owe
My life to you, my fortunes to your lordſhip.
Compoſe me as you pleaſe; and when you've made
Me what you promiſe, you ſhall both divide
Me equally. One word, my lord! I'd rather
[*Apart to Eubulus.*
Live in the priſon ſtill, than be a property
T' advance his politick ends.

Eub. Have no ſuſpicion!

Caſſ. So, ſo! I ſee Demetrius' heels already [*Aſide.*
Tripp'd up, and I'll diſpatch him out o'th' way;
Which gone, I can depoſe this at my leiſure,
Being an impoſtor; then my ſon ſtands fair,
And may piece with the princeſs. We loſe time;
What think you? If we firſt ſurprize the court,
While you command the caſtle, we ſhall curb
All oppoſition.

Eub. Let's proclaim him firſt.
I have ſome faction; the people love me;
They gain'd to us, we'll fall upon the court.

Caſſ. Unleſs Demetrius yield himſelf, he bleeds.

Sel. Who dares call treaſon ſin, when it ſucceeds?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophia and Charilla.

Char. Madam, you are too paſſionate, and loſe
The greatneſs of your ſoul, with the expence
Of two much grief, for that which providence
Hath eas'd you of, the burden of a ſtate
Above your tender bearing.

Sophia. Thou'rt a fool,
And canſt not reach the ſpirit of a lady
Born great as I was, and made only leſs
By a too-cruel deſtiny! 'Above
'Our tender bearing?' What goes richer to

The

The compoſition of man than ours?
Our ſoul's as free, and ſpacious, our heart's
As great, our will as large, each thought as active,
And in this only man more proud than we,
That would have us leſs capable of empire:
But ſearch the ſtories, and the name of queen
Shines bright with glory, and ſome precedents
Above man's imitation.

Char. I grant it,
For th' honour of our ſex; nor have you, madam,
By any weakneſs, forfeited command:
He that ſucceeds, in juſtice was before you,
And you have gain'd more, in a royal brother,
Than you could loſe by your reſign of Epire.

Sophia. This I allow, Charilla, I ha' done;
'Tis not the thought I am depos'd afflicts me
(At the ſame time I feel a joy to know
My brother living); no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.

Char. Virtue forbid!

Sophia. Canſt find me out a ſurgeon for that?

Char. For what?

Sophia. My bleeding fame.

Char. Oh, do not injure
Your own clear innocence.

Sophia. Don't flatter me:
I have been guilty of an act will make
All love in women queſtion'd; is not that
A blot upon a virgin's name? my birth
Cannot extenuate my ſhame; I am
Become the ſtain of Epire!

Char. It is but
Your own opinion, madam, which preſents
Something to fright yourſelf, which cannot be
In the ſame ſhape ſo horrid to our ſenſe.

Sophia. Thou wouldſt, but canſt not appear ignorant:
Did not the court, nay, the whole kingdom, take
Notice I lov'd Lyſimachus?

Char. True, madam.

Sophia. No, I was falſe!
Tho' counſell'd by my father to affect him,
I had my politic ends upon Caſſander,
To be abſolute queen, flattering his ſon with hopes
Of love and marriage, when that very day
(I bluſh to think) I wrong'd Lyſimachus,
That noble gentleman: But Heav'n puniſh'd me!
For tho' to know Demetrius was a bleſſing,
Yet who will not impute it my diſhonour?

Char. Madam, you yet may recompenſe Lyſimachus:
If you affect him now, you were not falſe
To him, whom then you lov'd not; if you can
Find any gentle paſſion in your ſoul
To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,
Tho' ſad, retains a noble will to meet it:
His love was firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted with one ſtorm.

Sophia. He will not ſure
Truſt any language from her tongue that mock'd him,
Altho' my ſoul doth weep for it, and is puniſh'd
To love him above the world.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Char. He's here,
As Fate would have him reconcil'd: Be free,
And ſpeak your thoughts.

Lyſim. If, madam, I appear
Too bold, your charity will ſign my pardon:
I heard you were not well, which made me haſte
To pay the duty of an humble viſit.

Sophia. You do not mock me, Sir?

Lyſim. I'm confident
You think me not ſo loſt to manners, in
The knowledge of your perſon, to bring with me
Such rudeneſs; I have nothing to preſent,
But an heart full of wiſhes for your health,
And what elſe may be added to your happineſs.

Sophia. I thought you had been ſenſible——

Lyſim.

Lyſim. How, madam?

Sophia. A man of underſtanding: Can you ſpend
One prayer for me, remembring the diſhonour
I have done Lyſimachus?

Lyſim. Nothing can deface
That part of my religion in me, not to pray for you.

Sophia. It is not then impoſſible you may
Forgive me too: Indeed I have a ſoul
Is full of penitence, and ſomething elſe,
If bluſhing would allow to giv't a name.

Lyſim. What, madam?

Sophia. Love; a love that ſhould redeem
My paſt offence, and make me white again.

Lyſim. I hope no ſadneſs can poſſeſs your thoughts
For me; I am not worthy of this ſorrow:
But if you mean it any ſatisfaction
For what your will hath made me ſuffer, 'tis
But a ſtrange overflow of charity,
To keep me ſtill alive. Be yourſelf, madam,
And let no cauſe of mine be guilty of
This rape upon your eyes; my name's not worth
The leaſt of all your tears.

Sophia. You think 'em counterfeit?

Lyſim. Altho' I may
Suſpect a woman's ſmile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet eyes; and if this
Be what you promiſe, for my ſake, I have
But one reply.

Sophia. I wait it.

Lyſim. I have now
Another miſtreſs ——

Sophia. Stay!

Lyſim. To whom I've made,
Since your revolt from me, a new chaſte vow,
Which not the ſecond malice of my fate
Shall violate: And ſhe deſerves it, madam,
Even for that wherein you're excellent,
Beauty, in which ſhe ſhines equal to you;
Her virtue, if ſhe but maintain what now

She is miſtreſs of, beyond all competition,
So rich it cannot know to be improv'd,
At leaſt in my eſteem: I may offend,
But truth ſhall juſtify I have not flatter'd her.
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty
Upon your hand. All that is good flow in you! [*Exit.*

Sophia. Did he not ſay, Charilla, that he had
Another miſtreſs?

Char. Such a ſound, methought,
Came from him.

Sophia. Let's remove! here's too much air;
The ſad note multiplies.

Char. Take courage, madam,
And my advice. He has another miſtreſs?
If he have twenty, be you wife, and croſs him
With entertaining twice as many ſervants;
And when he ſees your humour, he'll return
And ſue for any livery. Grieve for this?

Sophia. It muſt be ſhe; 'tis Polidora has
Taken his heart; ſhe live my rival?
How does the thought inflame me?

Char. Polidora?

Sophia. And yet ſhe does but juſtly, and he too;
I would have robb'd her of Arcadius' heart,
And they will both have this revenge on me.
But ſomething will rebel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Demetrius, Philocles, and Lyſander.

Dem. The houſe is deſolate; none comes forth to meet us;
She's ſlow to entertain us. Philocles,
I prithee tell me, did ſhe wear no cloud
Upon her brow? was't freely that ſhe ſaid
We ſhould be welcome?

Phil. To my apprehenſion;
Yet 'tis my wonder ſhe appears not.

Lyſan. She,
Nor any other. Sure there's ſome conceit
T' excuſe it.

Dem.

Dem. Stay! who's this? Obſerve what follows.
Phil. Fortune? ſome maſk to entertain you, Sir.

Enter Fortune crown'd, attended with Youth, Health, and Pleaſure.

Fort. Not yet? What ſilence doth inhabit here?
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome?
Fortune, the genius of the world? Have we
Deſcended from our pride and ſtate, to come
So far, attended with our darlings, Youth,
Pleaſure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the place. Call hither Fame!

Enter Fame.

Fame. What would great Fortune?
Fort. Know
Who dwells here.
Fame. Once more I report, great queen,
This is the houſe of Love.
Fort. It cannot be;
This place has too much ſhade, and looks as if
It had been quite forgotten of the ſpring
And ſun-beams: Love affects ſociety
And heat; here all is cold as the airs of winter
No harmony, to catch the buſy ear
Of paſſengers; no object of delight,
To take the wandring eyes; no ſong, no groan
Of lovers, no complaint of willow garlands;
Love has a beacon upon his palace-top,
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrim
To reſt, and dwell with him; I ſee no fire
To threaten, or to warm: Can Love dwell here?
Fame. If there be noble Love upon the world,
Truſt Fame, and find it here.
Fort. Make good your boaſt,
And bring him to us.
Dem. What does mean all this?

[38] *Here all is cold as* th' hairs *of winter.*] The amendment in the text was made by Theobald.

Lyſan. I told you, Sir, we ſhould have ſome device.

Enter Love.

There's Cupid now! that little gentleman
Has troubled every maſque at court this ſeven year.
Dem. No more.
Love. Welcome to Love! how much you honour me!
It had become me, that, upon your ſummons,
I ſhould have waited upon mighty Fortune;
But ſince you have vouchſaf'd to viſit me,
All the delights Love can invent ſhall flow
To entertain you. Muſic, thro' the air [*Muſic plays.*
Shoot your enticing harmony!
Fort. We came
To dance and revel with you.
Love. I am poor
In my ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honour Love. [*Dance.*

Enter Honour.

Hon. What intruſion's this?
Whom do you ſeek here?
Love. 'Tis Honour.
Fort. He's my ſervant.
Love. Fortune is come to viſit us.
Hon. And has
Corrupted Love! Is this thy faith to her,
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus
To Fortune's triumph? Take her giddy wheel,
And be no more companion to Honour:
I bluſh to know thee! Who'll believe there can
Be truth in Love hereafter?
Love. I have found
My eyes, and ſee my ſhame, and with it this
Proud ſorcereſs, from whom, and all her charms,
I fly again to Honour: Be my guard!
Without thee I am loſt, and cannot boaſt
The merit of a name. [*Exit Honour.*

Fort.

Fort. Deſpis'd? I ſhall
Remember this affront.
Dem. What moral's this? [*Exeunt Maſquers.*

Re-enter Honour, with the crown upon a mourning cuſhion.
What melancholy object ſtrikes a ſudden
Chillneſs thro' all my veins, and turns me ice?
It is the ſame I ſent, the very ſame,
As the firſt pledge of her enſuing greatneſs:
Why in this mourning liv'ry, if ſhe live
To whom I ſent it? Ha! what ſhape of ſorrow?

Enter Polidora, in mourning.

It is not Polidora! ſhe was fair
Enough, and wanted not the ſetting off
With ſuch a black: If thou be'ſt Polidora,
Why mourns my love? It neither does become
Thy fortune, nor my joys.
Polid. But it becomes
My griefs; this habit fits a funeral,
And it were ſin, my lord, not to lament
A friend new dead.
Dem. And I yet living? Can
A ſorrow enter but upon thy garment,
Or diſcomplexion thy attire, whilſt I
Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deſerve,
Weigh'd with thy living comforts, but a piece
Of all this ceremony? Give him a name.
Polid. He was Arcadius.
Dem. Arcadius?
Polid. A gentleman that lov'd me dearly once,
And does compel theſe poor and fruitleſs drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his hearſe,
T'embalm him twice.
Dem. And are you ſure he's dead?
Polid. As ſure as you are living, Sir; and yet
I did not cloſe his eyes; but he is dead,
And I ſhall never ſee the ſame Arcadius.
He was a man ſo rich in all that's good,

(At

(At leaſt I thought him ſo) ſo perfect in
The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate
Were glory in a prince: Nature herſelf,
'Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,
As ſhe had made but trial of the reſt,
To mould him excellent [29].
Dem. And is he dead?
Come, ſhame him not with praiſes; recollect
Thy ſcatter'd hopes, and let me tell my beſt
And deareſt Polidora, that he lives,
Still lives to honour thee!
Polid. Lives? where?
Dem. Look here;
Am not I worth your knowledge?
Polid. And my duty;
You are Demetrius, king of Epire, Sir;
I could not eaſily miſtake him ſo
To whom I gave my heart.
Dem. Mine is not chang'd,
But ſtill hath fed upon thy memory:
Theſe honours and additions of ſtate
Are lent me for thy ſake. Be not ſo ſtrange!
Let me not loſe my entertainment, now
I am improv'd, and rais'd unto the height
Beneath which I did bluſh to aſk thy love!
Polid. Give me your pardon, Sir! Arcadius,
At our laſt meeting, without argument
To move him, more than his affection to me,
Vow'd he did love me, love me above all women,
And to confirm his heart was truly mine,
He wiſh'd—I tremble to remember it—
When he forſook his Polidora's love,

[29] *He was a man*, &c.] Dryden has a paſſage ſimilar to this in All for Love.

'So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd
'At their own ſkill, and cried, 'A lucky hit
'Hath mended our deſign!' Their envy hinder'd,
'Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
'When Heaven would work for oſtentation ſake,
'To copy out again.'

That

That Heaven might kill his happineſs on earth:
Was not this nobly ſaid? Did not this promiſe
A truth to ſhame the turtle's?
Dem. And his heart
Is ſtill the ſame, and I thy conſtant lover.
Polid. Give me your leave, I pray! I would not ſay
Arcadius was perjur'd; but the ſame day,
Forgetting all his promiſes and oaths,
While yet they hung upon his lips, forſook me,
(D'ye not remember this too?) gave his faith
From me, tranſported with the noiſe of greatneſs,
And would be married to a kingdom.
Dem. But
Heaven permitted not I ſhould diſpoſe
What was ordain'd for thee.
Polid. It was not virtue
In him; for ſure he found no check, no ſting,
In his own boſom, but gave freely all
The reins to blind ambition.
Dem. I am wounded!
The thought of thee, i' th' throng of all my joys,
Like poiſon pour'd in Nectar, turns me frantick;
Dear, if Arcadius have made a fault,
Let not Demetrius be puniſh'd for't!
He pleads, that ever will be conſtant to thee.
Polid. Shall I believe man's flatteries again,
Loſe my ſweet reſt, and peace of thought again?
Be drawn by you from the ſtraight paths of virtue
Into the maze of love?
Dem. I ſee compaſſion in thy eye, that chides me;
If I have either ſoul, but what's contain'd
Within theſe words, or if one ſyllable
Of their full force be not made good by me,
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,
And thy diſdain be doubled! From thy pardon,
I'll count my Coronation; and that hour
Fix with a rubrick in my calendar[30],

[30] *Fix with a* rubrick *in my calendar.*] *i. e.* Conſider it as a *red-letter* day.

As an auſpicious time to entertain
Affairs of weight with princes. Think who now
Entreats thy mercy! Come, thou ſhalt be kind,
And divide titles with me.

Polid. Hear me, Sir:
I lov'd you once for virtue, and have not
A thought ſo much unguarded, as to be
Won from my truth and innocence, with any
Motives of ſtate to affect you.
Your bright temptation mourns while it ſtays here,
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you
Forget me ſo, court my opinion back.
Were you no king, I ſhould be ſooner drawn
Again to love you; but 'tis now too late;
A low obedience ſhall become me beſt.
May all the joys I want
Still wait on you! If time hereafter tell you,
That ſorrow for your fault hath ſtruck me dead,
May one ſoft tear, dropt from your eye in pity,
Bedew my hearſe, and I ſhall ſleep ſecurely!
I have but one word more: For goodneſs' ſake,
For your own honour, Sir, correct your paſſion
To her you ſhall love next, and I forgive you. [*Exit.*

Dem. Her heart is frozen up, nor can warm prayers
Thaw it to any ſoftneſs.

Phil. I'll fetch her, Sir, again.

Dem. Perſuade her not.

Phil. You give your paſſion too much leave to triumph.
Seek in another what ſhe denies.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Where is the king? Oh, Sir, you are undone;
A dangerous treaſon is afoot.

Dem. What treaſon?

Mac. Caſſander and Eubulus have proclaim'd
Another king, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus your elder brother, he that was
But this morning priſoner in the caſtle.

Dem.

Dem. Ha!
Mac. The eaſy Epirotes
Gather in multitudes t' advance his title;
They have ſeiz'd upon the court. Secure your perſon,
Whilſt we raiſe power to curb this inſurrection.
Ant. Loſe no time then.
Dem. We will not arm one man.
Speak it again! have I a brother living,
And muſt be no king?
Mac. What means your Grace?
Dem. This news doth ſpeak me happy; it exalts
My heart, and makes me capable of more
Than twenty kingdoms!
Phil. Will you not, Sir, ſtand
Upon your guard?
Dem. I'll ſtand upon my honour:
Mercy relieves me.
Lyſan. Will you loſe the kingdom?
Dem. The world's too poor to bribe me. Leave me all,
Leſt you extenuate my fame, and I
Be thought to have redeem'd it by your counſel!
You ſhall not ſhare one ſcruple in the honour.
Titles may ſet a gloſs upon our name,
But virtue only is the ſoul of fame.
Mac. He's ſtrangely poſſeſs'd, gentlemen. [*Exe.*

ACT V.

Enter Philocles and Lyſander.

Phil. HERE's a ſtrange turn, Lyſander.
Lyſan. 'Tis a kingdom
Eaſily purchas'd: Who will truſt the faith
Of multitudes?
Phil. It was his fault, that would
So tamely give his title to their mercy.

The

The new king has poſſeſſion.
Lyſan. And is like
To keep it. We're alone; what doſt think of
This innovation? Is it not a fine jig?
A precious cunning in the late protector
To ſhuffle a new prince into the ſtate?
Phil. I know not how they've ſhuffled, but, my head on't,
A falſe card's turn'd up trump: But, fates look to't!

Enter Caſſander and Eubulus.

Eub. Does he not carry't bravely?
Caſſ. Excellently.—
Philocles! Lyſander!
Phil. Lyſan. Your lordſhip's ſervants!
Caſſ. Are we not bound to Heaven, for multiplying
Theſe bleſſings on the kingdom [31]?
Phil. Heaven alone
Works miracles, my lord.
Lyſan. I think your lordſhip had
As little hope once to ſee theſe princes revive.
Caſſ. Here we
Muſt place our thanks, next Providence, for preſerving
So dear a pledge [32].

Enter Leonatus, attended.

Eub. The king!
Leo. It is our pleaſure
The number of our guard be doubled. Give
A largeſs to the ſoldiers; but diſmiſs not

[31] *Are we not bound to Heaven.*] The retorting of theſe very words by Philocles in the next ſcene upon *Caſſander*, led Mr. Seward, Mr. Theobald, and myſelf, to the aſſurance of their belonging to *Caſſander* here, and accordingly I have placed his name before them. *Sympſon.*

[32] Phil. *Here we muſt place.*] I once imagined that this was a ſpeech with action, and might eaſily be underſtood, by ſuppſing *Philocles* to point to Eubulus; but I believe Mr. Seward has more happily conjectured it ought to belong to *Caſſander*. *Sympſon.*

The

The troops 'till we command.

Caſſ. May it pleaſe——

Leo. It will not pleaſe us otherwiſe, my lord:
We've tried your faith!

Eub. Does he not ſpeak with confidence?

Leo. My lords and gentlemen, to whoſe faith we muſt
Owe (next to Heaven) our fortune and our ſafety,
After a tedious eclipſe, the day
Is bright, and we inveſted in thoſe honours
Our blood and birth did challenge.

Caſſ. May no time
Be regiſter'd in our annals, that ſhall mention
One that had life t'oppoſe your ſacred perſon!

Leo. Let them, whoſe title's forg'd and flaw'd, ſuſpect
Their ſtate's ſecurity! Our right to Epire
Heaven is oblig'd to proſper: Treaſon has
No face ſo black to fright it. All my cares
Level to this, that I may worthily [33]
Manage the province, and advance the honour
Of our dear country: And, be confident,
If an expence of blood may give addition
Of any happineſs to you, I ſhall
Offer my heart the ſacrifice, and rejoice
To make myſelf a ghoſt, to have inſcrib'd
Upon my marble but whoſe cauſe I died for.

Eub. May Heaven avert ſuch danger!

Caſſ. Excellent prince,
In whom we ſee the copy of his father!
None but the ſon of Theodoſius
Could have ſpoke thus.

---

33. ——worthily
Manage the province, *and advance the honour*
Of our dear country.] To manage *the province of our dear country*, and *advance the honour of our dear country*, ſeems a little inaccurate. Perhaps we ſhould read,
——worthily
Manage this *province*; or, my *province*,
i. e. *The* charge *I have undertook*, &c. *Symſon.*

Leo.

Leo. You're pleas'd t'interpret well.
Yet, give me leave to ſay in my own juſtice,
I've but expreſs'd the promptneſs of my ſoul
To ſerve you all; but 'tis not empty wiſhes
Can ſatisfy our mighty charge, a weight
Would make an Atlas double. A king's name
Doth ſound harmoniouſly to men at diſtance;
And thoſe, who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark and out-ſkin of a commonwealth
Or ſtate, have eyes but raviſh'd with the ceremony
That muſt attend a prince, and underſtand not
What cares allay the glories of a crown:
But good kings find and feel the contrary.
You've tried, my lord, the burden; and can tell
It would require a pilot of more years
To ſteer this kingdom, now impos'd on me
By juſtice of my birth.

Caſſ. I wiſh not life
But to partake thoſe happy days which muſt
Succeed theſe fair proceedings: We are bleſt!
But, Sir, be ſparing to yourſelf! we ſhall
Hazard our joys in you too ſoon; the burden
Of ſtate-affairs impoſe upon your council.
'Tis fitter that we waſte our lives, than you
Call age too ſoon upon you with the trouble
And cares that threaten ſuch an undertaking:
Preſerve your youth!

Leo. And chuſe you our protector?
Is't that you would conclude, my lord? We will
Deſerve our ſubjects' faith for our own ſake,
Not ſit an idle gazer at the helm.

Enter Meſſenger.

Phil. How! obſerv'd you that? Mark how Caſſander's planet-ſtruck.

Eub. He might have look'd more calmly for all that.
I begin to fear; but do not yet ſeem troubled [14].

Leo. With what news travels his haſte? I muſt ſecure

[14] Eub. *He might have look'd.*] If the reader will conſider this anſwer,

Myſelf betimes; not be a king in jeſt,
And wear my crown a tenant to their breath.
Caſſ. Demetrius, Sir, your brother,
With other traitors that oppoſe your claims,
Are fled to th' caſtle of Neſtorius,
And fortify——;
Meſſ. I ſaid not ſo, my lord.
Caſſ. I'll have it thought ſo; hence! [*Ex. Meſſ.*
Leo. Plant force to batter
The walls; and in their ruin bring us word
They live not.
Eub. Good Sir, hear me!
Caſſ. Let it work.
Were Demetrius dead, we eaſily might uncrown
This ſwoln impoſtor, and my ſon be fair
To piece with young Sophia, who, I hear,
Repents her late affront.
Eub. Their lives may do
You ſervice; let not blood ſtain your beginnings!
The people, not yet warm in their allegiance,
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it,
With hazard of yourſelf.
Leo. Who dares but think it?
Yet, offer firſt our mercy: If they yield,
Demetrius muſt not live—My lord, your counſel:
What if he were in Heaven?
Caſſ. You have my
Conſent.—You ſhall not ſtay long after him. [*Aſide.*
Leo. Sophia's not my ſiſter: To prevent all
That may endanger us, we'll marry her;
That done, no matter tho' we ſtand diſcover'd;
For in her title then we're king of Epire,
Without diſpute.

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anſwer, he will find that *Lyſander*, and not *Eubulus*, ſhould be prefix'd before it. *Sympſon.*

' If the reader will conſider this anſwer, he will find,' that *Lyſander* could not ſpeak it, nor any but a partizan in the plot for elevating Seleucus. *Eubulus* means by it to continue the deceit on Caſſander, till he procures his diſmiſſion to the caſtle of Neſtorius.

Caſſ. Hum!—In my judgment, Sir,
That wo'not do ſo well.

Leo. What's your opinion?

Caſſ. He countermines my plot: Are you ſo cunning?

Leo. What's that you mutter, Sir?

Caſſ. I mutter, Sir?

Leo. Beſt ſay I am no king, but ſome impoſtor
Rais'd up to gull the ſtate.

Caſſ. Very fine! To have ſaid within
Few hours you'd been no king, nor like to be,
Was not i'th' compaſs of high-treaſon, I take it.

Eub. Reſtrain your anger! the king's mov'd; ſpeak not.

Caſſ. I will ſpeak louder: Do I not know him?
That ſelf-ſame hand that rais'd him to the throne
Shall pluck him from it! Is this my reward?

Leo. Our guard! To priſon with him!

Caſſ. Me to priſon?

Leo. Off with his head!

Caſſ. My head?

Eub. Vouchſafe to hear me,
Great Sir!

Leo. How dares he be ſo inſolent[35]?

Caſſ. I ha' wrought myſelf into a fine condition!
D'ye know me, gentlemen?

Phil. Very well, my lord:
'How are we bound to Heaven for multiplying
'Theſe bleſſings on the kingdom.'

Leo. We allow it.

Eub. Counſel did never blaſt a prince's ear.

Leo. Convey him to the ſanctuary of rebels,
Neſtorius' houſe, where our proud brother has
Inſcons'd himſelf! they'll entertain him lovingly;
He'll be a good addition to the traitors.
Obey me, or you die for't!—What are kings,
When ſubjects dare affront 'em?

35 Caſ. *How dares he be ſo inſolent?*] 'Tis poſſible that this line belongs to *Caſſander*; but I think more probable it ſhould be *Leonatus's*, and accordingly I have prefixed his name to it. *Sympſon.*

Caſſ.

Caſſ. I ſhall vex
Thy ſoul for this.

Leo. Away with him! When kings
Frown, let offenders tremble!—This flows not
From any cruelty in my nature, but
The fate of an uſurper: He that will
Be confirm'd great without juſt title to it
Muſt loſe compaſſion; know what's good, not do it.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Polidora and her Servant.

Serv. Madam, the princeſs Sophia!

Polid. I attend her highneſs.

Enter Sophia.

How much your Grace honours your humble ſervant!

Sophia. I hope my brother's well.

Polid. I hope ſo too, madam.

Sophia. Do you but hope? He came to be your gueſt.

Polid. We are all his, whilſt he is pleas'd to honour
This poor roof with his royal preſence, madam.

Sophia. I came to aſk your pardon, Polidora.

Polid. You never, madam, treſpaſs'd upon me;
Wrong not your goodneſs.

Sophia. I can be but penitent,
Unleſs you point me out ſome other way
To ſatisfy.

Polid. Dear madam, do not mock me!

Sophia. There is no injury, like that to love;
I find it now in my own ſufferings:
But tho' I would have robb'd thee of Arcadius,
Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,
And puniſh'd me in thoſe joys you have found.
I read the ſtory of my loſs of honour,
Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you
Have met your own again.

Polid. Whom do you mean?

Sophia. My brother.

Polid. He's found to himſelf and honour:

He is my king; and tho' I muſt acknowledge
He was the glory of my thoughts, and I
Lov'd him, as you did, madam, with deſire
To be made his, reaſon and duty ſince
Form'd me to other knowledge, and I now
Look on him without any wiſh of more
Than to be call'd his ſubject.
Sophia. Has he made
Himſelf leſs capable, by being king?
Polid. Of what?
Sophia. Of your affection?
Polid. With your pardon, madam,
Love, in that ſenſe you mean, left Polidora
When he forſook Arcadius: I diſclaim
All ties between us, more than what the name
Of king muſt challenge from my obedience.
Sophia [*aſide*]. This does confirm my jealouſy:
My heart!—
For my ſake, madam, has he loſt his value?
Polid. Let me beſeech your Grace, I may have leave
To anſwer in ſome other cauſe, or perſon!
This argument but opens a ſad wound
To make it bleed afreſh; we may change this
Diſcourſe: I would elect ſome ſubject whoſe
Praiſes may more delight your ear than this
Can mine. Let's talk of young Lyſimachus!
Sophia. Ha! my preſaging fears!
Polid. How does your Grace?
Sophia. Well. You were talking of Lyſimachus;
Pray give me your opinion of him.
Polid. Mine?
It will be much ſhort of his worth: I think him
A gentleman ſo perfect in all goodneſs,
That if there be one in the world deſerves
The beſt of women, Heaven created him
To make her happy.
Sophia. You've in a little, madam,
Expreſs'd a volume of mankind, a miracle.
But all have not the ſame degree of faith:

He

He is but young——
Polid. What miſtreſs would deſire
Her ſervant old? He has both ſpring to pleaſe
Her eye, and ſummer to return a harveſt.
Sophia. He's black——
Polid. He ſets a beauty off more rich,
And ſhe that's fair will love him: Faint complexions
Betray effeminate minds, and love of change;
Two beauties in a bed compound few men;
He's not ſo fair to counterfeit a woman,
Nor yet ſo black but bluſhes may betray
His modeſty.
Sophia. His proportion exceeds not——
Polid. That praiſes him: And a well-compacted frame
Speaks temper, and ſweet flow of elements;
Vaſt buildings are more oft for ſhow than uſe:
I would not have my eyes put to the travel
Of many acres, ere I could examine
A man from head to foot; he has no great,
But he may boaſt an elegant, compoſition.
Sophia. I'll hear no more! You have ſo far outdone
My injuries to you, that I call back
My penitence; and muſt tell Polidora,
This revenge ill becomes her. *Am I thought*
So loſt in ſoul to hear, and forgive this?
In what ſhade do I live? or ſhall I think
I have not, at the loweſt, enough merit,
Setting aſide my birth, to poize with yours?
Forgive, my modeſt thoughts, if I riſe up
My own defence, and tell this unjuſt lady,
So great a winter hath not frozen yet
My cheek, but there is ſomething Nature planted
That carries as much bloom, and ſpring upon't,
As yours! What flame is in your eye, but may
Find competition here? (forgive again,
My virgin honour!) what is in your lip
To tice th' enamour'd ſoul to dwell with more

Ambition, than the yet-unwither'd bluſh
That ſpeaks the innocence of mine? Oh, brother!

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. I'll talk with you anon. My Polidora!
Allow thy patience 'till my breath recover,
Which now comes laden with the richeſt news
Thy ear was ever bleſt with.
Sophia. Both your looks
And voice expreſs ſome welcome accident.
Dem. Gueſs what in wiſh could make me fortunate,
And Heaven hath dropt that on Demetrius.
Sophia. What means this extaſy?
Dem. 'Twere ſin to buſy
Thy thoughts upon't; I'll tell thee.—That I could
Retain ſome part! it is too wide a joy
To be expreſs'd ſo ſoon; and yet it falls
In a few ſyllables—thou wo't ſcarce believe me!
I am no king.
Sophia. How's that?
Polid. Good Heaven forbid!
Dem. Forbid? Heaven has reliev'd me with a mercy
I knew not how to aſk: I have, they ſay,
An elder brother living, crown'd already:
I only keep my name Demetrius,
Without deſire of more addition
Than to return thy ſervant.
Polid. You amaze me!
Can you rejoice to be depos'd?
Dem. It but
Tranſlates me to a fairer and better kingdom
In Polidora.
Polid. Me?
Dem. Did you not ſay,
Were I no king, you could be drawn to love me
Again? That was conſented to in Heaven.
A kingdom firſt betray'd my ambitious ſoul
To forget thee: That, and the flattering glories,
How willingly Demetrius does reſign

The

The angels know! Thus naked, without titles,
I throw me on thy charity; and ſhall
Boaſt greater empire to be thine again, than
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Be not ſo careleſs of yourſelf! the people
Gather in multitudes to your protection,
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may
But ſee you, Sir, and hear you ſpeak to 'em:
Accept their duties, and in time prevent
Your ruin.

Sophia. Be not deſperate; 'tis counſel——

Dem. You trouble me with noiſe!—Speak, Polidora!

Polid. For your own ſake, preſerve yourſelf! My fears
Diſtract my reaſon.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord Lyſimachus,
With ſomething that concerns your ſafety, is
Fled hither, and deſires a preſent hearing.

Mac. His ſoul is honeſt: Be not, Sir, a madman,
And for a lady give up all our freedoms! [*Exit.*

Polid. I will ſay any thing, hear Lyſimachus.

Sophia. Dear brother, hear him!

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſim. Sir, I come to yield
Myſelf your priſoner: If my father have
Rais'd an impoſtor to ſupplant your title,
(Which I ſuſpect, and inwardly do bleed for)
I ſhall not only, by the tender of
Myſelf, declare my innocence, but either,
By my unworthy life, ſecure your perſon,
Or by what death you ſhall impoſe, reward
The unexpected treaſon.

Sophia. Brave young man!

Did you not hear him, brother?
Lyſim. I'm not minded!
Polid. Be witneſs, madam, I reſign my heart!
It never was another's.—You declare
Too great a ſatisfaction.—I hope
This will deſtroy your jealouſy.—
Remember now your danger!
Dem. I deſpiſe it!
What fate dares injure me?
Lyſim. Yet hear me, Sir!
Sophia. Forgive me, Polidora! you are happy.
My hopes are remov'd further: I had thought
Lyſimachus had meant you for his miſtreſs.
'Tis miſery to feed, and not know where
To place my jealouſy.

Enter Macarius.

Mac. Now 'tis too late!
You may be deaf, until the cannon make
You find your ſenſe; we are ſhut up now by
A troop of horſe: Thank yourſelf!
Polid. They will
Admit conditions——
Sophia. And allow us quarter? [*A ſhout within.*
Polid. We are all loſt!
Dem. Be comforted!

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. News!
My lord Caſſander's ſent by the new king
To bear us company.
Dem. Not as priſoner?
Ant. It does appear no otherwiſe. The ſoldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noiſe
Of ſcorn and joy to ſee him ſo rewarded.
Dem. It cannot be!
Ant. You'll find it preſently:
He curſes the new king, talks treaſon 'gainſt him

As

As nimble as he were in's ſhirt[36]. He's here.

Enter Caſſander.

Caſſ. Oh, let me beg until my knees take root
I'th' earth. Sir, can you pardon me?

Dem. For what?

Caſſ. For treaſon, deſperate, moſt malicious treaſon:
I have undone you, Sir!

Dem. It does appear
You had a will.

Caſſ. I'll make you all the recompenſe I can;
But ere you kill me, hear me! Know the man
Whom I, to ſerve my unjuſt ends, advanc'd
T'your throne, is an impoſtor, a mere counterfeit,
Eubulus' ſon. [*Exit Ant.*

Dem. It is not then our brother?

Caſſ. An inſolent uſurper, proud and bloody
Seleucus. Is no leproſy upon me?
There is not puniſhment enough in nature
To quit my horrid act; I have not in
My ſtock of blood, to ſatisfy with weeping;
Nor could my ſoul, tho' melted to a flood
Within me, guſh out tears to waſh my ſtain off.

Dem. How! an impoſtor? What will become on's now?
We're at his mercy.

Caſſ. Sir, the peoples' hearts
Will come to their own dwelling, when they ſee
I dare accuſe myſelf, and ſuffer for it.
Have courage then, young king! thy fate cannot
Be long compell'd.

Dem. Riſe, our misfortune
Carries this good; altho' it loſe our hopes,
It makes you friend with Virtue: We'll expect
What Providence will do

Caſſ. You are too merciful.

---

[36] *As nimble as he were in's ſhirt.*] This may allude to Hieronimo's appearing *in his ſhirt* on the ſtage, in the Spaniſh Tragedy, and inveighing againſt the murderer of his ſon. *R.*

Lyſim. Our duties ſhall beg Heaven ſtill to preſerve you.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Our enemy deſires ſome parley, Sir.
Lyſim. 'Tis not amiſs to hear their propoſition.
Polid. I'll wait upon you.
Dem. Thou art my angel,
And canſt beſt inſtruct me!—Boldly preſent ourſelves!
You'll with's, Caſſander?
Caſſ. And in death be bleſt
To find your charity. [*Exit.*
Sophia. Lyſimachus!
Lyſim. Madam?
Sophia. They will not miſs your preſence, the ſmall time
Is ſpent in aſking of a queſtion.
Lyſim. I wait your pleaſure.
Sophia. Sir, I have a ſuit to you.
Lyſim. To me? it muſt be granted.
Sophia. If you
Have cancelled your kind opinion of me,
Deny me not to know who hath ſucceeded
Sophia in your heart! I beg the name
Of your new miſtreſs.
Lyſim. You ſhall know her, madam,
If but theſe tumults ceaſe, and fate allow us
To ſee the court again. I hope you'll bring
No mutiny againſt her. But this is
No time to talk of love: Let me attend you!
Sophia. I muſt expect, 'till you are pleas'd to ſatisfy
My poor requeſt. Conduct me at your pleaſure.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leonatus, Eubulus, Biſhop, Lyſander, and Philocles.

Leo. They are too ſlow! diſpatch new meſſengers,
T' entreat 'em fairly hither. I am extaſied!
Were you witneſs for me too? Is't poſſible

I am

I am what this affirms, true Leonatus?
And were you not my father? was I given
In truſt to you an infant?
Eub. 'Tis a truth
Our ſoul's bound to acknowledge: You ſupplied
The abſence and opinion of my ſon,
Who died but to make you my greater care.
I knew not of Demetrius; but ſuppos'd
Him dead indeed, as Epire thought you were.
Your father's character doth want no teſtimony,
Which, but compar'd with what concerns Demetrius,
Will prove itſelf king Theodoſius' act,
Your royal father.
Biſhop. I am ſubſcrib'd to both his legacies,
By oath oblig'd to ſecreſy, until "
Thus fairly ſummon'd to reveal the truſt.
Eub. Caſſander had no thought you would prove thus,
To whoſe policy I gave this aim, altho'
He wrought you up to ſerve but as his engine
To batter young Demetrius: For it was
Your father's prudent jealouſy that made him
Give out your early deaths, as if his ſoul
Propheſied his own firſt, and fear'd to leave
Either of you to the unſafe protection
Of one, whoſe ſtudy would be to ſupplant
Your right, and make himſelf the king of Epire.
Biſhop. Your ſiſter, fair Sophia, in your father's
Life, was deſign'd to marry with Lyſimachus;
That guarded her, altho' ſhe us'd ſome art
To quit her pupillage, and being abſolute,
Declar'd love to Demetrius, which enforc'd
Macarius to diſcover firſt your brother.
Leo. No more! leſt you deſtroy again Leonatus,
With wonder of his fate! Are they not come yet?—
Something it was I felt within me envy
Of young Demetrius' fortune; there were ſeeds
Scatter'd upon my heart, that made it ſwell
With thought of empire: Princes I ſee cannot

Be

Be totally eclips'd. But wherefore ſtays
Demetrius and Sophia, at whoſe names
A gentle ſpirit walk'd upon my blood[37]?

Enter Demetrius, Polidora, Sophia, Macarius, Caſſander, and Lyſimachus.

Eub. They're here.

Leo. Then thus I fly into their boſoms!
Nature has rectified in me, Demetrius,
The wandrings of ambition. Our dear ſiſter,
You are amaz'd; I did expect it: Read
Aſſurance there! the day is big with wonder.

Mac. What means all this?

Leo. Lyſimachus, be dear to us!
Caſſander, you are welcome too.

Caſſ. Not I;
I do not look for't; all this ſhall not bribe
My conſcience to your faction, and make
Me falſe again. Seleucus is no ſon
Of Theodoſius: My dear countrymen,
Correct your erring duties, and to that,
Your lawful king, proſtrate yourſelves! Demetrius
Doth challenge all your knees.

Dem. All love and duty
Flow from me to my royal king, and brother!
I am confirm'd.

---

37 ——— *at whoſe names*
A gentle ſpirit walk'd *upon my blood?*] This would imply, that before he knew his relation to his brother and ſiſter, he had often had, by ſecret inſtinct, a love for them: But as no hint of this appears in any thing he before ſays or does, I prefer the preſent tenſe:
———walks *upon my blood?*
This expreſſion is noble, and ſeems taken from Geneſis. *The ſpirit of God* mov'd *upon the face of the waters.* *Seward.*
I conceive, that the Poet deſigned here to expreſs, how dormant that affection which ought to be toward brethren, though ſtrangers to each other, had lain in Seleucus; and upon this account I would ſuppoſe, that a word of a ſtronger import may yet bid fairer for the true one: I read thus,
A gentle ſpirit walks *upon my blood?* *Simpſon.*
We have retained the old reading, as thinking it far preferable to either of the variations.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. You are too credulous!
What can betray your faith ſo much?
Leo. Sophia, you appear ſad, as if your will
Gave no conſent to this day's happineſs.
Sophia. No joy exceeds Sophia's for yourſelf.
Lyſim. With your pardon, Sir, I apprehend
A cauſe that makes her troubled: She deſires
To know what other miſtreſs, ſince her late
Unkindneſs, I have choſen to direct
My faith and ſervice.
Leo. Another miſtreſs?
Lyſim. Yes, Sir.
Leo. And does our ſiſter love Lyſimachus?
Sophia. Here's ſomething would confeſs.
Leo. He muſt not dare
To affront Sophia.
Caſſ. How my ſhame confounds me!
I beg your juſtice, without pity, on
My age.
Leo. Your penance ſhall be, to be faithful
To our ſtate hereafter.
Omnes. May you live long
And happy, Leonatus, king of Epire!
Leo. But where's your other miſtreſs?
Lyſim. Even here, Sir.
Leo. Our ſiſter? is this another miſtreſs, Sir?
Lyſim. It holds
To prove my thoughts were ſo: When ſhe began
Her ſorrow for neglecting me, that ſweetneſs
Deſerv'd I ſhould eſteem her another miſtreſs
Than when ſhe cruelly forſook Lyſimachus.
Your pardon, madam! and receive a heart
Proud with my firſt devotions to ſerve you!
Sophia. In this I'm crown'd again! now mine for ever!
Leo. You have deceiv'd her happily.
Joy to you both!
Dem. We're ripe for the ſame wiſhes;
Polidora's part of me.

Poll.

Polid. He all my bleſſing.
Leo. Heav'n pour full joys upon you!
Mac. We're all bleſt:
There wants but one to fill your arms.
Leo. My miſtreſs
And wife ſhall be my country, to which I
Was in my birth contracted: Your love ſince
Hath play'd the prieſt to perfect what was ceremony.
Tho' kingdoms by juſt titles prove our own,
The ſubjects' hearts do beſt ſecure a crown.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

THERE is no Coronation to-day,
Unleſs your gentle votes do crown our play.
If ſmiles appear within each lady's eye,
Which are the leading ſtars in this fair ſky,
Our ſolemn day ſets glorious; for then
We hope, by their ſoft influence, the men
Will grace what they firſt ſhin'd on: Make't appear,
(Both) how we pleaſe, and bleſs our covetous ear
With your applauſe; more welcome than the bells
Upon a triumph, bonfires, or what elſe
Can ſpeak a Coronation! And tho' I
Were late depos'd, and ſpoil'd of majeſty,
By the kind aid of your hands, gentlemen,
I quickly may be crown'd a queen again.

OF THE BOSTON BRANCH OF THE ARCTIC SOCIETY

Publish'd as the Act directs, Dec 24. 1777 by T. Sherlock, Bow Street Covent Garden.

THE

SEA-VOYAGE.

A COMEDY.

This Play is in the Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner aſcribed to Fletcher alone, and was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. *It was revived by Tom Durfey, with alterations, in the year* 1686, *and exhibited at the Theatre-Royal, under the title of The Commonwealth of Women, and at the ſame time printed in quarto.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Albert, *a French pirate, in love with Aminta.*
Tibalt du Pont, *a merry gentleman, friend to Albert.*
Maſter *of the ſhip, an honeſt merry man.*
Lamure, *an uſuring merchant.*
Franville, *a vainglorious gallant.*
Morillat, *a ſhallow-brained gentleman.*
Boatſwain, *an honeſt man.*
Sebaſtian, *a noble gentleman of Portugal, husband to Roſellia.*
Nicuſa, *nephew to Sebaſtian; both caſt upon a deſart iſland.*
Raymond, *brother to Aminta.*
Surgeon.
Sailors.

WOMEN.

Aminta, *miſtreſs to Albert, a noble French virgin.*
Roſellia, *governeſs of the Amazonian Portugals.*
Clarinda, *daughter to Roſellia, in love with Albert.*
Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta, } *three ladies, members of the female commonwealth.*

The Scene, firſt at Sea, *then in the* Desart Islands.

THE

SEA-VOYAGE[1].

ACT I.

A tempeſt, thunder and lightning.

Enter Maſter and two Sailors.

Maſter. LAY her aloof, the ſea grows dangerous:
How't ſpits againſt the clouds! how it capers,
And how the fiery element frights it back!
There be devils dancing in the air I think.

[1] This play, as it ſtands in all the former copies, has not received ſo much injury in its ſenſe as meaſure, and ſo we have not ſo much cauſe to complain of the former as of the latter; yet cauſe there is, as the reader will ſee in the following notes. Mr. Shirley, who publiſhed the old folio edition, ſeems to have had little care of making our Poets appear to advantage, when he ſent this play into the world in ſo unpoetical a dreſs: I own the reſtoring of the meaſure coſt me abundantly more application and pains than the correcting the text; but yet the reader muſt not expect that muſical, exact flow of numbers which our modern gentlemen of Parnaſſus are ſo careful about, here, any more than in Shakeſpeare: However, I think, I may remark once for all, both upon our Authors and him, that whenever any ſubject requires the ſublime, the pathetick or deſcriptive; there the numbers are equal to both the ſentiment and diction, and the happy mixture is capable of tranſporting any ſoul who has the leaſt taſte for the beauties of poetry. *Sympſon.*

In 'reſtoring the meaſure' (as Mr. Sympſon calls it) he has tacitly interpolated and omitted in a manner unprecedented in any editions but thoſe of theſe Works in 1750. The variations, both avowed and ſecret, we may ſafely pronounce to be almoſt all for the worſe, and unworthy mention; thoſe which are otherwiſe, ſhall be properly noticed.

I ſaw a dolphin hang i'th' horns o'th' moon,
Shot from a wave. Hey day, hey day, how ſhe
kicks and yerks!
Down with the main-maſt! lay her at hull!
Furl up all her linens, and let her ride it out!
1 *Sailor.* She'll never brook it, Maſter;
She's ſo deep laden that ſhe'll bulge.
Maſter. Hang her!
Can ſhe not buffet with a ſtorm a little?
How it toſſes her! ſhe reels like a drunkard.
2 *Sailor.* We have diſcover'd the land, Sir; pray
let's make in!
She is ſo drunk elſe ſhe may chance
To caſt up all her lading.
1 *Sailor.* Stand in, ſtand in!
We are all loſt elſe, loſt and periſh'd.
Maſter. Steer her a-ſtarboard there!
2 *Sailor.* Bear in with all the ſail we can! See, Maſter,
See what a clap of thunder there is! what
A face of Heav'n! how dreadfully it looks!
Maſter. Thou raſcal, thou fearful rogue, th'haſt
been praying!
I ſee it in thy face; thou haſt been mumbling,
When we are ſplit, you ſlave[1]! Is this a time
To diſcourage our friends with your cold orizons?
Call up the Boatſwain. How it ſtorms! holla!

Enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. What ſhall we do, Maſter? Caſt over all
her lading?
She will not ſwim an hour elſe.

Enter Albert, Franville, Lamure, Tibalt du Pont, and Morillat.

Maſter. The ſtorm is loud; we cannot
Hear one another. What's the coaſt?
Boatſ. We know

[1] *When we are* ſplit, you *ſlave.*] The accurate Sympſon reads, *When we are* ſplitTING, *ſlave.*

Not

Not yet; ſhall we make in?
Alb. What comfort, Sailors?
I never ſaw, ſince I have known the ſea,
(Which has been this twenty years) ſo rude a tempeſt.
In what ſtate are we?
Maſter. Dangerous enough, captain:
We have ſprung five leaks, and no little ones;
(Still rage!) beſides; her ribs are open[1],
Her rudder almoſt ſpent: Prepare yourſelves;
And have good courages! Death comes but once;
And let him come in all his frights!
Alb. Is't not poſſible,
To make in to the land?—'Tis here before us.
Mor. Here hard by, Sir.
Maſter. Death's nearer; gentlemen.
Yet, do not cry; let's die like men!
Tib. Shall's hoiſe the boat out;
And go all at one caſt? The more the merrier.

Enter Aminta.

Maſter. You are too haſty, monſieur; do you long
To be i'th' fiſh-market before your time?
Hold her up there!
Aminta. Oh, miſerable fortune!
Nothing but horror ſounding in mine ears,
No minute to promiſe to my frighted ſoul!
Tib. Peace, woman!
We ha' ſtorms enough already; no more howling!
Aminta. Gentle maſter!
Maſter. Clap this woman under hatches.
Alb. Prithee ſpeak mildly to her.

---

[1] *We have ſprung five leaks, and no little ones;*
Still rage; beſides, her ribs are open.] Here the words *ſtill rage*, ſhould either be in a parentheſis with a note of admiration, *(ſtill rage!)* or elſe, which is more probable from the defect in the meaſure, ſomething is loſt, and I believe the original was,

——— *five leaks, and no little ones;*
The winds *ſtill rage*; *beſides, her ribs are open.*
or perhaps, *The ſeas.* *Sympſon.*
We think the firſt conjecture beſt.

Aminta. Can no help——

Maſter. None, that I know.

Aminta. No promiſe from your goodneſs——

Maſter. Am I a god? For Heaven's ſake, ſtow this woman!

Tib. Go, take your gilt Prayer-book, and to your buſineſs!
Wink and die! There an old haddock ſtays for you.

Aminta. Muſt I die here in all the frights, the terrors,
The thouſand ſeveral ſhapes Death triumphs in?
No friend to counſel me?

Alb. Have peace, ſweet miſtreſs!

Aminta. No kindred's tears upon me? Oh, my country!
No gentle hand to cloſe mine eyes?

Alb. Be comforted;
Heaven has the ſame pow'r ſtill, and the ſame mercy.

Aminta. Oh, that wave will devour me!

Maſter. Carry her down, captain,
Or, by theſe hands, I'll give no more direction,
Let the ſhip ſink or ſwim! We ha' ne'er better luck
When we've ſuch ſtowage as theſe trinkets with us,
Theſe ſweet ſin-breeders: How can Heaven ſmile on us,
When ſuch a burden of iniquity
Lies tumbling, like a potion, in our ſhip's belly? [*Ex.*

Tib. Away with her; and, if ſhe have a prayer
That's fit for ſuch an hour, let her ſay't quickly,
And ſeriouſly! [*Exit.*

Alb. Come; I ſee it clear, lady;
Come in, and take ſome comfort! I'll ſtay with you.

Aminta. Where ſhould I ſtay? to what end ſhould I hope?
Am I not circled round with miſery?
Confuſions in their full heights dwell about me!
Oh, monſieur Albert, how am I bound to curſe you,
(If curſes could redeem me) how to hate you!
You forc'd me from my quiet, from my friends,
Even from their arms that were as dear to me

As

As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forc'd my friends, ſome from their peaceful reſt,
Some your relentleſs ſword gave their laſt groans;
('Would I had there been number'd!) and to Fortune's
Never-ſatisfied afflictions you turn'd my brother
And thoſe few friends I'd left, like deſperate creatures,
To their own fears and the world's ſtubborn pities.
Oh, mercileſs!

Alb. Sweet miſtreſs!

Aminta. And whether they are wandring to avoid you,
Or whether dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em—
Was this a lover's part? But Heaven has found you,
And in his loudeſt voice, his voice of thunder,
And in the mutiny of his deep-wonders[4],
He tells you now, you weep too late.

Alb. Let theſe tears
Tell how I honour you! You know, dear lady,
Since you were mine, how truly I have lov'd you,
How ſanctimoniouſly obſerv'd your honour:
Not one laſcivious word, not one touch, lady,
No, not a hope that might not render me
The unpolluted ſervant of your chaſtity.
For you I put to ſea, to ſeek your brother[5],

[4] *Of his* deep wonders.] *Deep wonders* may be good Engliſh, but it is not very intelligible as it is here circumſtanced; the addition of a ſingle hyphen makes all clear, *deep-wonders*. *Sympſon.*

[5] *For you I put to ſea, to ſeek your brother.*] This, if it has any meaning, muſt ſignify that his ſole end of putting to ſea was to find out her brother, and yet, act iii. ſcene i. *Franville* ſays poſitively that they were bound

For happy places, and moſt fertile iſlands,

but that afterwards

She *turn'd the captain's mind*, &c.

This inconſiſtency might poſſibly be owing to ſome over and above complaiſant player, who was willing to enhance the value of Albert's ſervice, and make him compliment his miſtreſs, not only at the expence of our Poets, but even of truth itſelf. *Sympſon.*

This aſſertion here is too poſitive, and too much purſued, and the circumſtance too unimportant to be aſcribed to the interpolation of a player. If there is an inconſiſtency, it is more probably owing to the inadvertency of the Authors.

(Your captain, yet your ſlave) that his redemption,
If he be living where the ſun has circuit,
May expiate your rigour, and my raſhneſs.
Aminta. The ſtorm grows greater; what ſhall we do?
Alb. Let's in,
And aſk Heaven's mercy! My ſtrong mind yet preſages,
Thro' all theſe dangers, we ſhall ſee a day yet
Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wiſhes.
[*Exit with Aminta.*

Enter Maſter, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatſwain.

Maſter. It muſt all over-board.
Boatſ. It clears to ſeaward, Maſter.
Maſter. Fling o'er the lading there, and let us lighten her,
(All the meat, and the cakes; we are all gone elſe!)
That we may find her leaks, and hold her up!
Yet ſave ſome little biſcuit for the lady,
'Till we come to th' land[6]!
Lam. Muſt my goods over too?
Why, honeſt Maſter, here lies all my money,
The money I ha' rack'd by uſury,
To buy new lands and lordſhips in new countries,
'Cauſe I was baniſh'd from mine own: I ha' been
This twenty years a-raiſing it.
Tib. Out with it!
The devils are got together by the ears,
Who ſhall ha't; and here they quarrel in the clouds.
Lam. I am undone, Sir!
Tib. And be undone; 'tis better than we periſh.
Lam. Oh, ſave one cheſt of plate!
Tib. Away with it luſtily, ſailors!
It was ſome pawn that he has got unjuſtly;
Down with it low enough, and let crabs breed in't!
Maſter. Over with the trunks too.

[6] *Fling o'er the lading, &c.*] The giving this and the following four lines to the *Maſter* (which was before a continuation of the *Boatſwain's* ſpeech) is recommended by Sympſon.

Enter

Enter Albert.

Alb. Take mine, and ſpare not.
Maſter. We muſt over with all.
Fran. Will ye throw away my lordſhip that I ſold,
Put it into cloaths and neceſſaries, to go to ſea with?
Tib. Over wi't! I love to ſee a lordſhip ſink:
Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up;
You might ha' ſav'd it elſe.
Fran. I am undone
For ever.
Alb. Why, we're all undone: Would you
Be only happy?
Lam. Sir, you may loſe too.
Tib. Thou lieſt! I ha' nothing but my ſkin,
And my cloaths; my ſword here, and myſelf;
Two crowns in my pocket, two pair of cards[7],
And three falſe dice: I can ſwim like a fiſh,
Raſcal; nothing to hinder me.
Boatſ. In with her of all hands!
Maſter. Come, gentlemen; come, captain; ye muſt help all.
My life now for the land! 'Tis high, and rocky,
And full of perils.
Alb. However, let's attempt it!
Maſter. Then cheer luſtily, my hearts! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sebaſtian and Nicuſa.

Seb. Yes, 'tis a ſhip; I ſee it now; a tall ſhip!
She has wrought luſtily for her deliverance.
Heaven's mercy, what a wretched day has here been!
Nicuſa. To ſtill and quiet minds that knew no miſery,

[7] *Two* pair *of cards.*] *i. e. Two* PACKS *of cards*, as they are now called. They were formerly called, as here, PAIRS *of cards*. Thus in 'The honorable hiſtorie of the Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay, by Robert Greene, 1630,' 'Have you not good tippling houſes there? may not a man have a luſty fire there, a pot of good ale, *a* PAIRE *of cardes*, a ſwinging piece of chalke, and a brown toaſt that will clap a white waſtcoat on a cup of good drinke.' *R.*

It may ſeem wretched; but with us 'tis ordinary:
Heaven has no ſtorm in ſtore, nor earth no terror,
That can ſeem new to us.

Seb. 'Tis true, Nicuſa;
If Fortune were determin'd to be wanton,
And would wipe out the ſtories of mens' miſeries,
Yet we two living, we could croſs her purpoſe;
For 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhould cure us,
We are ſo excellent in our afflictions:
It would be more than glory to her blindneſs,
And ſtile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

Nicuſa. Do they live ſtill?

Seb. Yes, and make to harbour.

Nicuſa. Moſt miſerable men! I grieve their fortunes.

Seb. How happy had they been, had the ſea cover'd 'em!
They leap from one calamity to another;
Had they been drown'd, they'd ended all their ſorrows.
What ſhouts of joy they make! [*Shout within.*

Nicuſa. Alas, poor wretches!
Had they but once experience of this iſland,
They'd turn their tunes to wailings.

Seb. Nay, to curſes,
That ever they ſet foot on ſuch calamities:
Here is nothing but rocks and barrenneſs[8],

[8] *Here's nothing but rocks and barrenneſs,*
Hunger and cold to eat; here's no vineyards, &c.] *Nothing but rocks and barrenneſs to eat,* is intelligible and good language, but ſurely no poetical licence will excuſe what follows,

Hunger and cold to eat;——

I wou'd read, *for meat; i. e.* inſtead of meat, and propoſe to ſupply the meaſure thus,

There's nothing here but rocks and barrenneſs,
Hunger and cold for meat; here are no vineyards, &c.
Seward.

I would read and point thus,

Here's nothing here but rocks and barrenneſs,
Hunger and cold; nothing to eat; no vineyards——

As I have not alter'd the text, the reader may take his choice.
Sympſon.

We do not underſtand why *meat* is better than *eat*; the ſenſe is the ſame; and the reſt of the variation is unauthorized.

Hunger

Hunger and cold, to eat; here's no vineyards
To chear the heart of man, no cryſtal rivers,
After his labour, to refreſh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to reſtore him,
But heav'nly hopes: Nature that made thoſe remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our diſtreſſes,
For fear ſhe turn wild, like the place, and barren.

Nicuſa. Oh, uncle, yet a little memory of what we were!
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities:
When we were ſeated in our bleſſed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes——

Seb. Curſe on thoſe French pirates
That diſplanted us! That flung us from that happineſs
We found there, conſtrained us to ſea,
To ſave our lives, honours, and our riches,
With all we had, our kinſmen and our jewels,
In hope to find ſome place free from ſuch robbers!
Where a mighty ſtorm ſever'd our barks, that where
My wife, my daughter, and my noble ladies
That went with her, virgins and loving ſouls,
To ſcape thoſe pirates——

Nicuſa. They are living yet; ſuch goodneſs cannot periſh.

Seb. But never to me, couſin, never to me again.
What bears their flag-ſtaves?

Nicuſa. The arms of France ſure.
Nay, do not ſtart! we cannot be more miſerable;
Death is a cordial now, come when it will.

Seb. They get to ſhore apace; they'll fly as faſt
When once they find the place. What's that which ſwims there?

Nicuſa. A ſtrong young man, Sir, with a handſome woman
Hanging about his neck.

Seb. That ſhews ſome honour:
May thy brave charity, whate'er thou art,
Be ſpoken in a place that may renown thee,

And

And not die here!

Nicuſa. The boat, it ſeems, turn'd over,
So forced to their ſhifts; yet all are landed.
They're pirates, on my life.

Seb. They will not rob us;
For none will take our miſery for riches.
Come, couſin, let's deſcend, and try their pities!
If we get off, a little hope walks with us;
If not, we ſhall but load this wretched iſland
With the ſame ſhadows ſtill, that muſt grow ſhorter.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, Lamure, Maſter, Franville, Surgeon, and Sailors.

Tib. Wet come aſhore [9], my mates! we're ſafe arriv'd yet.

Maſter. Thanks to Heaven's goodneſs, no man loſt:
The ſhip rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.

Alb. The weather's turn'd more courteous.—How does my dear?
Alas, how weak ſhe is, and wet!

Aminta. I am glad yet, I ſcap'd with life:
Which certain, noble captain, next to Heaven's goodneſs,
I muſt thank you for; and, which is more,
Acknowledge your dear tenderneſs, your firm love,
To your unworthy miſtreſs; and recant too
(Indeed I muſt) thoſe harſh opinions,
Thoſe cruel unkind thoughts, I heap'd upon you:
Further than that, I muſt forget your injuries,
So far I am tied and fetter'd to your ſervice;
Believe me, I will learn to love.

Alb. I thank you, madam;
And it ſhall be my practice to ſerve.
What cheer, companions?

---

9 Wet come *aſhore—arrived yet.*

Maſt. *Thanks*—] *Wet come* alluding to *Welcome* is exceeding right and proper here in *Tibalt's* mouth, whoſe droll character is well ſupported throughout the play. *Symſon.*

Tib.

Tib. No great cheer, Sir; a piece of ſouſed biſcuit,
And half an hard egg; for the ſea has ta'en order,
Being young and ſtrong, we ſhall not ſurfeit, captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I am dry:
Come, Surgeon, out with your clyſter-pipe,
And ſtrike a galliard.

Alb. What a brave day again! and what fair weather,
After ſo foul a ſtorm!

Lam. Ay, an't pleas'd the Maſter,
He might ha' ſeen this weather, and ha' ſav'd our goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em! we've our lives and healths.

Lam. I muſt think on 'em, and think 'twas moſt maliciouſly
Done to undo me.

Fran. And me too; I loſt all:
I ha'n't another ſhirt to put upon me,
Nor cloaths, but theſe poor rags: I had fifteen
Fair ſuits, the worſt was cut upon taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' loſt: Give me thy hand!
Is thy ſkin whole? Art thou not purl'd [10] with ſcabs?
No antient monuments of madam Venus?
Th' haſt a ſuit then will poſe the cunning'ſt tailor,
That will never turn faſhion, nor forſake thee,
'Till thy executors, the worms, uncaſe thee;
They take off glorious ſuits, Franville! thou'rt happy
Thou art deliver'd of 'em; here are no brokers,
No alchymiſts to turn 'em into metal;
Nor leather'd captains,
With ladies to adore 'em! Wilt thou ſee
A dog-fiſh riſe in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry?
Or an old haddock riſe with thy hatch'd ſword
Thou paid'ſt a hundred crowns for?
A mermaid in a mantle of your worſhip's?
Or a dolphin in your double ruff?

[10] *Purl'd.*] Perhaps from the French word *perlé, rough, rugged, not ſmooth.* Cotgrave's Dictionary. R.

Fran.

Fran. Ye're merry;
But if I take it thus, if I be foiſted
And jeer'd out of my goods——
Lam. Nor I, I vow thee!
Nor Maſter nor Mate—I ſee your cunning.
Alb. Oh,
Be not angry, gentlemen!
Mor. Yes, Sir, we've reaſon:
And ſome friends I can make.
Maſt. What I did, gentlemen,
Was for the general ſafety: If ye aim
At me, I'm not ſo tame——
Tib. Pray take my counſel;
Gallants, fight not till the ſurgeon be well!
He's damnable ſea-ſick, and may ſpoil all;
Beſides, h' has loſt his fiddleſtick, and the beſt
Box of boar's-greaſe. Why do you make ſuch faces,
And hand your ſwords?
Alb. Who would ye fight with, gentlemen?
Wh' has done ye wrong? for ſhame, be better temper'd!
No ſooner come to give thanks for our ſafeties,
But we muſt raiſe new civil broils amongſt us,
Inflame thoſe angry powers, to ſhower new vengeance
on us?
What can we expect for theſe unmanly murmurs,
Theſe ſtrong temptations of their holy pities,
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, ſo dreadful
That the ſinging ſtorms are ſlumbers to it?
Tib. Be men, and rule your minds!
If you will needs fight, gentlemen,
And think to raiſe new riches by your valours,
Have at ye! I have little elſe to do now;
I have ſaid my prayers. You ſay you have loſt,
And make your loſs your quarrel,
And grumble at my captain here, and th' Maſter,
Two worthy perſons, indeed too worthy for ſuch raſcals,
Thou Galloon gallant, and Mammon you
That build on golden mountains! thou money-
maggot!

Come,

Come, all draw your ſwords! Ye ſay ye're miſerable.
Alb. Nay, hold, good Tibalt!
Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em!—
I'll make ye ten times worſe!—I will not leave 'em—
For look ye, fighting's as nouriſhing to me as eating;
I was born quarrelling.
Maſter. Pray, Sir!
Tib. I will not leave 'em ſkins to cover 'em!—
Do ye grumble when ye are well, ye rogues?
Maſter. Noble Du-Pont!
Tib. Ye have cloaths now, and ye prate.
Aminta. Pray, gentlemen, for my ſake, be at peace!
Let it become me to make all friends!
Fran. You've ſtopt our angers, lady.
Alb. This ſhews noble.
Tib. 'Tis well; 'tis very well! There's half a biſcuit;
Break it amongſt ye all, and thank my bounty.
This is cloaths and plate too; come, no more quarrelling!
Aminta. But ha! what things are theſe? Are they human creatures?

Enter Sebaſtian and Nicuſa.

Tib. I've heard of ſea-calves.
Alb. They're no ſhadows ſure;
They've legs and arms.
Tib. They hang but lightly on tho'.
Aminta. How they look! Are they mens' faces?
Tib. They have horſe-tails growing to 'em,
Goodly long manes.
Aminta. 'Las, what ſunk eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!
Sure they are wretched men.
Tib. Where are their wardrobes?
Look ye, Franville, here are a couple of courtiers!
Aminta. They kneel: Alas, poor ſouls!
Alb. What are ye? ſpeak!
Are ye alive? or wandring ſhadows,
That find no peace on earth, till ye reveal

Some

Some hidden ſecret?
Seb. We are men as you are,
Only our miſeries make us ſeem monſters.
If ever pity dwelt in noble hearts——
Alb. We underſtand 'em too! Pray mark 'em, gentlemen!
Seb. Or that Heaven's pleas'd with human charity;
If ever ye have heard the name of friendſhip,
Or ſuffer'd in yourſelves the leaſt afflictions;
Have gentle fathers that have bred ye tenderly,
And mothers that have wept for your misfortunes;
Have mercy on our miſeries!
Alb. Stand up, wretches.
Speak boldly, and have releaſe!
Nicuſa. If ye be Chriſtians,
And by that bleſſed name bound to relieve us,
Convey us from this iſland!
Alb. Speak! what are ye?
Seb. As you are, gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own calamities,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings.
Theſe many years in this moſt wretched iſland
We two have liv'd, the ſcorn and game of Fortune;
Bleſs yourſelves from it, noble gentlemen!
The greateſt plagues that human nature ſuffers
Are ſeated here, wildneſs and wants innumerable!
Alb. How came ye hither?
Nicuſa. In a ſhip, as you do, and (as you might have been,
Had not Heav'n preſerv'd ye for ſome more noble uſe)
Wreckt deſperately; our men and all conſum'd,
But we two, that ſtill live, and ſpin out
The thin and ragged threads of our misfortunes.
Alb. Is there no meat above?
Seb. Nor meat nor quiet:
No ſummer here, to promiſe any thing;
Nor autumn, to make full the reapers' hands:
The earth, obdurate to the tears of Heav'n,

Lets

Lets nothing ſhoot but poiſon'd weeds;
No rivers, nor no pleaſant groves, no beaſts:
All that were made for man's uſe fly this deſart;
No airy fowl dares make his flight o'er it,
It is ſo ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the ſhames of Nature,
Roots of malignant taſtes, foul ſtanding waters:
Sometimes we find a fulſome ſea-rdot,
And that's a delicate; a rat ſometimes,
And that we hunt like princes in their pleaſure;
And when we take a toad, we make a banquet.
Aminta. For Heav'n's ſake; let's aboard!
Alb. D'ye know no further?
Nicuſa. Yes;
We've ſometimes ſeen the ſhadow of a place
Inhabited, and heard the noiſe of hunters,
And have attempted to find it: So far as a river,
Deep, ſlow, and dangerous, fenced with high rocks,
We've gone; but, not able t'atchieve that hazard,
Return'd to our old miſeries. If this
Sad ſtory may deſerve your pities——
Alb. Ye ſhall
Aboard with us; we will relieve your miſeries.
Seb. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit;
No, gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance:
Look, ye that plough the ſeas for wealth and pleaſures,
That out-run day and night with your ambitions,
Look on thoſe heaps! they ſeem hard ragged quarries;
Remove, and view 'em fully!
Maſter. Oh, Heav'n, they're gold and jewels!
Seb. Be not too haſty! Here lies another heap.
Mor. And here another, all perfect gold!
Alb. Stand further off!
You muſt not be your own carvers.
Lam. We have ſhares, and deep ones.
Fran. Yes, Sir, we will maintain't: Ho, fellow-ſailors!
Lam. Stand all to your freedoms! I'll have all this.

Fran.

Fran. And I this.

Tib. You ſhall be hang'd firſt.

Lam. My loſſes ſhall be made good.

Fran. So ſhall mine, or with my ſword I'll do't.—
All that will ſhare with us, aſſiſt us!

Tib. Captain, let's ſet in!

Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all.

Seb. This gold was th' overthrow of my happineſs:
I had command too, when I landed here,
And led young, high, and noble ſpirits under me:
This curſed gold enticing 'em, they ſet upon their captain,
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor gentleman;
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our own
And then their civil ſwords, who ſhould be owners,
And who lords over all, turn'd againſt their own lives;
Firſt, in their rage conſum'd the ſhip,
(That poor part of the ſhip that ſcap'd the firſt wreck)
Next, their lives by heaps: Oh, be you wiſe and careful!

Lam. We'll ha' more: Sirrah, come ſhew it!

Fran. Or ten times worſe afflictions than thou ſpeak'ſt of——

Alb. Nay, an ye will be dogs—— [*Beats 'em.*

Tib. Let me come, captain!
This golden age muſt have an iron ending.
Have at the bunch! [*He beats 'em off. Exit.*

Aminta. Oh, Albert! oh, gentlemen! oh, friends!
[*Exit.*

Seb. Come, noble nephew! if we ſtay here we die:
Here rides their ſhip yet; all are gone to th' ſpoil;
Let's make a quick uſe!

Nieuſa. Away, dear uncle!

Seb. This gold
Was our o'erthrow.

Nieuſa. It may now be our happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tibalt purſuing and beating the reſt.

Tib. You ſhall have gold? yes, I will cram it int'ye!
You ſhall be your own carvers? yes, I'll carve ye.

Mor.

Mor. I'm ſore: I pray hear reaſon!
Tib. I'll hear none:
Covetous baſe minds have no reaſon.
I'm hurt myſelf; but, whilſt I have a leg left,
I will ſo haunt your gilded ſouls—How d'ye, captain?
You bleed apace; curſe on the cauſers on't!
You do not faint?
Alb. No, no; I'm not ſo happy.
Tib. D'ye howl? nay, ye deſerve it:
Baſe greedy rogues! Come, ſhall we make an end of 'em?
Alb. They are our countrymen; for Heav'n's ſake,
ſpare 'em!
Alas, they're hurt enough, and they relent now.
Aminta [*above*]. Oh, captain, captain!
Alb. Whoſe voice is that?
Tib. The lady's.
Aminta. Look, captain, look! you are undone:
Poor captain!
We're all undone, all, all! we are all miſerable!
Mad wilful men, ye are undone: Your ſhip, your ſhip!
Alb. What of her?
Aminta. She is under ſail, and floating;
See, where ſhe flies! See, to your ſhames, you wretches,
Theſe poor ſtarv'd things that ſhew'd you gold!
[*Lamure and Franville go up to ſee the ſhip.*
1 *Sailor.* They have cut the cables,
And got her out; the tide too has befriended 'em.
Maſter. Where are the ſailors that kept her?
Boatſ. Here, here i' th' mutiny, to take up money,
And left no creature; left the boat aſhore too:
This gold, this damn'd enticing gold!
2 *Sailor.* How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies!
Lam. Come back, good old men!
Fran. Good honeſt men, come back!
Tib. The wind's againſt ye; ſpeak louder!
Lam. Ye ſhall have all your gold again. They ſee us.
Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel, and howl,
ye blockheads!

They'll have compaſſion on ye?
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely; ye've deſerv'd it.
D'ye look like dogs now? Are your mighty courages
Abated?

Alb. I bleed apace, Tibalt.

Tib. Retire, Sir;
And make the beſt uſe of our miſeries!
They but begin now.

Enter Aminta.

Aminta. Are ye alive ſtill?

Alb. Yes, ſweet.

Tib. Help him off, lady,
And wrap him warm in your arms; here is ſomething
That's comfortable; off with him handſomely!
I'll come to ye ſtraight, but vex theſe raſcals a little.
[*Exeunt Albert and Aminta.*

Fran. Oh, I'm hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

Tib. Here is a peſtle of a Portigue, Sir!
'Tis excellent meat with ſour ſauce:
And here's two chains; ſuppoſe 'em ſauſages!
Then there wants muſtard; but the fearful Surgeon
Will ſupply ye preſently [11].

Lam. Oh, for that Surgeon! I ſhall die elſe.

Tib. Faith, there he lies in the ſame pickle too.

Surgeon. My ſalves and all my inſtruments are loſt;
And I am hurt and ſtarv'd: Good Sir, ſeek for
Some herbs!

Tib. Here's herb-graceleſs; will that ſerve?
Gentlemen, will ye go to ſupper?

Omnes. Where is the meat?

Tib. Where is the meat? What a veal-voice is there?

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[11] *But th' fearful Surgeon will ſupply ye preſently.*
Lam. *Oh, for that Surgeon, I ſhall die elſe.*] *Fearful*, in the preſent paſſage, is an epithet, which carries neither ſenſe nor humour. If we would make Tibalt congruous with himſelf, methinks it ſhould be done by reading in both lines thus;
But th' careful Surgeon, &c.
To which Lamure ſhould anſwer;
Oh, for that careful Surgeon, I ſhall die elſe. *Sympſon.*

Fran.

Fran. 'Would we had it, Sir, or any thing elſe!

Tib. I would now cut your throat, you dog, but that
I wo'not do you ſuch a courteſy;
To take you from the benefit of ſtarving.
Oh, what a comfort will your worſhip have
Some three days hence! Ye things beneath pity!
Famine ſhall be your harbinger:
You muſt not look for down-beds here, nor hangings;
Tho' I could wiſh ye ſtrong ones;
Yet there be many lightſome cool ſtar-chambers,
Open to every ſweet air, I'll aſſure ye,
Ready provided for ye, and ſo I'll leave ye:
Your firſt courſe is ſerv'd; expect the ſecond! [*Exit.*

Fran. A vengeance on theſe jewels!

Lam. Oh, this curſed gold! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Alb. ALAS, dear ſoul, you faint!

Aminta. You ſpeak the language
Which I ſhould uſe to you. Heav'n knows my weakneſs
Is not for what I ſuffer in myſelf,
But to imagine what you endure;
And to what fate your cruel ſtars reſerve you.

Alb. Do not add to my afflictions by
Your tender pities! Sure we have chang'd ſexes:
You bear calamity with a fortitude
Would become a man; I like a weak girl ſuffer.

Aminta. Oh, but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape! and every one
To me's a ſepulchre. If I lov'd truly,
(Wiſe men affirm, that true love can do wonders)
Theſe bath'd in my warm tears would ſoon be cur'd,
And leave no orifice behind. Pray give me leave
To play the ſurgeon, and bind 'em up!

The raw air rankles 'em.

Alb. Sweet, we want means.

Aminta. Love can ſupply all wants.

Alb. What have ye done, ſweet?

Oh, ſacrilege to beauty! there's no hair
Of theſe pure locks [12], by which the greateſt king
Would not be gladly bound, and love his fetters.

Aminta. Oh, Albert, I offer
This ſacrifice of ſervice to the altar
Of your ſtaid temperance, and ſtill adore it:
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I curs'd the doer; but, now I conſider
How long I was in your power, and with what honour
You entertain'd me, (it being ſeldom ſeen,
That youth and heat of blood could e'er preſcribe
Laws to itſelf) your goodneſs is the Lethe
In which I drown your inj'ries, and now live
Truly to ſerve ye. How do you, Sir? Receive you
The leaſt eaſe from my ſervice? If you do,
I'm largely recompenſed.

Alb. You good angels
That are engag'd, when man's ability fails,
To reward goodneſs, look upon this lady!
Tho' hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet, when I kiſs theſe rubies methinks
I'm at a banquet, a refreſhing banquet.
Speak, my bleſs'd one; art not hungry?

Aminta. Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.

Alb. Bluſh, unkind Nature,
If thou haſt power or being! To hear
Thyſelf, and by ſuch innocence, accus'd,
Muſt print a thouſand kinds of ſhames upon
Thy various face: Canſt thou ſupply a drunkard,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of wines,

---

[12] *Oh, ſacrilege to beauty! &c.*] This is ſeemingly from Taſſo, book 19. ſtanza 112, where Erminia binds up Tancred's wounds with her hair.

'For with her amber locks cut off, each wound
'She tied: Oh, happy man, ſo cur'd ſo bound.' *Sympſon.*

'Till

'Till he caſt up thy bleſſings? or a glutton,
That robs the elements to ſooth his palate,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be ſatisfied? and ſuffer here
A virgin, which the ſaints would make their gueſt,
To pine for hunger? [*Horns within.*] Ha! if my ſenſe
Deceive me not, theſe notes take being from
The breath of men. Confirm me, my Aminta!
Again! This way the gentle wind conveys it to us [13].
Hear you nothing?

Aminta. Yes; it ſeems free hunters' muſick.

Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the Portugals
Inform'd us, they had often heard ſuch ſounds,
But ne'er could touch the ſhore from whence it came.
Follow me, my Aminta! My good genius,
Shew me the way! Still, ſtill we are directed;
When we gain the top of this near riſing hill,
We ſhall know further. [*Ex. and enter above.*

Alb. Courteous Zephyrus,
On's dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us:
The air clears too; and now we may diſcern another iſland,
And queſtionleſs, the ſeat of fort'nate men:
Oh, that we could arrive there!

Aminta. No, Albert;
It is not to be hop'd: This envious torrent
Is cruelly interpos'd; we have no veſſel
That may tranſport us, nor hath Nature given
Us wings to fly.

Alb. Better try all hazards,
Than periſh here remedileſs; I feel
New vigour in me, and a ſpirit that dares
More than a man to ſerve my fair Aminta:
Theſe arms ſhall be my oars, with which I'll ſwim,
And my zeal to ſave thy innocent ſelf, like wings,

[13] Again, *this way the gentle wind conveys it to us.*] Sympſon ſeems poſitive that 'the word *again* is only an order for the horns to "ſound a ſecond time,' and therefore places it as a marginal direction: But we think it might very well be a part of the text.

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Shall bear me up above the brackiſh waves.

Aminta. Will ye then leave me? 'Till now I ne'er was wretched [14].

Alb. My beſt Aminta, I ſwear by goodneſs, 'tis not
Hope, nor fear, of myſelf, that invites me
To this extreme; 'tis to ſupply thy wants: And believe me,
Tho' pleaſure met me in moſt raviſhing forms,
And happineſs courted me to entertain her,
I would nor eat nor ſleep, till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.

Aminta. Oh, but your abſence——

Alb. Suppoſe it but a dream, and, as you may,
Endeavour to take reſt! And when that ſleep
Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,
Think you have ſent me for diſcovery
Of ſome moſt fortunate continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be queen of!—
And now, ye pow'rs that e'er heard lovers' prayers,
Or cheriſh'd pure affection, look on him
That is your votary; and make it known,
Againſt all ſtops, you can defend your own! [*Exe.*

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, and Juletta.

Hip. How did we loſe Clarinda?

Croc. When we believ'd the ſtag was ſpent,
And would take foil, the ſight of the Black Lake,
Which we ſuppos'd he choſe for his laſt refuge,
Frighted him more than we that did purſue him.

Jul. That's uſual; for death itſelf is not ſo terrible
To any beaſt of chaſe.

Hip. Since we liv'd here,

---

[14] Aminta. *Will ye then leave me?*
Alb. *Till now I ne'er was wretched*] This is the moſt material corruption in the ſcene that I have met with in this play. The pretty ſoftneſs and tender fears of *Aminta* are given to *Albert*. I read,

Aminta. *Will ye leave me then? 'till now I ne'er was wretched.*
Alb. *My beſt Aminta, I ſwear by goodneſs, 'tis*
Not hope, &c. *Seward.*

We

We ne'er could force one to it.
Croc. 'Tis ſo dreadful,
The birds that with their pinions cleave the air
Dare not fly o'er it. When the ſtag turn'd head,
And we even tir'd with labour,
Clarinda, as if ſhe were made of air
And fire, and had no part of earth in her,
Eagerly purſu'd him:
Nor need we fear her ſafety; this place yields
Not fawns nor ſatyrs, or moſt luſtful men;
Here we live ſecure,
And have among ourſelves a commonwealth,
Which in ourſelves begun, with us muſt end.
Jul. Ay, there's the miſery!
Croc. But being alone,
Allow me freedom but to ſpeak my thoughts!
The ſtrictneſs of our governeſs, that forbids us,
On pain of death, the ſight and uſe of men,
Is more than tyranny: For herſelf, ſhe's paſt
Thoſe youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for: And her daughter
The fair Clarinda, tho' in few years improv'd
In height and large proportion, came here ſo young,
That, ſcarce remembring that ſhe had a father,
She never dreams of man; and ſhould ſhe ſee one,
In my opinion, a' would appear
A ſtrange beaſt to her.
Jul. 'Tis not ſo with us.
Hip. For my part, I confeſs't, I was not made for
This ſingle life; nor do I love hunting ſo,
But that I had rather be the chaſe myſelf.
Croc. By Venus (out upon me! I ſhould have
Sworn by Diana), I'm of thy mind too, wench:
And tho' I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To deteſt, but never to think of man,
Ev'ry hour ſomething tells me I'm forſworn;
For, I confeſs, imagination helps me
Sometimes, and that's all's left for us to feed on;

We might ſtarve elſe; for if I've any pleaſure in
This life, but when I ſleep, I am a Pagan.
Then, from the courtier to the country clown,
I have ſtrange viſions——
Jul. Viſions, Crocale?
Croc. Yes, and fine viſions too;
And viſions I hope in dreams are harmleſs,
And not forbid by' our canons. The laſt night
(Troth, 'tis a fooliſh one, but I muſt tell it)
As I lay in my cabin, betwixt ſleeping and waking—
Hip. Upon your back?
Croc. How ſhould a young maid lie, fool,
When ſhe would be intranc'd?
Hip. We are inſtructed;
Forward, I prithee.
Croc. Methought a ſweet young man,
In years ſome twenty, with a downy chin,
Promiſing a future beard, and yet no red one[15],
Stole ſlily to my cabin all unbrac'd,
Took me in's arms, and kiſs'd me twenty times;
Yet ſtill I ſlept.
Jul. Fy! thy lips run over, Crocale.
But to the reſt!
Croc. Lord, what a man is this,
Thought I, to do this to a maid! Yet then
For my life I could not wake. The youth,
A little daunted, with a trembling hand
Heav'd up the cloaths.
Hip. Yet ſtill you ſlept?
Croc. I'faith, I did.
And when, methoughts, he was warm by my ſide,
Thinking to catch him, I ſtretch'd out both mine arms;

[15] *And yet no* red *one*] Painters uſed frequently in the times of our Authors to pourtray Judas with a *red* beard. In many of our old plays, a Judas beard or Judas-coloured beard are mentioned; and to this circumſtance, joined to Judas's being a deceiver, our Author ſeems here to allude. See *Leland's Collectanea*, vol. v. p. 295, where it is ſaid, painters conſtantly repreſented Judas the traytor with a *red beard*. *R.*

See alſo vol. viii. p. 462, of this Work.

And

And when I felt him not, I ſhrieked out,
And wak'd for anger.
Hip. 'Twas a pretty dream!
Croc. Ay, if it had been a true one.
[*Albert diſcovered lying along upon the ſhore.*
Jul. But ſtay!
What's here caſt on the ſhore?
Hip. It is a man:
Shall I ſhoot him?
Croc. No, no, 'tis a handſome beaſt;
'Would we had more o'th' breed! Stand cloſe, wenches,
And let's hear if he can ſpeak!
Alb. Do I yet live?
Sure it is air I breathe! What place is this?
Sure ſomething more than human keeps reſidence here,
For I have paſt the Stygian gulph,
And touch upon the bleſſed ſhore: 'Tis ſo;
This is th' Elyſian ſhade; theſe, happy ſpirits
That here enjoy all pleaſures!
Hip. He makes towards us.
Jul. Stand, or I'll ſhoot!
Croc. Hold! he makes no reſiſtance.
Alb. Be not offended, goddeſſes, that I fall
Thus proſtrate at your feet! or, if not ſuch,
But nymphs of Dian's train, that range theſe groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchſafe to know
I am a man, a wicked ſinful man;
And yet not ſold
So far to impudence, as to preſume
To preſs upon your privacies, or provoke
Your heavenly angers! 'tis not for myſelf
I beg thus poorly; for I'm already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my laſt breath is for
A virgin, comes as near yourſelves in all
Perfection, as what is mortal may
Reſemble things divine. Oh, pity her,
And let your charity free her from that deſart,
If heav'nly charity can reach to hell;

For

For ſure that place comes near it! and where-e'er
My ghoſt ſhall find abode, eternally
I ſhall pour bleſſings on ye!
Hip. By my life,
I cannot hurt him!
Croc. Tho' I loſe my head for't,
Nor I: I muſt pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda.

Jul. But ſtay!
Clarinda!
Clar. What new game have ye found here! Ha!
What beaſt is this lies wallowing in his gore?
Croc. Keep off!
Clar. Wherefore, I pray? I never turn'd
From a fell lioneſs robb'd of her whelps;
And ſhall I fear dead carrion?
Jul. Oh, but——
Clar. But, what is't?
Hip. It is infectious.
Clar. Has it not a name?
Croc. Yes;
But ſuch a name, from which, as from the devil,
Your mother commands us fly.
Clar. Is it a man?
Croc. It is.
Clar. What a brave ſhape it has in death!
How excellent would it appear, had it life!
Why ſhould it be infectious? I have heard
My mother ſay, I had a father;
And was not he a man?
Croc. Queſtionleſs, madam.
Clar. Your fathers too were men?
Jul. Without doubt, lady.
Clar. And without ſuch it is impoſſible
We could have been?
Hip. A ſin againſt nature to deny it.
Clar. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a mother,
Without the help of men.

Croc.

Croc. Impoſſible!

Clar. Which of you then, moſt barbarous, that knew
You from a man had being, and owe to it
The name of parent, durſt preſume to kill
The likeneſs of that thing by which you are?
Whoſe arrows made theſe wounds? ſpeak, or, by Dian,
Without diſtinction I'll let fly at ye all!

Jul. Not mine.

Hip. Nor mine.

Croc. 'Tis ſtrange to ſee her mov'd thus.
Reſtrain your fury, madam! had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your mother's command.

Clar. But if ſhe command unjuſt and cruel things,
We're not t' obey it.

Croc. We are innocent:
Some ſtorm did caſt him ſhipwreck'd on the ſhore,
As you ſee wounded: Nor durſt we be ſurgeons
To ſuch your mother doth appoint for death.

Clar. Weak excuſe! where's pity?
Where's ſoft compaſſion? Cruel and ungrateful,
Did Providence offer to your charity
But one poor ſubject to expreſs it on,
And in't to ſhew our wants too; and could you
So careleſly neglect it?

Hip. For aught I know,
He's living yet; and you may tempt your mother,
By giving him ſuccour.

Clar. Ha! come near, I charge ye.
So! bend his body ſoftly; rub his temples;
Nay, that ſhall be my office; How the red ſteals
Into his pale lips! Run and fetch the ſimples
With which my mother heal'd my arm, when laſt I
Was wounded by the boar.

Croc. Do; but remember
Her to come after you, that ſhe may behold
Her daughter's charity!

Clar. Now he breathes! [*Exit Hip.*
The air paſſing thro' th' Arabian groves
Yields not ſo ſweet an odour: Prithee taſte it,
Taſte it, good Crocale! yet I envy thee

So

So great a bleſſing. 'Tis not ſin to touch
Theſe rubies, is it?

Jul. Not, I think.

Clar. Or thus to live, camelion-like? I could
Reſign my eſſence to live ever thus.
Oh, welcome! Raiſe him up gently. Some ſoft hand
Bound up theſe wounds: A woman's hair? What fury,
For which my ign'rance does not know a name,
Is crept into my breaſt? But I forget.

Enter Hippolita.

My pious work. Now if this juice hath power,
Let it appear! His eye-lids ope: Prodigious!
Two ſuns break from theſe orbs.

Alb. Ha! where am I? what new viſion's this?
To what goddeſs do I owe this ſecond life?
Sure thou art more than mortal!
And any ſacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes ſhort
Of your immortal bounty: But to ſhew
I'm not unthankful, thus in humility
I kiſs the happy ground you have made ſacred,
By bearing of your weight.

Clar. No goddeſs, friend,
But made of that ſame brittle mould as you are;
One too acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet
In the receiver. Oh, forbear this duty!
I have a hand to meet with yours, and lips
To bid yours welcome.

Croc. I ſee that, by inſtinct,
Tho' a young maid hath never ſeen a man,
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

Enter Roſellia.

But here's our governeſs: Now I expect a ſtorm.

Roſ. Child of my fleſh, and not of my fair unſpotted mind,
Unhand this monſter!

Clar.

Clar. Monſter, mother?
Roſ. Yes;
And ev'ry word he ſpeaks, a ſyren's note,
To drown the careleſs hearer. Have I not taught thee
The falſhood and the perjuries of men,
On whom, but for a woman to ſhew pity,
Is to be cruel to herſelf? The ſovereignty
Proud and imperious men uſurp upon us,
We confer on ourſelves, and love thoſe fetters
We faſten to our freedoms. Have we, Clarinda,
Since thy father's wreck, ſought liberty,
To loſe it uncompell'd? Did Fortune guide,
Or rather Deſtiny, our bark (to which
We could appoint no port) to this bleſt place,
Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,
That kept men in ſubjection? did we then,
By their example, after we had loſt
All we could love in man, here plant ourſelves,
With execrable oaths never to look
On man, but as a monſter? and wilt thou
Be the firſt precedent to infringe thoſe vows
We made to Heaven?
Clar. Hear me, and hear me with juſtice!
And as you are delighted in the name
Of mother, hear a daughter that would be like you!
Should all women uſe this obſtinate abſtinence
You would force upon us, in a few years
The whole world would be peopled only with beaſts.
Hip. We muſt and will have men.
Croc. Ay, or we'll ſhake off all obedience.
Roſ. Are ye mad? can no perſuaſion alter ye?
Suppoſe you had my ſuffrage to your ſuit,
Can this ſhipwreck'd wretch ſupply ye all?
Alb. Hear me, great lady!
I've fellows in my miſery: Not far hence,
Divided only by this helliſh river,
There live a company of wretched men,
Such as your charity may make your ſlaves:
Imagine all the miſeries mankind

May

May ſuffer under, and they groan beneath 'em.
Clar. But are they like to you?
Jul. Speak they your language?
Croc. Are they able, luſty men?
Alb. They were, good ladies,
And in their May of youth, of gentle blood,
And ſuch as may deſerve ye: Now cold and hunger
Have leſſen'd their perfection; but, reſtor'd
To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear
Worthy your favours.
Jul. This is a bleſſing
We durſt not hope for.
Clar. Dear mother, ben't obdurate!
Roſ. Hear then my reſolution, and labour not
To add to what I'll grant! for 'twill be fruitleſs.
You ſhall appear as good angels to theſe wretched men;
In a ſmall boat we will paſs over to 'em,
And bring 'em comfort: If you like their perſons,
And they approve of yours, for we'll force nothing—
And ſince we want ceremonies,
Each one ſhall chuſe a huſband, and enjoy
His company a month; but that expir'd,
You ſhall no more come near 'em: If you prove fruitful,
The males ye ſhall return to them, the females
We will reſerve ourſelves. This is the utmoſt
Ye ſhall ever obtain.—As ye think fit,
Ye may diſmiſs this ſtranger, and prepare
Tomorrow for the journey. [*Exit.*
Clar. Come, Sir, will you walk?
We'll ſhew you our pleaſant bowers, and ſomething you
Shall find to cheer your heart.
Alb. Excellent lady,
Tho' 'twill appear a wonder one near ſtarv'd
Should refuſe reſt and meat, I muſt not take
Your noble offer: I left in yonder deſart
A virgin almoſt pin'd.
Clar. She's not your wife?
Alb. No, lady, but my ſiſter.—'Tis now dangerous

To

To ſpeak truth.—To her I deeply vow'd
Not to taſte food, or reſt, if Fortune brought it me,
'Till I bleſs'd her with my return: Now if
You pleaſe t' afford me an eaſy paſſage to her,
And ſome meat for her recovery,
I ſhall live your ſlave, and thankfully ſhe ſhall
Ever acknowledge her life at your ſervice.

Clar. You plead ſo well, I can deny you nothing:
I myſelf will ſee you furniſhed, and with
The next ſun viſit and relieve thee.

Alb. You're all goodneſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter ſeverally, Lamure, Franville, and Morillat.

Lam. OH! what a tempeſt have I in my ſtomach!
How my empty guts cry out! my wounds ache;
'Would they would bleed again, that I might get
Something to quench my thirſt!

Fran. Oh, Lamure, the happineſs my dogs had
When I kept houſe at home! they had a ſtorehouſe,
A ſtorehouſe of moſt bleſſed bones and cruſts,
Happy cruſts! Oh, how ſharp hunger pinches me!
[*Exit.*

Mor. Oh, my importunate belly! I have nothing
to ſatisfy thee:
I've ſought as far as my weak legs would carry me,
Yet can find nothing, neither meat nor water,
Nor any thing that's nouriſhing. My belly
Is grown together like an empty ſatchel.

Re-enter Franville.

Lam. How now? what news?

Mor. Haſt any meat yet?

Fran. Not a bit that I can ſee;
Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard to gnaw.
I ha'

I ha' got ſome mud, (we will eat it with ſpoons)
Very good thick mud; but it ſtinks dammably:
There's old rotten trunks of trees too,
But not a leaf nor bloſſom in all th' iſland.
Lam. How it looks?
Mor. It ſtinks too.
Lam. It may be poiſon.
Fran. Let it be any thing, ſo I can get it down!
Why, man,
Poiſon's a princely diſh!
Mor. Haſt thou no biſcuit?
No crumbs left in thy pocket? here's my doublet,
Give me but three ſmall crumbs.
Fran. Not for three kingdoms,
If I were maſter of 'em. Oh, Lamure,
But one poor joint of mutton we ha' ſcorn'd, man!
Lam. Thou ſpeak'ſt of Paradiſe.
Fran. Or but the ſnuffs of thoſe healths we have lewdly
At midnight flang away!
Mor. Ah, but to lick the glaſſes!

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the Surgeon: What haſt thou diſcover'd?
Smile, ſmile, and comfort us.
Surgeon. I am expiring;
Smile they that can! I can find nothing, gentlemen;
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.
Oh, that I had my boxes and my lints now,
My ſtupes, my tents, and thoſe ſweet helps of nature,
What dainty diſhes could I make of 'em!
Mor. Haſt ne'er an old ſuppoſitory?
Surgeon. Oh, would I had, Sir!
Lam. Or but the paper where ſuch a cordial,
Potion, or pills hath been entomb'd?
Fran. Or the bleſt bladder where a cooling-cliſter—
Mor. Haſt thou no ſearcloths left? nor any old poultices?
Fran. We care not to what it hath been miniſter'd.

Surgeon.

Surgeon. Sure I have none of theſe dainties, gentlemen.

Fran. Where's the
Great wen thou cut'ſt from Hugh the ſailor's ſhoulder?
That would ſerve now for a moſt princely banquet.

Surgeon. Ay, if we had it, gentlemen:
I flung it overboard, ſlave that I was!

Lam. A moſt unprovident villain!

Surgeon. If I had any thing that were but ſupple now!
I could make ſallads of your ſhoes, gentlemen,
And rare ones! any thing unctuous.

Mor. Ay, and then we might fry the ſoals i'th' ſun;
The ſoals would make a ſecond diſh.

Lam. Or ſouſe 'em in the ſalt-water;
An inner ſoal well ſous'd——

Enter Aminta.

Fran. Here comes the woman;
It may be ſhe has meat, and may relieve us:
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready!
She'll hide her ſtore elſe, and ſo cozen us.

Aminta. How weary and how hungry am I,
How feeble and how faint is all my body!
Mine eyes, like ſpent lamps glowing out[17], grow heavy,
My ſight forſaking me; and all my ſpirits,
As if they heard my paſſing-bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to deſtiny.
Oh, for a little water! a little, little meat,
A little to relieve me, ere I periſh!
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nouriſh'd me,
But they are all conſum'd for thee, dear Albert;
For thee they are ſpent, for thou art dead;
Mercileſs Fate has ſwallow'd thee!—Oh!—I

[17] *Like ſpent lamps* glowing *out.*] Perhaps *going* out; for though *glowing out* may properly expreſs the *blaze* which the candle often exerts before it is extinguiſhed, yet this is not a circumſtance proper to the context. The light of Aminta's eyes was fading gradually. But as the former is poetical, I would not propoſe a change of the text. *Seward.*

Grow heavy; ſleep's a ſalve for miſery:
Heav'n look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy!
Lam. She's faſt aſleep already.
Why ſhould ſhe have this bleſſing; and we wake ſtill,
Wake to our wants?
Mor. This thing hath been our overthrow,
And all theſe biting miſchiefs that fall on us
Are come thro' her means.
Fran. True; we were bound, ye all know,
For happy places, and moſt fertile iſlands,
Where we had conſtant promiſes of all things:
She turn'd the captain's mind; and muſt have him go
In ſearch, I know not of who, nor to what end;
Of ſuch a fool her brother, and ſuch a coxcomb her
Kinſman, and we muſt put in every where;
She has put us in now, i'faith!
Lam. Why ſhould we
Conſume thus, and ſtarve, have nothing to relieve us,
And ſhe live there, that bred all our miſeries,
Unroaſted or unſod?
Mor. I've read in ſtories——
Lam. Of ſuch reſtoring meats we have examples,
Thouſand examples, and allow'd for excellent;
Women that have eat their children, men
Their ſlaves, nay their brothers; but theſe are nothing;
Huſbands devour'd their wives (they are their chattels),
And of a ſchoolmaſter that in a time of famine
Powder'd up all his ſcholars.
Mor. She's young and tidy;
In my conſcience, ſhe'll eat delicately, juſt like young pork,
A little lean. Your opinion, Surgeon?
Surgeon. I think ſhe may be made good meat; but look,
We ſhall want ſalt.
Fran. Tuſh, ſhe needs no powdering.
Surgeon. I grant you,
But to ſuck out the humorous parts. By all means,

Let's

Let's kill her in a chafe; ſhe'll eat the ſweeter.
Lam. Let's kill her any way, and kill her quickly:
That we might be at our meat!
Surgeon. How if the captain——
Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the reſt famiſh'd.
Awake her, Surgeon, and cut her throat;
And then divide her, every man his ſhare!
Fran. She wakes herſelf.
Aminta. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are theſe?
Oh, they're my friends! For Heav'n's ſake, gentlemen,
Give me ſome food to ſave my life, if ye
Have aught to ſpare! a little, to relieve me,
I may bleſs ye! For, weak and wretched, ready to periſh,
Ev'n now I die.
Mor. You'll ſave a labour then:
You bred theſe miſeries, and you ſhall pay for't.
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not;
Nor how to pull ourſelves from theſe afflictions;
We are ſtarv'd too, famiſh'd, all our hopes deluded;
Yet, ere we die thus, we'll have one dainty meal.
Aminta. Shall I be with ye, gentlemen?
Lam. Yes, marry ſhall ye; in our bellies, lady!
We love you well——
Aminta. What ſaid you, Sir?
Lam. Marry, we'll eat your ladyſhip.
Fran. You that have buried us in this baſe iſland;
We'll bury you in a more noble monument.
Surgeon. Will you ſay your prayers, that I may perform, lady?
We're wondrous ſharp-ſet. Come, gentlemen;
Who are for the hinder parts?
Mor. I.
Fran. I.
Lam. And I.
Surgeon. Be patient!
They will not fall to every man's ſhare.

Aminta. Oh, hear me,
Hear me, ye barbarous men!
Mor. Be ſhort and pithy;
Our ſtomachs cannot ſtay a long diſcourſe.
Surgeon. And be not fearful; for I'll kill you daintily.
Aminta. Are ye not Chriſtians?
Lam. Why, don't Chriſtians eat [18], woman?

Enter Tibalt, Maſter, and Sailors.

Aminta. Eat one another? 'tis moſt impious.
Surgeon. Come, come!
Aminta. Oh, help, help, help!
Tib. The lady's voice!
Stand off, ſlaves! what do you intend, villains?
I have
Strength enough left me, if you abuſe this ſoul, to—
Maſter. They would have raviſh'd her, upon my life:
Speak! how was it, lady?
Aminta. Forgive 'em! 'twas their hungers.
Tib. Ha! their hungers?
Maſter. They would have eaten her.
Tib. Oh, damned villains!
Speak; is it true?
Surgeon. I confeſs an appetite.
Tib. An appetite? I'll fit ye for an appetite!
Are ye ſo ſharp-ſet, that her fleſh muſt ſerve you?
Murder's a main good ſervice with your worſhips.
Since ye would be ſuch devils, why did you not
Begin with one another handſomely,
And ſpare the woman to beget more food on?
Aminta. Good Sir——
Tib. You ſhall grow mummy, raſcals;
I'll make ye fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,
And worry one another like keen bandogs.
Aminta. Good Sir, be merciful!
Tib. You ſhall know what 'tis to be damn'd canibals.
Aminta. Oh, my beſt friend!

[18] *Don't Chriſtians* eat women?] Amended in 1750.

Enter

Enter Albert.

Alb. Alas, poor heart! Here,
Here's ſome meat and ſovereign drink to eaſe you.
Sit down, gentle ſweet!
Aminta. I am bleſs'd to ſee you.
Tib. Stir not within forty foot of this food!
If you do, dogs——
Omnes. Oh, captain, captain, captain!
Alb. Ye ſhall have meat, all of you.
Tib. Captain, hear me firſt: Hark! 'tis ſo inhuman
I would not ha' the air corrupted with it. [*Whiſpers.*
Alb. Oh, barbarous men! Sit down, Du-Pont! good
Maſter,
And honeſt Sailors!
Tib. But ſtand you off, and wait
Upon our charity; (I'll wait on you elſe!)
And touch nothing but what is flung to ye,
As if you were dogs; if you do,
I'll cut your fingers, friends; I'll ſpoil your carving!
Aminta. There, wretches, there!
Tib. Eat your meat handſomely now,
And give Heaven thanks!
Alb. There is more bread.
Tib. See,
They ſnarl like dogs! Eat quietly, you raſcals,
Eat quietly.
Alb. There's drink too.
Tib. Come, come, I
Will fill you each your cups; ye ſhall not ſurfeit.
Aminta. And what have you diſcover'd?
Alb. Sweet, a paradiſe,
A paradiſe inhabited with angels,
Such as you are; their pities make 'em angels;
They gave me theſe viands, and ſupplied me
With theſe precious drinks.
Aminta. Shall not we ſee 'em?
Alb. Yes, they will ſee you:
Out of their charities, having heard our ſtory,

They'll come, and comfort us, come preſently;
We ſhall no more know wants nor miſeries.
Aminta. Are they all women?
Alb. All, and all in love with us.
Aminta. How!
Alb. Don't miſtake; in love with our misfortunes;
They'll cheriſh and relieve our men.
Tib. Do you ſhrug now,
And pull up your hoſes? You ſmell comfort.
See, they ſtretch out their legs like dottrels[19],
Each like a new Saint Dennis[20]!
Alb. Dear miſtreſs,
When you would name me, and the women here,
Call me your brother; you I'll call my ſiſter:
And pray obſerve this all.—Why do you change colour, ſweet?
Aminta. Eating too much meat.
Alb. Sauc'd with jealouſy:
Fy, fy, dear ſaint! i'faith, you are to blame;
Are you not here? here fixed in my heart?
Omnes. Hark, hark!

Enter Roſellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Juletta.

Alb. They're come! Stand ready, and look nobly,
And with all humble reverence receive 'em!
Our lives depend upon their gentle pities,
And death waits on their anger.
Mor. Sure they're fairies.
Tib. Be they devils, devils of fleſh and blood,
After ſo long a Lent, and tedious voyage,

[19] *Dottrels.*] A *dottrel* is a ſilly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, 'till at laſt he is taken: If the fowler ſtretches out a leg, the bird will do ſo too. So, in the Devil is an Aſs, by Ben Jonſon, act iv. ſcene v.

'We have another leg ſtrain'd for this *dottrel*.'

See Whalley's note. *R.*

[20] *Each like a new St. Dennis.*] The legend of *St. Dennis* affirms, that, after that ſaint was beheaded at Paris, he walked from thence with his head in his hand to a town four miles from the place where he was executed. *F.*

To

To me they're angels.

Fran. Oh, for ſome eringoes [21]!

Lam. Potatoes, or cantharides!

Tib. Peace, ye rogues,

That buy abilities of your apothecaries!
Had I but took the diet of green cheeſe
And onions for a month, I could do wonders.

Roſ. Are theſe the jewels you run mad for? What can
You ſee in one of theſe, to whom you would
Vouchſafe a gentle touch? Can nothing perſuade you
To love yourſelves, and place your happineſs
In cold and chaſte embraces of each other?

Jul. This is from the purpoſe.

Hip. We had your grant
To have them as they were.

Clar. It is a beauteous creature;
And to myſelf I do appear deform'd,
When I conſider her: And yet ſhe is
The ſtranger's ſiſter; why then ſhould I fear?
She cannot prove my rival.

Roſ. When you repent
That you refus'd my counſel, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forewarn'd [22],
Yet leap'd into the gulph of your misfortunes!
But, have your wiſhes.

Maſter. Now ſhe makes to us.

Aminta. I am inſtructed: But take heed, Albert,
You prove not falſe!

Alb. You are your own aſſurance,
And ſo acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear not!

Roſ. That you are poor and miſerable men
My eyes inform me; that, without our ſuccours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of ſafety,
The preſent plight you are in can reſolve you;
That to be merciful is to draw near
The heav'nly eſſence; whether you will be

[21] *Eringoes—Potatoes.*] See note 43 on the Elder Brother.

[22] *That you were* forward.] Amended by Sympſon.

Thankful I do not queſtion; nor demand
What country bred you, what your names, what manners:
To us it is ſufficient we relieve
Such as have ſhapes of men; and I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Further of you, that you on pain of death
Preſume not to enquire what we are,
Or whence deriv'd!
Alb. In all things we obey you;
And thankfully we ever ſhall confeſs
Ourſelves your creatures!
Roſ. You ſpeak as becomes you.
Firſt then, and willingly, deliver up
Thoſe weapons we could force from you.
Alb. We lay 'em down moſt gladly at your feet.
Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall wench;
But never was diſarm'd before.
Roſ. And now, hear comfort:
Your wants ſhall be ſupplied; and tho' it be
A debt women may challenge, to be ſued to,
Eſpecially from ſuch they may command,
We give up to you that power; and therefore
Freely each make his choice.
Fran. Then here I fix.
Mor. Nay, ſhe is mine: I ey'd her firſt.
Lam. This mine!
Tib. Stay,
Good raſcals! you're too forward, Sir Gallant;
You are not giving order to a tailor
For the faſhion of a new ſuit:
Nor are you in your warehouſe, maſter Merchant!
Stand back, and give your betters leave, your betters;
And grumble not! if you do, as I love meat,
I will ſo ſwinge the ſalt itch out of you.—
Captain, Maſter, and the reſt of us,
That are brothers, and good fellows, we have been.
Too late by th' ears, and yet ſmart for our follies:
To end therefore all future emulation,

If

If you pleaſe to truſt to my election,
You ſhall ſay I am not partial to myſelf;
I doubt not give content to all.
Omnes. Agreed, agreed!
Tib. Then, but obſerve how learned and diſcreetly
I will proceed; and, as a ſkilful doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the game,
Read over your complexions! For you, captain,
Being firſt in place, and therefore firſt to be ſerv'd,
I give my judgment thus: For your aſpect,
You're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
Tells me the ſullen Saturn had predominance
At your nativity; a malignant planet!
And if not qualified by a ſweet conjunction
Of a ſoft and ruddy wench, born under Venus,
It may prove fatal; therefore to your arms
I give this roſe-cheek'd virgin,
Clar. To my wiſh!
'Till now I ne'er was happy.
Aminta. Not I accurſed.
Tib. Maſter,
You're old, yet love the game, (that I perceive too)
And if not well ſpurr'd up, you may prove ruſty;
Therefore, to help you, here's a bradamanta,
Or I am cozen'd in my calculation.
Croc. A poor old man alloted to my ſhare!
Tib. Thou wouldſt have two, nay, I think twenty:
But fear not, wench; tho' he be old he's tough:
Look on his making; he'll not fail, I warrant thee.
Roſ. A merry fellow!
And were not man a creature I deteſt,
I could endure his company.
Tib. Here's a fair herd
Of does before me; and now for a barren one!
For tho' I like the ſport, I do not love
To father children. Like the Grand Signior,
Thus I walk in my ſeraglio,
And view 'em as I paſs; then draw I forth
My handkerchief, and having made my choice,

I thus

I thus beſtow it.

Roſ. On me?

Tib. On you: And now
My choice is made, to it, you hungry raſcals!

Alb. Excellent!

Roſ. As I love goodneſs[a],
It makes me ſmile, i'th' heighth of all my fears.

Clar. What a ſtrong contention you may behold
Between my mother's mirth and anger!

Tib. Nay, no coyneſs! be miſtreſs of your word!
I muſt and will enjoy you.

Roſ. Be adviſ'd, fool!
Alas, I am old! how canſt thou hope content
From one that's fifty?

Tib. Never talk of it;
I have known good ones at threeſcore and upwards:
Beſides, the weather's hot,
And men that have experience fear fevers:
A temperate diet is the only phyſic. Your julips,
Nor guiacums, prunellos, camphire-pills, nor
Goord-water, come not near your old woman;
Youthful ſtomachs are ſtill craving, tho' there be
Nothing left to ſtop their mouths with; and believe me
I am no frequent giver of thoſe bounties.
Laugh on, laugh on, good gentlemen; do!
I ſhall make holiday and ſleep, when you
Dig i'th' mines 'till your hearts ache.

Roſ. A mad fellow!
Well, Sir, I'll give you hearing, and, as I like
Your wooing and diſcourſe:—But I muſt tell you, Sir,
That rich widows look for great ſums in preſent,
Or aſſurances of ample jointures.

Tib. That to me is eaſy,
For inſtantly I'll do it. Hear me, comrades!

Alb. What ſay'ſt thou, Tribalt?

Tib. Why, that to wooe a wench with empty hands

[a] Amiata. *As I love*, &c.] It ſeems clear that this ſpeech belongs to *Roſellia*: Her preceding ſpeeches, and thoſe that follow from her and Clarinda, ſhew it.

Is

Is no good heraldry; therefore, let's to th' gold,
And ſhare it equally; 'twill ſpeak for us
More than a thouſand compliments or cringes,
Ditties ſtolen from Petrarch, or diſcourſe
From Ovid: Beſides, 'twill beget us reſpect;
And if ever Fortune friend us with a bark,
Largely ſupply us with all proviſion.
Alb. Well advis'd; defer it not.
Tib. Are ye all
Contented?
Omnes. We are.
Tib. Let us away then!
Straight we'll return, and you ſhall ſee our riches. [*Exe.*
Roſ. Since I knew what wonder and amazement was[24],
I ne'er was ſo tranſported.
Clar. Why weep you, gentle maid?
There is no danger here to ſuch as you:
Baniſh fear! for with us I dare promiſe
You ſhall meet all courteous entertainment.
Croc. We eſteem ourſelves moſt happy in you.
Hip. And bleſs
Fortune that brought you hither.
Clar. Hark in your ear!
I love you as a friend already; 'ere long
You ſhall call me by a nearer name: I wiſh
Your brother well; I know you apprehend me.
Aminta. Ay, to my grief I do!—
Alas, good ladies, there is nothing left me
But thanks, to pay you with.
Clar. That's more than yet
You ſtand engaged for.

Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the reſt with treaſure.

Roſ. So ſoon return'd?
Alb. Here; ſee the idol of the lapidary!

[24] Roſ. *Since I knew what wonder and amazement was, &c.*] Seward gives this ſpeech to *Clarinda*, to whom he thinks it muſt belong, 'unleſs *Roſellia* had ſpoke it below, upon ſight of her own treaſure.'

Tib.

Tib. Theſe pearls for which the ſlaviſh negro dives
To th' bottom of the ſea!
Lam. To get which th' induſtrious merchant touches
At either pole!
Fran. The never-failing purchaſe
Of lordſhips, and of honours!
Mor. The world's miſtreſs,
That can give every thing to the poſſeſſors!
Maſter. For which the ſailors ſcorn tempeſtuous winds,
And ſpit defiance in the ſea!
Tib. Speak, lady;
Look we not lovely now?
Roſ. Yes, yes.—Oh, my ſtars!
Be now for ever bleſſed, that have brought
To my revenge theſe robbers!—Take your arrows,
And nail theſe monſters to the earth!
Alb. What mean you, lady?
In what have we offended?
Roſ. Oh, my daughter!
And you companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on theſe caſkets, and theſe jewels!
Theſe were our own, when firſt we put to ſea
With good Sebaſtian; and theſe the pirates
That not alone depriv'd him of this treaſure,
But alſo took his life.
Croc. Part of my preſent
I well remember was mine own.
Hip. And theſe
Were mine.
Jul. Sure I have worn this jewel.
Roſ. Wherefore do you ſtay then,
And not perform my command?
Alb. Oh, Heaven!
What cruel fate purſues us!
Tib. I'm well enough ſerv'd,
That muſt be offering jointures, jewels,
And precious ſtones, more than I brought with me.

Roſ.

Roſ. Why ſhoot you not?
Clar. Hear me, dear mother;
And when the greateſt cruelty is juſtice,
Do not ſhew mercy! Death to theſe ſtarv'd wretches
Is a reward, not puniſhment: Let 'em live
To undergo the full weight of your diſpleaſure,
And that they may have ſenſe to feel the torments
They have deſerv'd, allow 'em ſome ſmall pittance,
To linger out their tortures.
Roſ. 'Tis well counſell'd!
Omnes. And we will follow't.
Alb. Hear us ſpeak.
Roſ. Peace, dogs!—
Bind 'em faſt! When Fury hath giv'n way to Reaſon,
I will determine of their ſufferings,
Which ſhall be horrid. Vengeance, tho' ſlow-pac'd,
At length o'ertakes the guilty; and the wrath
Of the incenſed Powers will fall moſt ſure
On wicked men, when they are moſt ſecure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Raymond, Sebaſtian, Nicuſa, and Sailors.

1 *Sailor.* HERE's nothing, Sir, but poverty and hunger;
No promiſe of inhabitance; neither track
Of beaſt, nor foot of man! We have ſearch'd all
This rocky deſart, yet can't diſcover any
Aſſurance here is, or hath been ſuch men.
2 *Sailor.* Not a relique of any thing they wore,
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,
Or to warn others from the like misfortune!
Believe it, theſe fellows are both falſe, and,
To get a little ſuccour in their miſery,
Have fram'd this cunning tale.
Raym. The ſhip, I know, is French, and own'd by pirates,

If not by Albert, my arch enemy.
You told me too there was a woman with 'em,
A young and handſome woman.
Seb. There was ſo, Sir.
Raym. And ſuch and ſuch young gallants.
Nicuſa. We told you true, Sir;
That they'd no means to quit this iſland——
Raym. And that
Amidſt their mutiny, to ſave your lives,
You got their ſhip?
Seb. All is moſt certain, Sir.
Raym. Where are they then? where are theſe men,
Or woman? We are landed where your faiths
Did aſſure us we could not miſs their ſights.
For this news we took ye to our mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious ſea and Famine
Strove which ſhould firſt devour ye; cloath'd
And cheriſh'd ye; us'd ye as thoſe ye ſay ye are,
Fair gentlemen. Now keep your words, and ſhew us
This company your own free pities ſpoke of,
Theſe men ye left in miſery; the woman!
Men of thoſe noble breedings ye pretend to.
Should ſcorn to lie, or get their food with falſhood;
Come, direct us.
Seb. Alas, Sir, they are gone;
But by what means, or providence, we know not.
2 *Sailor.* Was not the captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle ſtature, and of brown complexion?
Nic. He was, Sir.
Raym. 'Twas Albert,
And my poor wretched ſiſter!
1 *Sailor.* 'Twas he certain;
I ha' been at ſea with him, many times at ſea.
Raym. Come, ſhew us theſe men;
Shew us preſently, and do not dally with us!
Seb. We left 'em here, (what ſhould we ſay, Sir?)
here in
This place.
2 *Sailor.* The earth can't ſwallow 'em; they have

No

No wings; they can't fly ſure.
Raym. You told us too
Of heaps of treaſure, and of ſums conceal'd,
That ſet their hearts a-fire; we ſee no ſuch thing,
No ſuch ſign: What can ye ſay to purge ye?
What have ye done with theſe men?
Nic. We, Sir?
Raym. You, Sir;
For certain I believe ye ſaw ſuch people.
Seb. By all that's good, by all that's pure and honeſt,
By all that's holy——
Raym. I dare not credit ye;
Ye've ſo abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.
1 *Sailor.* Let's put 'em in their ragged cloaths again,
Captain, for certain they are knaves; let's e'en
Deliver 'em to their old fruitful farm;
Here let 'em walk the iſland!
Seb. If ye do ſo, we ſhall curſe your mercies.
Nic. Rather put us to ſea again.
Raym. Not ſo;
Yet this I'll do, becauſe ye ſay ye're Chriſtians,
Tho' I hardly credit it. Bring in the boat,
And all aboard again, but theſe two wretches!
Yet leave 'em four days' meat. If in that time
(For I will ſearch all nooks of this ſtrange iſland)
I can diſcover any track of theſe men,
Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honour ye;
If not, ye've found your graves: So, farewell! [*Exeunt.*
Nic. That goodneſs dwells above, and knows us innocent,
Comfort our lives, and at his pleaſure quit us!
Seb. Come, couſin, come! Old Time will end our ſtory;
But no time (if we end well) ends our glory. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roſellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, and Juletta.

Roſ. Uſe 'em with all the auſterity that may be;
They are our ſlaves! Turn all thoſe pities,

Thoſe

Thoſe tender reluctations that ſhould become your ſex,
To ſtern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,
Look with thoſe eyes that wept thoſe bitter ſorrows,
Thoſe cruelties ye ſuffer'd by their rapines!
Some five days hence that bleſſed hour comes,
Moſt happy once to me, that knit this hand
To my dear huſband's,
And both our hearts in mutual bands. That hour, ladies——

Clar. What of that hour?

Roſ. Why, on that hour, daughter,
And in the height of all our celebrations,
Our dear remembrances of that dear man,
And thoſe that ſuffer'd with him, our fair kinſmen,
Their lives ſhall fall a ſacrifice to Vengeance,
Their lives that ruin'd his; 'tis a full juſtice.
I will look glorious in their bloods; and the
Moſt noble ſpirit of Sebaſtian,
That periſh'd by the pride of theſe French pirates,
Shall ſmile in Heav'n, and bleſs the hand that kill'd 'em.
Look ſtrictly all unto your priſoners;
For he that makes a ſcape beyond my vengeance,
Or entertains a hope by your fair uſage—
Take heed, I ſay! ſhe that deceives my truſt—
Again take heed! her life—and that's but light
Neither; her life, in all the tortures
My ſpirit can put on——

Omnes. We ſhall be careful.

Roſ. Do ſo. [*Exit.*

Clar. You're angry, mother, and you're old too,
Forgetting what men are; but we ſhall temper you.
How fare your priſoners, ladies? in what forms
Do they appear in their afflictions?

Jul. Mine fare but poorly; for ſo I'm commanded;
'Tis none of my fault.

Clar. Of what ſort are they?

Jul. They ſay they're gentlemen; but they ſhew mungrels.

Clar. How do they ſuffer?

Jul.

Jul. Faith, like boys;
They are fearful in all fortunes; when I ſmile
They kneel and beg to have that face continued,
And, like poor ſlaves, adore the ground I go on:
When I frown, they hang their moſt dejected heads,
Like fearful ſheep-hounds: Shew 'em a cruſt of bread,
They'll faint me preſently; and ſkip like apes
For a ſup of wine. I'll whip 'em like hacknies,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

Clar. Tuſh, theſe are poor things. Have they names like Chriſtians?

Jul. Very fair names; Franville, Lamure, and Morillat;
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very handſomely,
But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.
They are ſound too, o' my conſcience,
Or very near upon it.

Clar. Fy! away, fool!

Jul. They tell me, if they might be brought before you,
They would reveal things of ſtrange conſequence.

Clar. Their baſe poor fears!

Jul. Ay, that makes me hate 'em too;
For if they were but manly to their ſufferance,
Sure I ſhould ſtrain a point or two.

Clar. An hour hence I will take a view of 'em,
And hear their buſineſs. Are your men thus too?

Croc. Mine? no, gentle madam; mine were not caſt
In ſuch baſe moulds: Afflictions, tortures,
Are names and natures of delight to my men;
All ſorts of cruelties they meet like pleaſures.
I have but two, the one they call Du-Pont,
Tibalt Du-Pont; the other the Ship-Maſter.

Clar. Have they not lives and fears?

Croc. Lives they have, madam;
But thoſe lives never link'd to ſuch companions
As fears or doubts.

Clar. Uſe 'em nobly;

And where you find fit ſubjects for your pities,
Let it become ye to be courteous!
My mother will not always be thus rigorous.
Hip. Mine are ſailors, madam; but they ſleep ſoundly,
And ſeldom trouble me, unleſs it be
When they dream ſometimes of fights and tempeſts;
Then they roar and whiſtle for cans of wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,
(For they are violent fellows) they play ſuch freaks!—
If they have meat, they thank me; if none,
They heartily deſire to be hang'd quickly;
And this is all they care.
Clar. Look to 'em diligently,
And where your pities tell ye they may deſerve,
Give comfort!
Omnes. We will. [*Exeunt.*
Clar. Come hither; be not frighted!

Enter Aminta.

Think not ye ſteal this liberty, for we give it.
Your tender innocence aſſures me, virgin,
You had no ſhare in thoſe wrongs theſe men did us;
I find you are not harden'd in ſuch miſchiefs.
Your brother was miſled ſure, foully miſled.
Aminta. How much I fear theſe pities!
Clar. Certain he was, ſo much I pity him;
And for your ſake, whoſe eyes plead for him; nay,
For his own ſake——
Aminta. Ha!
Clar. For I ſee about him,
(Women have ſubtle eyes, and look narrowly)
Or I am much abus'd, many fair promiſes;
Nay, beyond thoſe too, many ſhadow'd virtues.
Aminta. I think he's good.
Clar. I aſſure myſelf he will be;
And out of that aſſurance take this comfort,
(For I perceive your fear hath much dejected you)
I love your brother——

Aminta.

Aminta. Madam?

Clar. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt-of favour,
That comforts in the ſleep, and awake vaniſhes:
Indeed I love him.

Aminta. Do you indeed?

Clar. You doubt ſtill, 'cauſe you fear his ſafety!
Indeed he is the ſweeteſt man I ever ſaw;
I think the beſt. You may hear without bluſhes,
And give me thanks, if you pleaſe, for my courteſy.

Aminta. Madam, I ever muſt:—Yet, witneſs Heaven,
They are hard pull'd from me.—Believe me, madam,
So many imperfections I could find—
(Forgive me, grace, for lying!)—and ſuch wants—
('Tis to an honeſt uſe)—ſuch poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too—
There are a hundred handſomer—(I lie lewdly)—
Your noble uſage, madam, hath ſo bound me to you
That I muſt tell you——

Clar. Come, tell your worſt.

Aminta. He is no huſband for you:
I think you mean in that fair way.

Clar. You've hit it.

Aminta. I'm ſure
You've hit my heart.—You will find him dangerous, madam,
As fickle as the flying air, proud, jealous,
Soon glutted in your ſweets, and ſoon forgetful.
I could ſay more; and tell you I've a brother,
Another brother, that ſo far excels this,
Both in the ornaments of man, and making——

Clar. If you
Were not his ſiſter, I ſhould doubt you mainly,
Doubt you for his love, you deal ſo cunningly.
Do not abuſe me; I have truſted you
With more than life, with my firſt love; be careful
Of me!

Aminta. In what uſe, madam?

Clar. In this, lady:
Speak to him for me; you have power upon him;

Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him;
It will become your tongue.
Aminta. Become my grave!
Oh, Fortune, oh, curs'd Fortune!
Clar. I'ell him his liberty,
And all thoſe with him, all our wealth and jewels—
Good ſiſter, for I'll call you ſo——
Aminta. I ſhall, lady—
E'en die, I hope.
Clar. Here's meat and wine, (pray take it)
And there he lies: Give him what liberty you pleaſe,
But ſtill conceal'd; what pleaſure you ſhall pleaſe, ſiſter!
He ſhall ne'er want again. Nay, ſee an you'll take it!
Why do you ſtudy thus?
Aminta. To avoid miſchiefs;
If they ſhould happen——
Clar. Go, and be happy for me.
Aminta. Oh, blind Fortune!
Yet happy thus far, I ſhall live to ſee him.
In what ſtrange deſolation lives he here now,
Sure this curtain will reveal.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort;
Or, if it be my death, 'tis ſweetly ſhadow'd.
Aminta. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Alb. My Aminta!
Aminta. She, Sir,
That walks here up and down an empty ſhadow;
One, that for ſome few hours
But wanders here, carrying her own ſad coffin,
Seeking ſome deſart place to lodge her griefs in.
Alb. Sweet ſorrow, welcome! welcome, noble grief!
How got you this fair liberty to ſee me?
For ſorrows in your ſhape are ſtrangers to me.
Aminta. I come to counſel you.
Alb. You're ſtill more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good counſels.

Pray

That blooming ſweetneſs——
Alb. What of her?
Aminta. She ſent it;
And with it—it muſt be out!—She dotes on you,
And muſt enjoy you; elſe no joy muſt find you.
Alb. And have you the patience to deliver this?
Aminta. A ſiſter may ſay much, and modeſtly.
Alb. A ſiſter?
Aminta. Yes, that name undid you,
Undid us both: Had you nam'd wife, ſh'had fear'd you,
And fear'd the ſin ſhe follow'd; ſhe had ſhunn'd, yea
Her virgin modeſty had not touch'd at you:
But thinking you were free hath kindled a fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguiſh'd.
Alb. Indeed I play'd the fool.
Aminta. Oh, my beſt Sir, take heed,
Take heed of lies! Truth, tho' it trouble ſome minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Yet it preſerves itſelf, comes off pure, innocent,
And, like the ſun, tho' never ſo eclips'd,
Muſt break in glory. Oh, Sir, lie no more!
Alb. You've read me a fair lecture,
And put a ſpell upon my tongue for feigning.
But how will you counſel now?
Aminta. You muſt ſtudy to forget me.
Alb. How!
Aminta. Be patient!
Be wiſe and patient, it concerns you highly.
Can you lay by our loves? But why ſhould I doubt it?
You are a man, and men may ſhift affections;
'Tis held no ſin. To come to the point;
You muſt loſe me; many and mighty reaſons——
Alb. Hear me, Aminta!
Have you a man that loves you too? that ſeeds you?
That ſends you liberty? has this great governeſs
A noble ſon too, young, and apt to catch you?
Am I, becauſe I am in bonds, and miſerable,
My health decay'd, my youth and ſtrength half blaſted,
My fortune like my waining ſelf, for this deſpis'd?

Am

Am I for this forſaken? A new love choſen,
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it,
And ſhew'd how deep a ſin it was, and dangerous,
Take heed yourſelf! You ſwore you lov'd me dearly,
No few nor little oaths you ſwore, Aminta;
Thoſe ſeal'd with no ſmall faith, I then aſſur'd myſelf:
Oh, ſeek no new ways to cozen truth!

Aminta. I do not: By love itſelf, I love thee,
And ever muſt, nor can all deaths diſſolve it!

Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?

Aminta. For your ſafety;
To preſerve your life.

Alb. My life, I do confeſs, is hers; ſhe gives it,
And let her take it back! I yield it.
My love's entirely thine, none ſhall touch at it;
None, my Aminta, none.

Aminta. You've made me happy;
And now I know you're mine, Fortune, I ſcorn thee!
Go to your reſt, and I'll ſit by you: Whilſt
I've time I'll be your mate, and comfort you;
For only I am truſted. You ſhall want
Nothing, not a liberty that I can ſteal you.

Alb. May we not celebrate our loves, Aminta?
And where our wiſhes cannot meet——

Aminta. You're wanton;
But with cold kiſſes I'll allay that fever,
(Look for no more) and that in private too!
Believe me, I ſhall bluſh elſe. But, let's conſider;
We are both loſt elſe.

Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, and Maſter.

Tib. You do well to air us, ladies; we ſhall be muſty elſe,
What are your wiſe wills now?

Croc. You're very crank ſtill.

Tib. As crank as a holy friar fed with hail-ſtones.
But do ye bring us out to bait, like bulls?

Maſter. Or are you weary of the charge ye're at?

Turn us abroad again; let us jog, ladies;
We're groſs, and coarſe, unfit for your ſweet pleaſures,
Tib. Knock off our ſhoes and turn's to graſs.
Croc. You are
Determined ſtill to be ſtubborn then?
It well becomes you.
Tib. An humour, lady, that
Contents a priſoner: A ſullen fit ſometimes
Serves for a ſecond courſe.
Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink, and lodging
To reſt your bones.
Tib. My bones have borne me thus long,
An I had their ſhare of pains and recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.
Croc. Are ye thus harſh to all our ſex?
Maſter. We can't
Be merry without a fidler: Pray ſtrike up
Your tabors, ladies.
Croc. The fools deſpiſe us.
Jul. We know
Ye're very hungry now.
Tib. Yes; 'tis very wholeſome, ladies;
For we that have groſs bodies muſt be careful.
Have ye no piercing air to ſtir our ſtomachs?
We are beholding to ye for our ordinary.
Jul. Why, ſlaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.
Maſter. Very likely:
'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and ſcorn ye,
Hanging's as ſweet to us as dreaming to you.
Croc. Come, be more courteous.
Jul. Do, and then ye ſhall
Be pleas'd, and have all neceſſaries.
Tib. Give me
Some ratſbane then.
Croc. And why ratſbane, monſieur?
Tib. We live like vermin here, and eat up your cheeſe,
Your mouldy cheeſe, that none but rats would bite at;
Therefore

Therefore 'tis juſt that ratſbane ſhould reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of harveſt this year, ladies.
Jul. Ye ſhall have all content.
Maſter. Ay, an we'll ſerve your uſes.
I'd rather ſerve hogs, there is more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never ſatisfied;
Like hungry camels juſt, ſleeping or waking
You chew the cud ſtill.
Croc. By this hand we'll ſtarve ye.
Maſter. 'Tis a noble courteſy: I had as lief ye
Should famiſh me, as founder me; to be
Jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.
Here be certain tarts of tar about me,
And parcels of potargo in my jerkin;
As long as theſe laſt——
Jul. Which will not laſt ever.
Tib. Then we'll eat one another; like good fellows.
A ſhoulder of his for a haunch of mine!
Jul. 'Tis excellent.
Tib. 'Twill be, as we'll dreſs it, ladies.
Croc. Why ſure ye are not men?
Maſter. Ye had beſt come ſearch us;
A ſeaman is ſeldom without a ſalt eel.
Tib. I am bad enough,
And in my nature a notorious wencher;
And yet ye make me bluſh at your immodeſty.
Tell me, good Maſter, didſt e'er ſee ſuch things?
Maſter. I could like 'em, tho' they were lewdly giv'n,
If they could ſay no; but, fy on 'em!
They gape like oyſters.
Tib. Well, ye may hang, or ſtarve us,
But your commanding impudence ſhall never
Fear us[16]. Had ye by bluſhing ſigns, ſoft cunnings,
Crept into us, and ſhew'd us your neceſſities;
We'd met your purpoſes, ſupplied your wants.
We are no ſaints, ladies:

[16] *Fear us.*] i. e. *Make us fear.*

I love

I love a good wench as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love;
But ſuch a ſordid impudence I'll ſpit at.
Let's to our dens again! Come, noble Maſter!
You know our minds, ladies: This is the faith
In which we'll die. [*Exeunt Tibalt and Maſter.*

Croc. I do admire 'em.

Jul. They
Are noble fellows, and they ſhall not want
For this.

Croc. But ſee, Clarinda comes. Farewell!
I'll to my charge. [*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Bring out thoſe priſoners now, and let me ſee 'em,
And hear their buſineſs.

Jul. I will, madam. [*Exit.*

Clar. I hope ſhe hath prevail'd upon her brother.
He has a ſweet tongue, and can deſcribe the happineſs
My love is ready to fling on him.
I'm ſure he muſt be glad, and certain wonder,
And bleſs the hour that brought him to this iſland.
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franville, and Lamure.

Mor. Bleſs thy divine beauty!

Fran. Mirror of ſweetneſs!

Lam. Ever ſpringing brightneſs!

Clar. Nay, ſtand up, gentlemen; and leave your flatteries.

Mor. She calls us gentlemen! Sure we ſhall have
Some meat now!

Clar. I am a mortal creature; worſhip Heav'n,
And give theſe attributes to their divinities.
Methinks you look but thin.

Mor. Oh, we are ſtarv'd,
Immortal beauty.

Lam. We're all poor ſtarv'd knaves.

Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, lady.

Mor.

Mor. We were handſome men, and gentlemen, and ſweet men,
And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties;
But now we look like rogues, like poor ſtarv'd rogues.
Clar. What would ye do, if ye were to die now?
Fran. Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good meal or two to die with,
To put us in heart!
Mor. Or if you'll drown us,
Let us be drunk firſt, that we may die merrily.
And bleſs the founders!
Clar. Ye ſha'n't die ſo haſtily.
What dare ye do to deſerve my favour?
Lam. Put us to any ſervice.
Fran. Any bondage,
Let us but live!
Mor. We'll get a world of children;
For we know ye're heinouſly provided that way:
And you ſhall beat us when we offend you,
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.
Clar. Theſe are weak abject things, that ſhew ye poor ones.
What's the great ſervice ye ſo oft have threaten'd
If ye might ſee me, and win my favour?
Jul. That buſineſs of diſcov'ry?
Mor. Oh, I'll tell ye, lady.
Lam. And ſo will I.
Fran. And I. Pray let me ſpeak firſt!
Mor. Good no confuſion!
We are before a lady that knows manners:
And, by the next meat I ſhall eat 'tis certain,
This little gentlewoman that was taken with us——
Clar. Your captain's ſiſter? ſhe you mean?
Mor. Ay, ay;
She is the buſineſs that we'd open to you.
You're cozen'd in her.
Clar. How! what is't you would open[27]?

[27] *How! what is't you would open?*] This ſpeech, ſo evidently *Clarinda*'s, is in all the editions given to *Lamure*.

Fran.

Fran. She is no ſiſter.
Mor. Good Sirs, how quick you are!
She is no ſiſter, madam.
Fran. She is his——
Mor. Peace, I ſay!
Clar. What is ſhe?
Mor. Faith, ſweet lady,
She's, as am an would ſay, his——
Clar. What?
Lam. His miſtreſs.
Mor. Or, as ſome new tranſlators read, his——
Clar. Oh me!
Mor. And why he ſhould delude you thus, unleſs
He meant ſome villainy—Theſe ten weeks he has
Had her at ſea, for his own proper appetite.
Lam. His cabin-mate, I'll aſſure you.
Clar. No ſiſter, ſay ye?
Mor. No more than I am brother to your beauty.
I know not why he ſhould juggle thus.
Clar. Do not lie to me!
Mor. If ye find me lie, lady, hang me empty!
Clar. How am I fool'd! Away with 'em, Juletta,
And feed 'em:—
But, hark ye, with ſuch food as they've giv'n me,
New miſery!
Fran. Nor meat nor thanks for all this?
Clar. Make 'em more wretched.
Oh, I could burſt! curſe and kill now,
Kill any thing I meet. Juletta, follow me,
And call the reſt along!
Jul. We follow, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Aminta. I muſt be gone now, elſe ſhe may ſuſpect me.
How ſhall I anſwer her?
Alb. Tell her directly.
Aminta. That were too ſudden, too improvident:
Fires of this nature muſt be put out cunningly;
They will waſte all come near 'em elſe. Farewell,
Once

Once more!

Alb. Farewell, and keep my love entire!
Nay, kiſs me once again! Methinks we ſhould not part.

Aminta. Oh, be wiſe, Sir.

Alb. Nay, one kiſs more!

Aminta. Indeed you're wanton;
We may be taken too.

Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale and Hippolita.

Clar. Out, thou baſe woman!
By Heaven, I'll ſhoot 'em both!

Croc. Nay, ſtay, brave lady, hold!
A ſudden death cuts off a nobler vengeance.

Clar. Am I made bawd to your laſcivious meetings?
Are ye grown ſo wiſe in ſin? Shut up that villain:
And, ſirrah, now expect my utmoſt anger.
Let him there ſtarve!

Alb. I mock at your miſchiefs! [*Exit.*

Clar. Tie that falſe witch unto that tree; there let
The ſavage beaſts gnaw off her ſweetneſs, and ſnakes
Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch that none
Relieve her!

Hip. We could wiſh you better fortune, lady;
But dare not help you.

Aminta. Be your own friends; I thank ye! [*Exe.*
Now, only my laſt audit, and my greateſt!
Oh, Heav'n! be kind unto me;
And, if it be thy will, preſerve——

Enter Raymond.

Raym. Who's this?
Sure 'tis a woman. I have trod this place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopled.
Ha! let me ſee! it is her face! Oh, Heav'n!
Turn this way, maid!

Aminta. Oh, Raymond, oh, brother!

Raym. Her tongue too! 'tis my ſiſter! What rude hand—
Nay, kiſs me firſt; oh, joy!

Aminta.

Aminta. Fly, fly, dear brother!
You are loſt elſe.
Jul. A man, a man, a new man!
Raym. What are theſe?

Enter Juletta, Crocale, and Clarinda.

Croc. An enemy, an enemy!
Clar. Diſpatch him;
Take him off; ſhoot him ſtraight!
Raym. I dare not uſe my ſword, ladies,
Againſt ſuch comely foes.
Aminta. Oh, brother, brother!
Clar. Away with 'em, and in dark priſons bind 'em!
One word replied, ye die both. Now, brave mother,
Follow thy noble anger, and I'll help thee! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Roſellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita.

Roſ. I AM deaf to all your intreaties; ſhe that moves me
For pity or compaſſion to theſe pirates,
Digs up her father's, or her brother's tomb,
And ſpurns about their aſhes.—
Couldſt thou remember what a father thou
Hadſt once, 'twould ſteel thy heart 'gainſt fooliſh pity:
By his memory, and the remembrance of
His dear embraces, I am taught, that in
A noble cauſe revenge is noble: And they
Shall fall the ſacrifices, to appeaſe
His wandring ghoſt and my incenſed fury.
Clar. The new-come priſoner too?
Roſ. He too:—Yet, that we may learn
Whether they are the ſame, or near allied
To thoſe that forc'd me to this cruel courſe,

Better

Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em
To meet together, and confer,
Within the diſtance of your ear! Perhaps
They may diſcover ſomething that may kill
Deſpair in me, and be a means to ſave 'em
From certain ruin.

Croc. That ſhall be my charge.

Roſ. Yet, to prevent
All hope of reſcue (for this new-come captain
Hath both a ſhip and men not far off from us,
Tho' ignorant to find the only port
That can yield entrance to our happy iſland)
Guard the place ſtrongly; and, ere the next ſun
Ends his diurnal progreſs, I will be
Happy in my revenge, or ſet 'em free. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, and Hippolita. A table furniſhed.

Croc. So, ſerve it plentifully, and loſe not time
T' enquire the cauſe; there is a main deſign
That hangs upon this bounty. See the table
Furniſh'd with wine too; that diſcovers ſecrets
Which tortures cannot open: Open the doors too
O' th' ſeveral priſons, and give all free entrance
Into this room! Undiſcover'd I can here mark all.

Enter Tibalt and Maſter.

Here's captain Careleſs, and the tough Ship-Maſter;
The ſlaves are nos'd like vultures: How wild they look!

Tib. Ha!
The myſtery of this ſome good hobgoblin
Riſe and reveal!

Maſter. I am amaz'd at it;
Nor can I found th' intent.

Tib. Is not this bread?
Subſtantial bread, not painted?

Maſter. But take heed!
You may be poiſon'd.

Tib.

Tib. I am ſure I'm famiſh'd;
And famine, as the wiſe man ſays, gripes the guts
As much as any mineral. This may be treacle
Sent to preſerve me after a long faſt;
Or, be it viper's ſpittle, I'll run the hazard.
Maſter. We're paſt all fear; I'll take part with you.
Tib. Do:
And now, i'faith, how do you feel yourſelf?
I find great eaſe in't. What's here? wine, an't be
Thy will! ſtrong luſty wine! [*drinks.*] Well, fools may talk
Of Mithridate, cordials, and elixirs;
But from my youth this was my only phyſick.
Here's a colour!
What lady's cheek, tho' ceruſs'd o'er, comes near it?
It ſparkles too, hangs out diamonds: Oh,
My ſweetheart, how I will hug thee! again, and again!
They are poor drunkards, and not worth thy favours,
That number thy moiſt kiſſes in theſe cryſtals.
Maſter. But, monſieur,
Here are ſuckets, and ſweet diſhes.
Tib. Tuſh! boys-meat!
I'm paſt it: Here is ſtrong food, fit for men,
Nectar, old lad! Miſtreſs of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.
Maſter. Take heed, man!
Too much will breed diſtemper.
Tib. Haſt thou liv'd at ſea
The moſt part of thy life, where to be ſober,
While we have wine aboard, is capital treaſon;
And doſt thou preach ſobriety?
Maſter. Prithee, forbear;
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.
Tib. I am ſure for me;
Therefore, *footra!* when I am full, let 'em hang me;
I care not!

Enter

Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamire, Morillat, and Franville, ſeverally.

Maſter. This has been his temper ever.
See, provoking diſhes; candied eringoes,
And potatoes!

Tib. I'll not touch 'em; I will drink;
But not a bit on a march;
I'll be an eunuch rather.

Maſter. Who are theſe?

Tib. Marry, who you will;
I keep my text here.

Alb. Raymond?

Raym. Albert?

Tib. Away! I'll be drunk alone;
Keep off, rogues, or I'll belch ye into air;
Not a drop here!

Aminta. Dear brother, put not in your eyes ſuch anger!
Thoſe looks, poiſon'd with fury, ſhot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh, brother, look milder, or
The cryſtal of his temperance will turn
Them on yourſelf.

Alb. Sir, I have ſought you long
To find your pardon; you have plough'd the ocean
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this fair virgin. Now our fortune guides us
To meet on ſuch hard terms, that we need rather
A mutual pity of our preſent ſtate,
Than to expoſtulate of breaches paſt,
Which cannot be made up. And tho' it be
Far from your power to force me to confeſs
That I have done you wrong, or, ſuch ſubmiſſion
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger,
You being yourſelf ſlav'd, as I, to others;
Yet for your ſiſter's ſake, her bleſſed ſake,
In part of recompenſe of what ſh' has ſuffer'd
For my raſh folly, the contagion
Of my black actions catching hold upon

Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy;
And wiſh, however ſeveral motives kept us
From being friends while we had hope to live,
Let death, which we expect, and cannot fly from,
End all contention!

Tib. Drink upon it; it
Is a good motion! ratify't in wine,
And 'tis authentical!

Raym. When I conſider
The ground of our long difference, and look on
Our not-to-be-avoided miſeries,
It doth beget in me, I know not how,
A ſoft religious tenderneſs; which tells me,
Tho' we have *many faults to anſwer for*
Upon our own account, *our fathers' crimes*
Are in us puniſh'd. *Oh, Albert, the courſe*
They took to leave us *rich was not honeſt;*
Nor can that friendſhip laſt which Virtue joins not.
When firſt they forc'd th' induſtrious Portugals
From their plantations in the Happy Iſlands——

Croc. This is that I watch for.

Raym. And did omit no tyranny which men,
Inur'd to ſpoil and miſchief, could inflict
On the griev'd ſufferers; when by lawleſs rapine
They reap'd the harveſt which their labours ſow'd;
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling
But laid for 'em at ſea, to raviſh from 'em
The laſt remainder of their wealth; then, then,
After a long purſuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the Portugals' eſcape,
They did begin to quarrel, like ill men:
(Forgive me, piety, that I call 'em ſo!)
No longer love or correſpondence holds
Than it is cemented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn thoſe ſwords they oft had bloodied
With innocent gore, upon their wretched ſelves,
And paid the forfeit of their cruelty
Shewn to Sebaſtian and his colony,
By being fatal enemies to each other.

Thence

Thence grew Aminta's rape, and my deſire
To be reveng'd. And now obſerve the iſſue!
As they for ſpoil forgot compaſſion
To women, (who ſhould ever be exempted
From the extremities of a lawful war)
We now, young able men, are fall'n into
The hands of women; that, againſt the ſoft,
Soft tenderneſs familiar to their ſex,
Will ſhew no mercy.

Enter Crocale.

Croc. None, unleſs you ſhew us
Our long-loſt huſbands.
We are thoſe Portugals you talk'd of.
Raym. Stay!
I met upon the ſea in a tall ſhip,
Two Portugals, famiſh'd almoſt to death.
Tib. Our ſhip, by this wine,
And thoſe the rogues that ſtole her,
Left us to famiſh in the Barren Iſlands!
Raym. Some ſuch tale they told me;
And ſomething of a woman, which I find
To be my ſiſter.
Croc. Where are theſe men?
Raym. I
Left 'em, ſuppoſing they'd deluded me
With forg'd tales, in the iſland, where they ſaid
They had liv'd many years, the wretched owners
Of a huge maſs of treaſure.
Alb. The ſame men,
And that the fatal muck we quarrell'd for.
Croc. They were Portugals, you ſay?
Raym. So they profeſs'd.
Croc. They may prove ſuch men as may ſave your lives:
And ſo much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard life to be reſolv'd on't.
How came you hither?
Raym. My ſhip lies by the river's mout
That can convey ye to theſe wretched men

Which you deſire to ſee.
Croc. Back to your priſons,
And pray for the ſucceſs! If they be thoſe
Which I deſire to find, you're ſafe; if not,
Prepare to die tomorrow! for the world
Cannot redeem ye.
Alb. Howe'er, we are arm'd
For either fortune. [*Exit.*
Tib. What muſt become of me now,
That I am not diſmiſs'd?
Croc. Oh, Sir, I purpoſe
To have your company.
Tib. Take heed, wicked woman!
I'm apt to miſchief now.
Croc. You can't be ſo
Unkind, to her that gives you liberty.
Tib. No,
I ſhall be too kind, that's the devil on't!
I've had ſtore of good wine; and, when I'm drunk,
Joan is a lady to me, and I ſhall lay
About me, like a lord. I feel ſtrange motions!
Avoid me, temptation! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sebaſtian and Nicuſa.

Nicuſa. What may that be
That moves upon the lake?
Seb. Still it draws nearer;
And now I plainly can diſcern it:
It is the French ſhip.
Nicuſa. In it a woman,
Who ſeems t'invite us to her.
Seb. Still ſhe calls
With ſigns of love to haſten to her:
So lovely hope doth ſtill appear,
I feel nor age, nor weakneſs.
Nicuſa. Tho' it bring death,
To us 'tis comfort, and deſerves a meeting:
Or elſe Fortune, tir'd with what we've ſuffered,

And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now ſets a period to our miſery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Horrid muſic.*

Enter ſeverally Raymond, Albert, and Aminta.

Raym. What dreadful ſounds are theſe?

Aminta. Infernal muſic,
Fit for a bloody feaſt.

Alb. It ſeems prepar'd
To kill our courages, ere they divorce
Our ſouls and bodies.

Raym. But they, that fearleſs fall,
Deprive them of their triumph.

An altar prepar'd. Enter Roſellia, Clarinda, Juletta, Hippolita, &c.

Aminta. See the furies,
In their full trim of cruelty!

Roſ. 'Tis the laſt
Duty that I can pay to my dead lord
Set out the altar! I myſelf will be
The prieſt, and boldly do thoſe horrid rites
You ſhake to think on. Lead theſe captains nearer;
For they ſhall have the honour to fall firſt
To my Sebaſtian's aſhes. And now, wretches,
As I am taught already, that you are,
And lately by your free confeſſion,
French pirates, and the ſons of thoſe I hate
E'en equal with the devil; hear, with horror,
What 'tis invites me to this cruel courſe,
And what you are to ſuffer! No Amazons we,
But women of Portugal, that muſt have from you
Sebaſtian and Nicuſa: We are they
That groan'd beneath your fathers' wrongs! We are
Thoſe wretched women
Their injuries purſu'd and overtook,
And from the ſad remembrance of our loſſes
We are taught to be cruel. When we were forc'd
From that ſweet air we breath'd in, by their rapine,

And ſought a place of being, as the ſeas
And winds conſpir'd with their ill purpoſes,
To load us with afflictions, in a ſtorm
That fell upon us the two ſhips that brought us,
To ſeek new fortunes in an unknown world,
Were ſever'd; th' one bore all the able men,
Our treaſure and our jewels; in the other
We women were embark'd, and fell upon,
After long toſſing in the troubled main,
This pleaſant iſland; but in few months
The men that did conduct us hither died:
We long before had given our huſbands loſt.
Remembring what we'd ſuffer'd by the French,
We took a ſolemn oath, ne'er to admit
The curs'd ſociety of men. Neceſſity
Taught us thoſe arts, not uſual to our ſex;
And the fertile earth yielding abundance to us,
We did reſolve, thus ſhap'd like Amazons
To end our lives: But when you arriv'd here,
And brought as preſents to us our own jewels,
Thoſe which were borne in the other ſhip—
How can ye hope to 'ſcape our vengeance?

Aminta. It boots not then to ſwear our innocence;

Alb. Or that we never forc'd it from the owners?

Raym. Or that there are a remnant of that wreck,
And not far off?

Roſ. All you affirm, I know, is
But to win time; therefore prepare your throats;
The world ſhall not redeem ye! And, that your cries
May find no entrance to our ears, to move
Pity in any, bid loud muſic ſound
Their fatal knells! If ye have prayers, uſe 'em
Quickly, to any power will own ye: But—

Enter Crocale, Sebaſtian, Nicuſa, and Tibalt.

Ha! who are theſe? what ſpectacles of misfortune?
Why are their looks ſo full of joy and wonder?

Croc. Oh, lay by
Theſe inſtruments of death, and welcome to

Your

Your arms what you durſt never hope t' embrace!
This is Sebaſtian; this Nicuſa, madam;
Preſerv'd by miracle. Look up, dear Sir,
And know your own Roſellia! be not loſt
In wonder and amazement; or if nature
Can, by inſtinct, inſtruct you what it is
To be bleſs'd with the name of father, freely
Enjoy't in this fair virgin!

Seb. Tho' my miſeries,
And many years of wants I have endur'd,
May well deprive me of the memory
Of all joys paſt; yet, looking on this building,
This ruin'd building of a heav'nly form
In my Roſellia, I muſt remember
I am Sebaſtian.

Roſ. Oh, my joys!

Seb. And here,
I ſee a perfect model of thyſelf,
As thou wert when thy choice firſt made thee mine:
Theſe cheeks and fronts, tho' wrinkled now with time,
Which art cannot reſtore, had equal pureneſs
Of natural white and red, and as much raviſhing:
Which, by fair order and ſucceſſion, I ſee
Deſcend on her; and may thy virtues wind
Into her form, and make her a perfect dower,
No part of thy ſweet goodneſs wanting to her!
I will not now, Roſellia, aſk thy fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Thoſe ſhall hereafter ſerve to make glad hours
In their relation. All paſt wrongs forgot,
I'm glad to ſee you, gentlemen; but moſt,
That it is in my power to ſave your lives;
You ſav'd ours, when we were near ſtarv'd at ſea,
And I deſpair not—for, if ſhe be mine,
Roſellia can deny Sebaſtian nothing.

Roſ. She does give up herſelf,
Her power and joys, and all, to you, to be
Diſcharged of 'em as too burdenſome;
Welcome in any ſhape!

Seb. Sir, in your looks[28], I read
Your ſuit of my Clarinda; ſhe is yours.
And, lady, if't be in me to confirm
Your hopes in this brave gentleman, preſume
I am your ſervant.

Alb. We thank you, Sir.

Aminta. Oh, happy hour!

Alb. Oh, my dear Aminta,
Now all our fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix;
She's mettle, ſteel to the back, and will cut
My leaden dagger, if not us'd with diſcretion.

Cric. You're ſtill no changeling.

Seb. Nay, all look chearfully; for none ſhall be
Denied their lawful wiſhes. When a while
We've here refreſh'd ourſelves, we will return
To our ſev'ral homes: And well that Voyage ends,
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

---

[28] *Sir, in your looks,*
I read your ſuit of my Clarinda;—] Perhaps the reader would wiſh to know whom the old gentleman means here. I can think of no one but *Nicuſa* his nephew. Yet this is but a gueſs, and if the reader imagines any one of the company (*Albert* and *Tibalt* excepted) deſerves *Clarinda* better than her couſin, let him reject mine, and enjoy his own opinion. *Simpſon.*

When *Aminta* depreciates Albert, in her converſation with Clarinda, ſhe recommends *Raymond* to her: It is moſt likely, therefore, he is the perſon intended by the Poet to poſſeſs her.

Published as the Act directs, Dec.r 22. 1777, by J. Sherlock.

THE

COXCOMB.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Hills ſpeak of this Comedy as the production of Fletcher alone; but the Prologue mentions it as the joint performance of both Authors. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647; and appears to have been revived at the Theatre Royal about the end of the laſt century, when a prologue was ſpoken by Joe Haines. We do not know of any performance of it ſince that time.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Antonio, *the* Coxcomb.
Mercury, *fellow-traveller with Antonio.*
Ricardo, *a young gentleman in love with Viola.*
Uberto, Pedro, Silvio, } *three merry gentlemen, friends to Ricardo.*
Valerio, *a country gentleman.*
Curio, *kinſman to Antonio.*
Juſtice, *a ſhallow one.*
Andrugio, *father to Viola.*
Alexander, *ſervant to Mercury's Mother.*
Mark, *the Juſtice's clerk.*
Rowland, *ſervant to Andrugio.*
Tinker.
Conſtable.
Watch.
Drawer.
Muſicians.

WOMEN.

Maria, *wife to Antonio.*
Viola, *daughter to Andrugio.*
Mother *to Mercury.*
Nan, Madge, } *milk-maids.*
Dorothy, *the Tinker's trull.*

SCENE, ENGLAND[1].

[1] *England*, France.] As the ſcene never changes from *England* through the whole play, and, as I remember, the word *France* does not occur above once in this piece, I have made no ſcruple to expel and explode what never poſſibly could have ſtood in the Author's manuſcript. *Sympſon.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

THIS Comedy, long forgot, by ſome thought dead,
By us preſerv'd, once more doth raiſe her head,
And to your noble cenſures does preſent
Her outward form, and inward ornament.
Nor let this ſmell of arrogance, ſince 'tis known,
The makers, that confeſs'd it for their own,
Were this way ſkilful, and without the crime
Of flatteries I may ſay may pleaſe the time.
The work itſelf too, when it firſt came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd and favour'd, tho' ſome rude
And harſh among th' ignorant multitude,
(That reliſh groſs food better than a diſh
That's cook'd with care, and ſerv'd in to the wiſh
Of curious palates) wanting wit and ſtrength
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length [a]:
That

[a] ——— *condemn'd it for the length*;
That fault's reform'd.] In the Stationer's Preface to the edition of 1647, we have theſe words. 'When theſe *Comedies* and *Tra-* 'gedies were preſented on the ſtage, the *actors* omitted ſome *ſcenes* 'and paſſages (with the *Authors* conſent) as occaſion led 'em; and 'when private friends deſired a copy, they then (and juſty too) 'tranſcribed what they *acted*. But now you have both all that was '*acted*, and all *that was not*; even the perfect full originals, with-'out the leaſt mutilation: So that were the *Authors* living (and ſure 'they can never die) they themſelves would challenge neither *more* 'nor *leſs* than what is here publiſhed.'——But what a glaring contradiction to this whole paſſage are the words of the prologue, cited at the head of this note? Was it not condemn'd for its length by the ignorant multitude? And upon reviving of it, is it not as plain as words can make it, that it was mutilated then? What other ſenſe can we put upon this paſſage? *That fault's reform'd*—Who the curtailer, or curtailers were, is not poſſible now to be known: I could have wiſhed that he, or they, who undertook the charge of *reforming the length of* this piece, had had ſufficient *wit and ſtrength* to have gone through that buſineſs neatly. But it ſeems as if his or their judgment was as little in the ſhortning, as the rabble's was condemning it for its length. Had we but the original manuſcript, I don't doubt but we ſhould ſee a ſtrange difference betwixt that, and the

PROLOGUE.

That fault's reform'd; and now 'tis to be tried
Before ſuch judges 'twill not be denied
A free and noble hearing; nor fear I
But 'twill deſerve to have free liberty,
And give you cauſe (and with content) to ſay,
Their care was good that did revive this play.

---

the play, as it now ſtands. The firſt note on this performance is a ſpecimen, to let the reader ſee what ſtrange work has been made by the reviver, or revivers, of this piece: and how little he or they thought on (ſuppoſing they knew it) that rule of Horace,

——— *Verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,*
Quid valeant Humeri ——— *Simpſon.*

The Stationer's Preface is no 'glaring contradiction to the prologue,' but rather confirms the aſſertion, than the 'Actors (with 'the Author's conſent) omitted ſcenes and paſſages, as occaſion led 'them, and afterwards tranſcribed what they *acted:* But the booksellers gave all that *was acted*, and all *that was not*' Who the curtailers were, therefore, is eaſily known; certainly THE ACTORS, *with the* AUTHOR'S CONSENT.

THE

THE

COXCOMB.

ACT I.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Ric. LET us make uſe of this ſtol'n privacy,
And not loſe time in proteſtation, miſtreſs!
For 'twere in me a kind of breach of faith,
To ſay again I love you.

Viola. Sweet, ſpeak ſoftly;
For tho' the venture of your love to me
Meets with a willing and a full return,
Should it arrive unto my father's knowledge,
This were our laſt diſcourſe.

Ric. How ſhall he know it?

Viola. His watching cares are ſuch, for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night, that does afford us ſome ſmall freedom,
At the requeſt and much intreaty of
The miſtreſs of the houſe, was hardly given me;
For I am never ſuffer'd to ſtir out,
But he hath ſpies upon me: Yet, I know not,
You have ſo won upon me, that could I think
You would love faithfully (tho' to entertain
Another thought of you would be my death)
I ſhould adventure on his utmoſt anger.

Ric. Why, do you think I can be falſe?

Viola. No, faith!
You have an honeſt face; but, if you ſhould,——

Ric.

Ric. Let all the ſtored vengeance of Heav'n's juſtice——

Viola. No more! I do believe you. The dance ended,
Which this free woman's gueſts have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home, and ſtore me
With all the jewels, chains, and gold are truſted
Unto my cuſtody; and at the next corner
To my father's houſe, before one, at the furtheſt,
Be ready to receive me!

Ric. I deſire
No bond beyond your promiſe. Let's go in!
To talk thus much before the door may breed
Suſpicion.

Enter Mercury and Antonio.

Viola. Here are company too.

Ric. Away!
Thoſe Powers that proſper true and honeſt loves
Will bleſs our undertakings.

Viola. 'Tis my wiſh, Sir. [*Exe. Ric. & Viola.*

Merc. Nay, Sir, excuſe me! I have drawn you to
Too much expence already in my travel,
And you have been too forward in your love,
To make my wants your own; allow me manners!
Which you muſt grant I want, ſhould I encreaſe
The bond in which your courteſies have tied me,
By ſtill conſuming of you: Give me leave
To take mine own ways now, and I ſhall often,
With willingneſs, come to viſit you, and thank you.

Ant. By this hand, I could be angry! What do you think me?
Muſt we, that have ſo long time been as one,
Seen cities, countries, kingdoms, and their wonders,
Been bedfellows, and in our various journey
Mix'd all our obſervations, part (as if
We were two carriers at two ſeveral ways,
And as the fore-horſe guides, cry God be with you)
Without or compliment, or ceremony?
In travellers that know Tranſalpine garbs,

Tho'

Tho' our deſigns are ne'er ſo ſerious, friend,
It were a capital crime; it muſt not be;
Nay, what is more, you ſhall not. You ere long
Shall ſee my houſe, and find what I call mine
Is wholly at your ſervice.
Merc. 'Tis this tires me!—
Sir, I were eaſily woo'd, if nothing elſe
But my will lay i'th' choice; but 'tis not ſo:
My friends and kindred, that have part of me,
And ſuch on whom my chiefeſt hopes depend,
Juſtly expect the tender of my love
After my travel; then my own honeſty
Tells me 'tis poor, having indifferent means
To keep me in my quality and rank,
At my return, to tire another's bounty,
And let mine own grow luſty? Pardon me!
Ant. I will not, cannot; to conclude, I dare not:
Can any thing conferr'd upon my friend
Be burdenſome to me? For this excuſe,
Had I no reaſon elſe, you ſhould not leave me;
By a traveller's faith, you ſhould not! I have ſaid!
And then, you know my humour, there's no contending.
Merc. Is there no way to 'ſcape this inundation?
I ſhall be drown'd with folly, if I go;
And, after nine days, men may take me up
With my gall broken.
Ant. Are you yet reſolv'd?
Merc. 'Would you would ſpare me!
Ant. By this light, I cannot,
By all that may be ſworn by!
Merc. Patience help me,
And Heaven grant his folly be not catching!
If't be, the town's undone: I now would give
A reaſonable ſum of gold to any ſheriff
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company. While he was abroad,
His want of wit and language kept him dumb;
But Balaam's aſs will ſpeak now, without ſpurring.
Ant. Speak, have I won you?

Enter

Enter Servant and Muſicians.

Mert. You're not to be reſiſted.

Serv. Be ready, I entreat you! The dance done,
Beſides a liberal reward, I have
A bottle of ſherry in my power ſhall beget
New crotchets in your heads.

Muſicians. Tuſh, fear not us!
We'll do our parts.

Serv. Go in.

Ant. I know this fellow.
Belong you to the houſe?

Serv. I ſerve the miſtreſs.

Ant. Pretty and ſhort! Pray you, Sir, then inform her,
Two gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd
With her fair preſence.

Serv. She ſhall know ſo much.
This is a merry night with us, and forbids not
Welcome to any that looks like a man:
I'll guide you the way.

Ant. Nay, follow! I've a trick in't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Uberto, Silvio, Ricardo, Maria, Pedro, Portia, Viola, with others.

Uberto. Come, where is this maſque[3]? Faireſt, for our chear,
Our thanks and ſervice; may you long ſurvive
To joy in many of theſe nights!

Maria. I thank you!

Uberto. We muſt have muſic too; or elſe you give us
But half a welcome.

---

[3] *Come, where's this maſque? faireſt, for our chear,*
Our thanks and ſervice, may you long ſurvive
To joy in many of theſe nights.
Maria. I thank you.
Uberto. We muſt have muſic too, or elſe you give us
But half a welcome.
Maria. Pray you, Sir, excuſe me.
Silvio. By no means, lady.
Uberto. We'll crown our liberal feaſt,
With ſome delightful ſtrain fitting your love

And

Maria. Pray you, Sir, excuſe me!
Silvio. By no means, lady.
Uberto. We'll crown your liberal feaſt
With ſome delightful ſtrain, fitting your love
And this good company.
Maria. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuſe of want of ſkill,
Or be or nice or curious: Every year
I celebrate my marriage-night, and will
'Till I ſee my abſent huſband.
Uberto. 'Tis fit freedom.
Silvio. Ricardo, thou art dull.

Enter Servant

Ric. I ſhall be lighter when
I've had a heat.
Maria. Now, Sir, the news?
Serv. Miſtreſs,
There are two gentlemen——
Maria. Where?
Serv. Complimenting
Who ſhould firſt enter.
Maria. What are they?

And this good company.
Maria. *Since you enforce it,*
I will not plead the excuſe of want of ſkill.] *Quod dedit principium adveniens?* may full as well be applied to the curtailer of this comedy, as the booby captain of whom it was firſt ſpoke. That a maſque was in the original is plain from the queſtion, *Where's this maſque?* but it had been better never to have told us that, except it had been exhibited. Again, if *they were to have muſic,* ſome *delightful ſtrain*; who was to play? *Maria* it ſeems, for ſhe ſays, ſhe *won't plead the excuſe of want of ſkill,* but 'tis too too plain ſhe does no ſuch thing. Further, we have a little lower a dance, but 'tis a dance without muſic, and yet 'tis quite clear the performers were actually in the houſe. *Sympſon.*

We do not believe any thing *written* by the Authors is omitted:—The maſque was, we apprehend, only an antic dance. It is not clear that Maria more than *prepares* to play, when ſhe is interrupted by the Servant announcing Mercury and Antonio. The dance muſt have been without muſic, or the dialogue between the Servant, Mercury, and Antonio, which paſſes during the dance, could not be heard.

Serv. Heav'n knows!
But for their ſtrangeneſs—have you never ſeen
A cat waſh her face?
Uberto. Yes.
Serv. Juſt ſuch a ſtir they keep:
If you make but haſte, you may ſee 'em yet
Before they enter.

Enter Antonio and Mercury.

Maria. Let 'em be what they will,
We'll give them fair entertain, and gentle welcome.
Ant. It ſhall be ſo.
Merc. Then let it be your pleaſure.
Ant. Let's ſtand aſide, and you ſhall ſee us have
Fine ſport anon.
Merc. A fair ſociety;
Do you know theſe gentlewomen?
Ant. Yes.
Merc. What are they?
Ant. The ſecond is a neighbour's daughter; her
Name's Viola. There is my kinſman's wife;
Portia her name, and a friend too.
Merc. Let her.
What's ſhe that leads the dance?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. I ſee that.
1 *Serv.* Indeed?
Merc. What?
1 *Serv.* A gentlewoman.
Merc. Udsfoot! Good Sir, what's ſhe that leads the dance?
2 *Serv.* My miſtreſs.
Merc. What elſe?
2 *Serv.* My miſtreſs, Sir.
Merc. Your miſtreſs? A pox on you,
What a fry of fools are here? I ſee 'tis treaſon
To underſtand in this houſe: If Nature were not
Better to them than they can be to themſelves,
They would ſcant hit their mouths. My miſtreſs?

Is there any one with ſo much wit in's head,
That can tell me at the firſt ſight,
What gentlewoman that is that leads the dance?
Ant. 'Tis my wife.
Merc. Hum!
Ant. How doſt thou like her?
Merc. Well;
A pretty gentlewoman!
Ant. Prithee be quiet.
Merc. I would I could!
Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him and free paſſions,
Receive the leaſt tie from ſuch a fool as this is,
That holds ſo ſweet a wife!
'Tis lamentable to conſider truly
What right he robs himſelf of, and what wrong
He doth the youth of ſuch a gentlewoman,
That knows her beauty is no longer hers
Than men will pleaſe to make it ſo, and uſe it,
Neither of which lies freely in a huſband.
Oh, what have I done, what have I done? Coxcomb!
If I had never ſeen, or never taſted,
The goodneſs of this kix, I had been a made man;
But now to make him cuckold is a ſin
'Gainſt all forgiveneſs, worſe than any murder:
I have a wolf by th' ears, and am bitten both ways!
Ant. How now, friend? what are you thinking of?
Merc. Nothing concerning you: I muſt be gone.
Ant. Pardon me, I will have no going, Sir.
Merc. Then, good Sir, give me leave to go to bed:
I'm very weary and ill-temper'd.
Ant. You ſhall preſently; the dance is done.
1 *Serv.* Miſtreſs, theſe are the gentlemen.
Maria. My huſband? Welcome home, dear Sir!
Merc. She's fair ſtill;
Oh, that I were a knave, or durſt be one,
For thy ſake, Coxcomb! He that invented honeſty
Undid me.
Ant. I thought you had not known me.

You're merry; 'tis well thought. And how is't with
Theſe worthy gentlemen?
Uberto and Silvio. We're glad to ſee
You here again.
Ant. Oh, gentlemen, what ha' you loſt?
But get you into travels; there you may learn—
I cannot ſay what hidden virtues.
Merc. Hidden from you, I'm ſure.
My blood boils like a furnace! She's a fair one.
Ant. Pray entertain this gentleman with all
The courteſy fitting my moſt eſpecial friend.
Maria. What this poor houſe may yield, to make you welcome,
Dear Sir, command, without more compliment.
Merc. I thank you!—She is wiſe, and ſpeaks well too:
Oh, what a bleſſing is gone by me, never
To be recover'd! Well, 'twas an old ſhame
The devil laid up for me, and now h'has hit me home.
If there be any ways to be diſhoneſt,
And ſave myſelf yet—No, it muſt not be!
Why ſhould I be a fool too?—Yet thoſe eyes
Would tempt another Adam! How they call to me,
And tell me—'Sfoot, they ſhall not tell me any thing!
Sir, will you walk in?
Ant. How is't, ſignor?
Merc. Crazy a little.
Maria. What ail you, Sir? What's in my power, pray
Make uſe of, Sir.
Merc. 'Tis that muſt do me good!
She does not mock me, ſure!—An't pleaſe you, nothing;
My diſeaſe is only wearineſs.
Uberto. Come, gentlemen!
We will not keep you from your beds too long.
Ric. I ha' ſome buſineſs, and 'tis late, and you
Far from your lodging.
Silvio. Well? [*Exeunt. Manent Ant. Maria, and Merc.*
Ant. Come, my dear Mercury!
I'll bring you to your chamber; and then I am

For

For you, Maria: Thou'rt a new wife to me now,
And thou ſhalt find it ere I ſleep.
Merc. And I
An old aſs to myſelf! mine own rod whips me!—
Good Sir, no more of this; 'tis tedious!
You are the beſt guide in your own houſe; go, Sir.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Maria.*
This fool and his fair wife have made me frantic;
From two ſuch phyſics for the ſoul deliver me! [*Exit.*

Enter Ricardo, Uberto, Pedro, and Silvio.

Uberto. Well, you muſt have this wench then?
Ric. I hope ſo;
I'm much o'th' bow-hand elſe.
Pedro. 'Would I were hang'd,
'Tis a good loving little fool, that dares venture
Herſelf upon a coaſt ſhe ne'er knew yet!
But theſe women! when they are once thirteen,
God ſpeed the plough!
Silvio. Faith, they will venture further for their lading
Than a merchant,
And thro' as many ſtorms, but they'll be fraughted;
They're made like carracks, only ſtrength and ſtowage.
Ric. Come, come, you talk, you talk!
Silvio. We do ſo. But;
Tell me, Ricardo, wo't thou marry her?
Ric. Marry her? why, what ſhould I do with her?
Pedro. Pox, I thought we ſhould have had all ſhares in her,
Like lawful prize.
Ric. No, by my faith, Sir; you ſhall pardon me:
I launch'd her at my own charge, without partners,
And ſo I'll keep her.
Uberto. What's the hour?
Ric. Twelve.
Uberto. What ſhall we do the while? 'Tis yet ſcarce eleven.
Silvio. There is no ſtanding here; is not this the place?
Ric. Yes.

Pedro. And to go back
Unto her father's houſe may breed ſuſpicion;
Let's ſlip into a tavern for an hour;
'Tis very cold.

Uberto. Content; there's one hard by,
A quart of burnt ſack will recover us:
I am as cold as Chriſtmas. This ſtealing fleſh
I'th' froſty weather may be ſweet i'th' eating,
But ſure the woodmen have no great catch of it.
Shall's go?

Ric. Thou art the ſtrangeſt lover of
A tavern! What ſhall we do there now? Loſe
The hour and ourſelves too?

Uberto. Loſe a pudding!
What doſt thou talk o'th' hour? will one quart muzzle us?
Have we not ears to hear, and tongues to aſk
The drawers, but we muſt ſtand here like bawds
To watch the minutes?

Silvio. Prithee content thyſelf[4]!
We ſhall ſcout here, as tho' we went a-haying,
And have ſome mangy 'prentice, that can't ſleep
For ſcratching, over-hear us. Come, will you go, Sirs?
When your love-fury is a little frozen,
You'll come to us.

Ric. Will you drink but one quart then?

Pedro. No more, i'faith.

Silvio. Content!

Ric. Why then, have with you!
But let's be very watchful.

Uberto. As watchful as the bellman. Come; I'll lead,
Becauſe I hate good manners; they're too tedious. [*Exit.*

Enter Viola, with a key and a little caſket.

Viola. The night is terrible, and I enclos'd
With that my virtue and myſelf hate moſt,
Darkneſs; yet muſt I fear, that which I wiſh,

[4] Silvio. *Prithee content thyſelf.*] Probably this belongs to *Ricardo*, and *We ſhall ſcout here*, to *Silvio*. *Sympſon.*

Some

Some company; and every ſtep I take
Sounds louder in my fearful ears to-night,
Than ever did the ſhrill and ſacred bell
That rang me to my prayers. The houſe will riſe
When I unlock the door! Were it by day,
I'm bold enough, but then a thouſand eyes
Warn me from going. Might not Heav'n have made
A time for envious prying folk to ſleep,
Whilſt lovers met, and yet the ſun have ſhone?
Yet I was bold enough to ſteal this key
Out of my father's chamber; and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, the night,
Arm'd only with my love, to meet my friend.
Alas, how valiant, and how 'fraid at once
Love makes a virgin! I will throw this key
Back thro' a window: I have wealth enough
In jewels with me, if I hold his love
I ſteal 'em for. Farewell, my place of birth!
I never make account to look on thee again;
And if there be, as I have heard men ſay,
Theſe houſhold gods, I do beſeech them look
To this my charge; bleſs it from thieves and fire,
And keep, 'till happily my love I win,
Me from thy door, and hold my father in! [*Exit.*

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer with a candle.

Ric. No more, for God's ſake!
How's the night, boy?

Drawer. Faith, Sir, 'tis very late.

Uberto. Faith, Sir, you lie! Is this your Jack i'th' clock-houſe[5]?

---

[5] *Is this your* Jack i'th' clock-houſe?
Will you ſtrike, *Sir?*] In Shakeſpeare's King Richard III. the King ſays to Buckingham,

' ——like a *Jack*, thou keep'ſt the *ſtroke*
' Betwixt thy begging and my meditation;'

on which paſſage are the following notes:

An image, like thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet ſtreet, and at the market-houſes at ſeveral towns in this kingdom, was uſually called a *Jack of the clock-houſe*. See Cowley's Diſcourſe on the Government

Will you ſtrike, Sir? Give's ſome more ſack, you varlet.

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good Uberto, go!
I am monſtrous hot with wine.

Uberto. Quench it again with love!
Gentlemen, I will drink one health more, and then,
If my legs ſay me not ſhamefully nay,
I will go with you. Give me a ſingular quart!

Drawer. Of what wine, Sir?

Uberto. Of ſack, you that ſpeak confuſion at the bar!
Of ſack, I ſay; and every one his quart,
What a devil, let's be merry!

Drawer. You ſhall, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pedro. We will, Sir; and a dried tongue.

Silvio. And an olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fidlers!
My head ſwims plaguily; 'uds precious, I ſhall be claw'd.

Enter Drawer with four quarts of wine.

Ric. Pray go! I can drink no more; think on your promiſe;
'Tis midnight, gentlemen.

Uberto. Oh, that it were dumb midnight now!
Not a word more! every man on's knees,
And betake himſelf to his ſaint: Here's to your wench, ſignor!
All this, and then away.

Ric. I cannot drink it.

Pedro. 'Tis a toy, a toy; away wi't!

Uberto. Now dare I
Speak any thing to any body living!
Come, where's the fault? Off with it.

Ric. I have broke
My wind. Call you this ſack? I wonder who made it;

---

of Oliver Cromwell. Richard reſembles Buckingham to one of thoſe automatons, and bids him not ſuſpend the ſtroke on the clock-bell, but ſtrike, that the hour may be paſt, and himſelf be at liberty to purſue his meditations. *Hawkins.*

So in The Fleire, a comedy, 1610.—'Their tongues are, like a *Jack o'the clock*, ſtill in labour.' *Steevens*

He

He was a ſure workman, for 'tis plaguy ſtrong work.
Is it gone round?
Uberto. 'Tis at the laſt. Out of my way, good boy!
Is the moon up yet?
Drawer. Yes, Sir.
Uberto. Where is ſhe, boy?
Drawer. There, Sir.
Uberto. We ſhall have rain and thunder, boy.
Drawer. When, Sir?
Uberto. I cannot tell; but ſure we ſhall, boy.
Drawer. The gentleman is wine-wiſe.
Uberto. Drawer!
Drawer. Here, Sir.
Uberto. Can you procure?
Drawer. What, Sir?
Uberto. A whore, or two, or three,
As need ſhall ſerve, boy?
Silvio. Ay, a good whore were worth money, boy.
Drawer. I proteſt, Sir, we are altogether unprovided.
Ric. The more's the pity, boy; can you not 'viſe us
Where, my child?
Drawer. Neither, in troth, Sir[6].
Pedro. Why, where were you brought up, boy?
No inkling of a whore? no aim, my boy?
Uberto. It cannot ſink in my head now that thou ſhouldſt marry;
Why ſhouldſt thou marry, tell me?
Ric. I marry? I'll be hang'd firſt.
Some more wine, boy!
Silvio. Is ſhe not a whore
Tranſlated? An ſhe be, let's repair to her!
Ric. I cannot tell; ſhe may be an offender:
But, ſignor Silvio, I ſhall ſcratch your head;
Indeed I ſhall.
Silvio. Judge me, I do but jeſt
With thee: What an ſhe were inverted, with
Her heels upward like a traitor's coat, what care I?

[6] Drawer. *Neither in troth, Sir.*] This little ſpeech is only in the firſt folio.

Uberto.

Uberto. Ay, hang her! ſhall we fall out for her?
Ric. I am a little angry. But theſe wenches!
Did you not talk of wenches?
Silvio. Boy, lend me your candle!
Drawer. Why, Sir?
Silvio. To ſet fire to your rotten ceiling:
You'll keep no whores, rogue, no good members!
Drawer. Whores, Sir?
Silvio. Ay, whores, Sir; do you think we come to lie
With your hogſheads?
Ric. I muſt beat the watch;
I have long'd for it any time this three weeks.
Silvio. We'll beat the town too, an thou wilt; we're proof, boy!
Shall we kill any body?
Ric. No; but we'll hurt 'em dangerouſly.
Uberto. Silvio, now muſt I kill one; I cannot avoid it.
Boy, eaſily afore there with your candle!
Where's your miſtreſs?
Drawer. A-bed, Sir.
Silvio. With whom?
Drawer. With my maſter.
Uberto. You lie, boy! ſhe's better brought up than to
Lie with her huſband; has he not caſt his head yet?
Next year he'll be a velvet-headed cuckold.
Drawer. You are a merry gentleman. There, Sir; take hold! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Viola.

Viola. This is the place! I have out-told the clock
For haſte; he is not here. Ricardo? No!
Now every power that loves and is belov'd,
Keep me from ſhame to-night! for you all know
Each thought of mine is innocent and pure,
As fleſh and blood can hold. I cannot back;
I threw the key within, and, ere I raiſe
My father up to ſee his daughter's ſhame,
I'll ſet me down, and tell the Northern wind,
That it is gentler than the curling Weſt,

If

If it will blow me dead! But he will come.
I'faith, 'tis cold. If he deceive me thus,
A woman will not eaſily truſt a man.
Hark! what's that?

Silvio [*within*]. Thou'rt over long at thy pot, Tom, Tom:
Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom. [*Singing.*

Viola. Bleſs me! Who's that?

Pedro [*within*]. Whoo!

Uberto [*within*]. There, boys!

Viola. Darkneſs, be thou my cover! I muſt fly;
To thee I haſte for help.—They have a light:

Enter Ricardo, Pedro, Uberto, Silvio, and Drawer with a torch.

Wind, if thou lov'ſt a virgin, blow it out!
And I will never ſhut a window more,
To keep thee from me.

Ric. Boy!

Drawer. Sir?

Ric. Why, boy!

Drawer. What ſay you, Sir?

Ric. Why, boy, art thou drunk, boy?

Drawer. What would you, Sir?

Ric. Why, very good; where are we?

Uberto. Ay, that's the point.

Drawer. Why, Sir, you will be at your lodging preſently.

Ric. I'll go to no lodging, boy.

Drawer. Whither will you go then, Sir?

Ric. I'll go no further.

Drawer. For God's ſake, Sir, do not ſtay here all night,

Ric. No more I will not:
Boy, lay me down, and roll me to a whore.

Uberto. And me.

Pedro. There ſpoke an——

Silvio [*ſinging*]. Then ſet your foot to my foot, and up tails all!

Viola.

Viola. That is Ricardo: What a noiſe they make!
It is ill done of 'em. Here, Sirs! Ricardo!
Ric. What's that, boy?
Drawer. 'Tis a wench, Sir: Pray, gentlemen, come away!
Viola. Oh, my dear love! how doſt thou?
Ric. Faith, ſweetheart,
Ev'n as thou ſeeſt.
Pedro. Where's thy wench?
Uberto. Where's this bed-worm?
Viola. Speak ſoftly, for the love of Heaven!
Drawer. Miſtreſs,
Get you gone, and don't entice the gentlemen,
Now you ſee they're drunk; or I'll call the watch,
And lay you faſt enough.
Viola. Alas, what are you?
Or, what do you mean? Sweet love, where's the place?
Ric. Marry, ſweet love, e'en here: Lie down; I'll feeſe thee.
Viola. Good God! What mean you?
Pedro. I will have the wench.
Uberto. If you can get her.
Silvio. No, I'll lie with
The wench to-night, and ſhe ſhall be yours tomorrow.
Pedro. Let go the wench!
Silvio. Let you go the wench!
Viola. Oh, gentlemen, as you had mothers——
Uberto. They had no mothers; they're the ſons of bitches.
Ric. Let that be maintain'd!
Silvio. Marry then——
Viola. Oh, bleſs me, Heav'n!
Uberto. How many is there on's?
Ric. About five.
Uberto. Why then, let's fight three to three.
Silvio. Content. [*Draw and fall down.*
Drawer. The watch! the watch! the watch! Where are you? [*Exit.*
Ric. Where are theſe cowards? [*Exit.*

Pedro,

Pedro. There's the whore.
Viola. I never ſaw a drunken man before;
But theſe I think are ſo.
Silvio. Oh!
Pedro. I miſs'd you narrowly there.
Viola. My ſtate is ſuch, I know not how to think
A prayer fit for me; only I could move,
That never maiden more might be in love! [*Exit.*

Enter Drawer, Conſtable and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, boy?
Drawer. Make no ſuch haſte, Sir; they are
No runners.
Uberto. I am hurt, but that's all one;
I ſhall light upon ſome of ye. Pedro,
Thou art a tall gentleman; let me kiſs thee!
Watch. My friend——
Uberto. Your friend? you lie!
Ric. Stand further off!
The watch? you're full of fleas.
Conſt. Gentlemen,
Either be quiet, or we muſt make you quiet.
Ric. Nay, good Mr. Conſtable, be not ſo rigorous!
Uberto. Mr. Conſtable, lend me thy hand of juſtice!
Conſt. That I will, Sir.
Uberto. Fy, Mr. Conſtable!
What golls you have? Is Juſtice
So blind you cannot ſee to waſh your hands?
I cry you mercy, Sir; your gloves are on.
Drawer. Now you are up, Sir, will you go to bed?
Pedro. I'll truckle here, boy; give me another pillow.
Drawer. Will you ſtand up, and let me lay it on then?
Pedro. Yes.
Drawer. There; hold him, two of ye. Now they are up,
Be going, Mr. Conſtable.

Ric.

Ric. And this way, and that way, Tom.
Uberto. And here away, and there away, Tom.
Silvio. This is the right way, the other's the wrong.
Pedro. Th' other's the wrong.
Omnes. Thou'rt over long at the pot, Tom, Tom.
Ric. Lead valiantly, ſweet Conſtable! whoop! ha, boys!
Conſt. This wine hunts in their heads.
Ric. Give me the bill, for I will be the ſergeant.
Conſt. Look to him, Sirs!
Ric. Keep your ranks, you raſcals, keep your ranks! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. I CANNOT ſleep for thinking of this aſs's wife!
I'll be gone preſently; there's no ſtaying here,
With this devil about me.—Ho! This is the houſe of ſleep.
Ho! again there! 'Sfoot, the darkneſs, and this love
Together, will make me lunatick. Ho!

Enter a Servingman above unready.

Serv. Who calls there?
Merc. Pray take the pains to riſe and light a candle.
Serv. Preſently.
Merc. Was ever man but I in ſuch a ſtocks?
Well, this ſhall be a warning to me, and
A fair one too, how I betray myſelf
To ſuch a dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Serv. Did you call?

Merc.

Merc. Yes: Pray do me the kindneſs, Sir, to let me out,
And not enquire why, for I muſt needs be gone.
Serv. Not to-night, I hope, Sir.
Merc. Good Sir, to-night;
I would not have troubled you elſe;
Pray let it be ſo!
Serv. Alas, Sir, my maſter will be offended.
Merc. That I have buſineſs? no, I warrant you.
Serv. Good Sir, take your reſt.
Merc. Pray, my good friend,
Let me appoint my own reſt.
Serv. Yes, Sir.
Merc. Then ſhew me the way out; I'll conſider you.
Serv. Good Lord, Sir——
Merc. If I had not
An excellent-temper'd patience, now ſhould I break
This fellow's head, and make him underſtand
'Twere neceſſary; the only plague
Of this houſe is th' unhandſome love of ſervants,
That never do their duty i' th' right place,
But when they muſter before dinner[7],
And ſweep the table with a wooden dagger,
And then they're troubleſome too, to all mens ſhoulders.—
The woodcock's fluſh'd again; now I ſhall have
A new ſtir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Why, how how, friend? what do you up ſo late?
Are you well? do you want any thing? Pray ſpeak.
Merc. Only the cauſe I riſe for.
Ant. What knaves are theſe!

[7] ——— *muſter* before *dinner*,
And ſweep the table with a wooden dagger.] The difficulties in this paſſage are what in all appearance cannot be got over, without a greater knowledge of the cuſtoms and manners of our Authors times than I am maſter of. *Sympſon.*
This ſeems to be a temporary alluſion, of which, it is probable, no explanation can now be obtained.

What

What do you want? Why, ſirrah!

Merc. Nothing i'th' world,
But th' keys to let me out of doors; I muſt be gone:
Be not againſt it, for you cannot ſtay me.

Ant. Be gone at this time? that were a merry jeſt.

Merc. If there be any mirth in't, make you uſe on't,
But I muſt go.

Ant. Why, for love's ſake?

Merc. 'Twill benefit
Your underſtanding nothing to know the cauſe.
Pray go to bed; I'll trouble your man only.

Ant. Nay, Sir, you have rais'd more, that has reaſon
To curſe you, an you knew all? my wife's up,
And coming down too.

Merc. Alas, it will be
A trouble: Pray go up to her, and let me
Diſturb no more; it is unmannerly.

Enter Maria, as out of bed.

Ant. She's here already.
Sweetheart, how ſay you by this gentleman?
He would away at midnight.

Maria. That I am
Sure he will not.

Merc. Indeed I muſt.

Maria. Good Sir,
Let not your homely entertainment preſs you
To leave your bed at midnight! If you want
What my houſe, or our town, may afford you,
Make it your own fault if you call not for it.
Pray go to bed again! let me compel you:
I'm ſure you've no pow'r to deny a woman.
The air is piercing;
And, to a body beaten with long travel,
'Twill prove an ill phyſician.

Merc. If ſhe
Speak longer I ſhall be a knave, as rank
As e'er ſweat for it.—Sir, if you will ſend
Your wife up preſently, I'll either ſtay

With

With you, (d'ye mark me?) or deliver you
So juſt a cauſe that you yourſelf ſhall thruſt
Me out of doors, both ſuddenly and willingly.
Ant. I'd fain hear that, 'faith!—Pray thee go up, ſweetheart!
I've half perſuaded him; beſides, he hath
Some private buſineſs with me.
Maria. Good night, Sir!
And what content you would have, I wiſh with you. [*Ex.*
Merc. Could any man that had a back aſk more?
Oh, me! oh, me!
Ant. Now deal directly with me:
Why ſhould you go?
Merc. If you be wiſe, do not enquire the cauſe;
'Twill trouble you.
Ant. Why? prithee why?
Merc. I'faith,
I would not have you know it; let me go!
'Twill be far better for you.
Ant. Who is that,
That knocks there? is't not at the ſtreet-door?
Serv. Yes, Sir.
Ant. Who's there? cannot you ſpeak?
Viola [*within*]. A poor
Diſtreſſed maid; for God's ſake, let me in!
Merc. Let her in, and me out together; 'tis but one labour:
'Tis pity ſhe ſhould ſtand i'th' ſtreet. It ſeems
She knows you.
Ant. There ſhe ſhall ſtand for me: You're ignorant;
This is a common cuſtom of the rogues
That lie about the looſe parts of the city.
Merc. As how?
Ant. To knock at doors in dead time of night,
And uſe ſome feigned voice to raiſe compaſſion;
And when the doors are open, in they ruſh,
And cut the throats of all, and take the booty:
We cannot be too careful.
Viola [*within*]. As ever you had pity,

Let me in! I am undone elſe.
Ant. Who are you?
Viola. My name is Viola, a gentlewoman
That ill chance hath diſtreſs'd; you know my father,
Merc. Alas of God! we'll let her in; 'tis one
O'th' gentlewomen were here in the evening;
I know her by her name: Poor ſoul! ſhe's cold,
I warrant her; let her have my warm bed,
And I will take her fortune: Come, pray come!
Ant. It is not Viola, that's certain;
She went home to her father's, I am ſure.
Viola. Will not you be ſo good to let me in?
Ant. I'll be ſo good to have you whipt away,
If you ſtay a little longer. She is gone,
I warrant her. Now let me know your cauſe,
For I will hear't, and not repent the knowing.
Merc. Since you are ſo importunate, I'll tell you:
I love your wife extremely.
Ant. Very well.
Merc. And ſo well that I dare not ſtay.
Ant. Why?
Merc. For wronging you: I know I'm fleſh and blood,
And you have done me friendſhips infinite and often,
That muſt require me honeſt, and a true man;
And I will be ſo, or I'll break my heart.
Ant. Why, you may ſtay for all this, methinks.
Merc. No; tho' I would be good, I am no ſaint,
Nor is it ſafe to try me: I deal plainly.
Ant. Come, I dare try you; do the beſt you can.
Merc. You ſhall not:
When I am right again, I'll come and ſee you;
'Till when, I'll uſe all countries, and all means,
But I will loſe this folly; 'tis a devil!
Ant. Is there no way to ſtay you?
Merc. No; unleſs
You'll have me ſuch a villain to you, as all men
Shall ſpit at me.
Ant. Does ſhe know you love her?
Merc. No; I hope not: That were recompenſe

Fit

Fit for a rogue to render her.
Ant. If ever any
Had a faithful friend, I am that man, and I
May glory in it! This is he, that *ipſe*, he,
That paſſes all Chriſtendom for goodneſs.
He ſhall not overgo me in his friendſhip;
'Twere recreant and baſe, and I'll be hang'd firſt;
I am reſolved: Go thy ways; a wife
Shall never part us: I've conſider'd, and
I find her nothing to ſuch a friend as thou art.
I'll ſpeak a bold word; take your time and wooe her,
(You've overcome me clearly)
And do what's fitting with her—you conceive me.
I'm glad at heart you love her, by this light!
Ne'er ſtare upon me, for I will not fly from't!
If you had ſpoken ſooner, ſure you had been ſerv'd:
Sir, you're not ev'ry man. Now to your taſk!
I give you free leave; and the ſin is mine,
If there be any in it.
Merc. He'll be hang'd
Before he makes this good: He cannot be
So innocent a Coxcomb; he can tell ten ſure!—
If I had never known you, as I have done,
I might be one, as others, perhaps ſooner;
But now it is impoſſible, there's too
Much good between us.
Ant. Well, thou'rt e'en the beſt man—
I can ſay no more, I am ſo overjoy'd!
You muſt ſtay this night, and in the morning go
As early as you pleaſe; I have a toy for you.
Merc. I thought this pill would make you ſick.
Ant. But where you mean to be I muſt have notice,
And it muſt be hard by too: Do you mark me?
Merc. Why, what's the matter?
Ant. There is a thing in hand.
Merc. Why, what thing?
Ant. A ſound one, if it take right, and you be not
Peeviſh. We two will be (you'ld little think it)
As famous for our friendſhip——

Merc. How?

Ant. If Heaven pleaſe,
As ever Damon was, and Pytheas;
Or Pylades, and Oreſtes; or any two
That ever were: Do you conceive me yet?

Merc. No, by my troth, Sir!—He'll not help me up ſure?

Ant. You ſhall anon; and, for our names, I think
They ſhall live after us, and be remember'd
While there's a ſtory, or I'll loſe my aim.

Merc. What a vengeance ails he? How do you?

Ant. Yes, faith,
We two will be ſuch friends as the world ſhall ring of.

Merc. And why is all this?

Ant. You ſhall enjoy my wife.

Merc. Away, away!

Ant. The wonder muſt begin.
So I have caſt it, ('twill be ſcurvy elſe)
You ſhall not ſtir a foot in't: Pray be quiet
'Till I have made it perfect.

Merc. What ſhall a man do with this wretched fellow?
There is no mercy to be us'd towards him;
He is not capable of any pity;
He will, in ſpite of courſe, be a cuckold[a];
And who can help it?—Muſt it begin ſo, needs, Sir?
Think again.

Ant. Yes, marry muſt it;
And I myſelf will wooe this woman for you:
Do you perceive it now? ha?

Merc. Yes; now I have a little ſight i'th' matter.—
Oh, that thy head ſhould be ſo monſtrous,
That all thy ſervants' hats may hang upon't!—
But, do you mean to do this?

Ant. Yes, certain; I will wooe her, and for you.
Strive not againſt it; 'tis the overthrow
Of the beſt plot that ever was then.

Merc. Nay,
I will aſſure you, Sir, I'll do no harm;—

[a] *In ſpight of* courſe.] Seward would ſubſtitute *courteſy* for *courſe*.

You

You have too much about you of your own,
Ant. Have you thought of a place yet?
Merc. A place?
Ant. Ay, a place where you will bide:
Prithee no more of this modeſty; 'tis fooliſh!
An we were not determined to be
Abſolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.
Merc. I have thought, and you ſhall hear from me.
Ant. Why, this will gain me everlaſting glory!
I have the better of him, that's my comfort!
Good night! [*Exit.*
Merc. Good night!—
Well, go thy ways! thou art the tidieſt wittol
This day I think above ground;
And yet thy end for all this muſt be motly. [*Exit.*

Enter Tinker and Dorothy.

Tinker. 'Tis bitter cold. A plague upon theſe rogues,
How wary they are grown! not a door open now,
But double-barred; not a window,
But up with a caſe of wood, like a ſpice-box;
And their locks unpickable! the very ſmiths
That were half venturers, drink penitent ſingle ale:
This is the iron age the ballad ſings of.
Well, I ſhall meet with ſome of your looſe linen yet;
Good fellows muſt not ſtarve; here's he ſhall ſhew
You God-a-mighty's dog-bolts, if this hold.
Dor. Faith, thou art but too merciful, that's thy fault;
Thou art as ſweet a thief, that ſin excepted,
As ever ſuffer'd; that is a proud word,
And I'll maintain it.
Tinker. Come, prithee let's ſhog off[9],

[9] *Shog off*] This cant word is uſed by Nym, in Shakeſpeare's Henry V. act ii. ſcene i.

'Will you *ſhog off?* I would have you ſolus.'

Again, in Marſton's What You Will, act v. ſcene i.

'——— why then, capricious mirth,
'Skip light meaſures in our frolick blood,
'Plugg'd veins, ſweet, plump with freſh-infuſed joys,
'Laughter, pucker our cheeks, make ſhoulders *ſhog*

And bowze an hour or two[10]; there's ale will make
A cat ſpeak at the Harrow: We ſhall get nothing now,
Without we batter; it is grown too near
Morning; the rogues ſleep ſober, and are watchful.

Dor. We want a boy extremely for this function,
Kept under for a year, with milk and knot-graſs.
In my time I have ſeen a boy do wonders:
Robin the red tinker had a boy,
(God reſt his ſoul, he ſuffer'd this time four years
For two ſpoons, and a pewter candleſtick)
That ſweet man had a boy, as I am curſten'd whore,
Would have run thro' a cat-hole; he would
Have boulted ſuch a piece of linen in an evening—

Tinker. Well, we will have a boy. Prithee let's go!
I am vengeance cold, I tell thee.

Dor. I'll be hang'd
Before I ſtir without ſome purchaſe! By theſe
Ten bones, I'll turn ſhe-ape, and untile a houſe,
But I will have it! It may be I have
A humour to be hang'd, I cannot tell.

Enter Viola.

Tinker. Peace, you flea'd whore! thou haſt a mouth like a blood-hound:
Here comes a night-ſhade.

Dor. A gentlewoman-whore;
By this darkneſs, I'll caſe her to the ſkin.

Tinker. Peace, I ſay!

Viola. What fear have I endur'd this diſmal night!
And what diſgrace, if I were ſeen and known!
In which this darkneſs only is my friend,
That only has undone me. A thouſand curſes
Light on my eaſy, fooliſh, childiſh love,

'With chucking lightneſs, &c.'
Again, in Jack Drum's Entertainment,
'Liſt to the muſic that corrupts the gods,
'Subverts even deſtiny, and thus it *ſhogs*. *R.*

[10] Browze *an hour or two.*] The text is from Mr. Theobald's margin. I conjectured we ſhould read *rouſe*, i. e. *carouſe*, but it is a matter of no great moment. *Sympſon.*

That

That durſt ſo lightly lay a confidence
Upon a man, ſo many being falſe!
My wearineſs, and weeping, makes me ſleepy;
I muſt lie down.
Tinker. What's this? a prayer, or
A homily, or a ballad of good counſel?
She has a gown, I'm ſure.
Dor. Knock out her brains!
And then ſhe'll never bite.
Tinker. Yes, I will knock her,
But not yet.—You! woman!
Viola. For God's ſake, what are you?
Tinker. One of the grooms of your wardrobe. Come,
Uncaſe, uncaſe! By'r lady, a good kerſey!
Viola. Pray do not hurt me, Sir.
Dor. Let's have no pity [11];
For if you do, here's that ſhall cut your whiſtle.
Viola. Alas, what would you have? I am as miſerable
As you can make me any way.
Dor. That ſhall be tried.
Viola. Here, take my gown, if that will do you pleaſure.
Tinker. Yes, marry will't. Look in the pockets, Doll;
There may be birds.
Dor. They're flown, a pox go with them!
I'll have this hat, and this ruff too; I like it:
Now will I flouriſh like a lady brave,
I'faith, boy.
Viola. You are ſo gentle people, to my ſeeming,
That by my truth I could live with you!
Tinker. Could you ſo?
A pretty young round wench, well-blooded; I
Am for her [12].
Dor. But by this, I am not; cool
Your codpiece, rogue! or I will clap a ſpell on't,

[11] *Let's have no pity*] *i. e.* No crying out for pity. *Sympſon.*

[12] *Am for her,* thieves.] *Thieves* has ſtolen into the text here very unaccountably. If the ſpeech is, or is not curtail'd, as I can't promiſe, yet there is no reaſon for *thieves* ſtanding here, as there is nothing to which it can probably refer. There are but two ways I know of that we can rid the text of it; the firſt is by expunging it

Shall take your edge off with a very vengeance.
Tinker. Peace, horſe-fleſh, peace! I'll caſt off my Amazon;
Sh' has walk'd too long, and is indeed notorious,
She'll fight and ſcold, and drink like one o'th' worthies.
Dor. Uds precious,
You young contagious whore, muſt you be ticeing?
And, is your fleſh ſo rank, Sir, that two may live upon't?
I'm glad to hear your curtal's [13] grown ſo luſty;
He was dry-founder'd t'other day; wehee,
My pamper'd jade of Aſia [14]!
Viola. Good woman, do not hurt me! I am ſorry
That I have given any cauſe of anger.
Dor. Either bind her quickly, and come away, or by
This ſteel I'll tell, altho' I truſs for company!
Now could I eat her broil'd, or any way,
Without vinegar: I muſt have her noſe!
Viola. By any thing you love beſt, good Sir! good woman!
Tinker. Why her noſe, Dorothy?
Dor. If I have it not,
And preſently, and warm, I loſe that I go withal.
Tinker. 'Would the devil had that thou goeſt withal,
And thee together! for ſure he got thy whelps,
If thou haſt any; he's thy dear dad [15]. Whore,

as I have done, and the ſecond by ſuppoſing that it is a corruption of *this*, and ſituate in a wrong place, and that the paſſage once run thus,

' *A pretty young round wench well blooded*, this,
I'm for her———' *Sympſon.*

[13] *Curtal.*] In Ben Jonſon's Maſque called Chloridia, a Poſtilion ſays, 'Look to my *curtal*,' (according to which we have reformed the orthography); and Mr. Whalley ſays,

'A *curtal* is a *ſmall horſe*; properly one who hath his tail *dock'd* 'or *curtailed*.'

[14] *My pamper'd jade of Aſia.*] This is plainly meant as a burleſque on this line in Marlow's Tamerlane:

'Holla, you *pamper'd jades of Aſia*;'

which is alſo ridiculed in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. ſcene iv. *R.*

[15] She's *thy dear dad*, ——] Common ſenſe, as Mr. Seward ſaw too, calls out for a change of *She's* into *He's*. *Sympſon*

Put

Put up your cut-purſe! an I take my ſwitch up,
'Twill be a black time with you elſe; ſheath your bung, whore!
Dor. Will you bind her?
We ſhall ſtand here prating, and be hang'd both.
Tinker. Come, I muſt bind you: Not a word; no crying!
Viola. Do what you will, indeed I will not cry.
Tinker. Hurt her not: If thou doſt, by ale and beer,
I'll clout thy old bald brain-pan with a piece
Of braſs, you bitch incarnate. [*Exe. Tinker and Dor.*
Viola. Oh, Heav'n, to what am I reſerv'd! that knew not,
Thro' all my childiſh hours and actions,
More ſin than poor imagination,
And too-much loving of a faithleſs man,
For which I'm paid; and ſo, that not the day
That now is riſing to protect the harmleſs,
And give the innocent a ſanctuary
From thieves and ſpoilers, can deliver me
From ſhame, at leaſt ſuſpicion!

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah, lead down
The horſes eaſily! I'll walk a-foot
'Till I be down the hill. 'Tis very early;
I ſhall reach home betimes. How now? who's there?
Viola. Night, that was ever friend to lovers, yet
Has rais'd ſome weary ſoul, that hates his bed,
To come and ſee me bluſh, and then laugh at me.
Val. H'had a rude heart that did this.
Viola. Gentle Sir,
If you have that which honeſt men call pity,
And be as far from evil as you ſhew,
Help a poor maid, that this night by bad fortune
Has been thus us'd by robbers.
Val. A pox upon his heart that would not help thee!
This thief was half a lawyer, by his bands.
How long have you been tied here?

Viola.

Viola. Alas,
This hour, and with cold and fear am almoſt periſh'd.
Val. Where were the watch the while? Good ſober gentlemen!
They were, like careful members of the city,
Drawing in diligent ale, and ſinging catches,
While Mr. Conſtable contriv'd the toaſts.
Theſe fellows ſhould be more ſeverely puniſh'd
Than wandring gipſies, that ev'ry ſtatute whips;
For if they'd every one two eyes apiece more,
Three pots would put them out.
Viola. I cannot tell;
I found no Chriſtian to give me ſuccour.
Val. When they take a thief,
I'll take Oſtend again[16]: The whoreſons
Drink opium in their ale, and then they ſleep
Like tops; as for their bills, they only ſerve
To reach down bacon to make raſhers on.
Now let me know to whom I've done this courteſy,
That I may thank my early riſing for it.
Viola. Sir, all I am, you ſee.
Val. You have a name, I'm ſure, and a kindred,
A father, friend, or ſomething that muſt own you.—
She's a handſome young wench: What rogues were theſe to rob her!
Viola. Sir, you ſee all I dare reveal; and, as
You are a gentleman, preſs me no further!
For there begins a grief, whoſe bitterneſs
Will break a ſtronger heart than I have in me;
And 'twill but make you heavy with the hearing:
For your own goodneſs ſake, deſire it not!
Val. If you would not have me enquire that,
How do you live then?
Viola. How I have liv'd, is
Still one queſtion, which muſt not be reſolv'd:
How I deſire to live, is in your liking;
So worthy an opinion I have of you.
Val. Is in my liking? How, I pray thee? tell me!

[16] *Oſtend*] See note 13 on the Woman's Prize.

Faith,

I'faith, I'll do you any good lies in my power.—
She has an eye would raiſe a bed-rid man:
Come, leave your fear, and tell me; that's a good wench!

Viola. Sir, I would ſerve——

Val. Who wouldſt thou ſerve? Don't weep,
And tell me.

Viola. Faith, Sir, even ſome good woman;
And ſuch a wife, if you be married,
I do imagine yours.

Val. Alas! thou'rt young and tender;
Let me ſee thy hand! This was ne'er made to waſh,
Or wind up water, beat cloaths, or rub a floor.
By this light, for one uſe, that ſhall be nameleſs,
'Tis the beſt wanton hand that e'er I look'd on!

Viola. Dare you accept me, Sir? my heart is honeſt:
Among your virtuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the leaſt.

Val. Thou canſt in a chamber?

Viola. In a chamber, Sir?

Val. I mean, wait there upon a gentlewoman.—
How quick ſhe is! I like that mainly too;
I'll have her, tho' I keep her with main ſtrength,
Like a beſieg'd town; for I know I ſhall
Have th' enemy afore me within a week.

Viola. Sir, I can ſow too, and make pretty laces,
Dreſs a head handſome, teach young gentlewomen;
For in all theſe I have a little knowledge.

Val. 'Tis well;—no doubt I ſhall encreaſe that knowledge.
I like her better ſtill; how ſhe provokes me!—
Pretty young maid, you ſhall ſerve a good gentlewoman,
Tho' I ſay it, that will not be unwilling
You ſhould pleaſe me, nor I forgetful if you do.

Viola. I am the happier.

Val. My man ſhall make ſome ſhift to carry you
Behind him: Can you ride well?

Viola. But I'll hold faſt,

For

For catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way
To pull another on you.—I'll work her as I go:
I know ſhe's wax! Now, now, at this time could I
Beget a worthy on this wench.

Viola. Sir, for
This gentleneſs, may Heav'n requite you tenfold!

Val. 'Tis a good wench! however others uſe thee,
Be ſure I'll be a loving maſter to thee. Come! [*Exe.*

Enter Antonio like an Iriſh footman, with a letter.

Ant. I hope I'm wild enough for being known!
I've writ a letter here, and in it have
Abus'd myſelf moſt bitterly, yet, all
My fear is, not enough,
For that muſt do it, that muſt lay it on:
I'll win her out o'th' flint; 'twill be more famous.
Now for my language!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Now, Sir; who'd you ſpeak with?

Ant. Where be thy maſtres, man? I'd ſpake with her:
I have a letter.

Serv. Cannot I deliver it?

Ant. No, by my trot and fait, canſt thou not, man.

Serv. Well, Sir, I'll call her to you; pray ſhake your ears
Without a little. [*Exit.*

Ant. Cran a cree, do it quickly!
This rebel tongue[16] ſticks in my teeth
Worſe than a tough hen: Sure it was
Ne'er known at Babel; for they ſold no apples,
And this was made for certain at the firſt
Planting of orchards, it is ſo crabbed.

Enter Maria and Servant.

Maria. What's he would ſpeak with me?

Serv. A Kilkenny ring;

[16] *This* rebel *tongue.*] See note 26 on this Play.

There

There he ſtands, madam.

Maria. What would you have with me, friend?

Ant. He has a letter for other women; wilt thou read it?

Maria. From whence?

Ant. De croſſe Creeſt, from my maſter!

Maria. Who is your maſter?

Ant. I pray do you look.

Maria. Do you know this fellow?

Serv. No,

Madam, not I, more than an Iriſh footman.
Stand further, friend; I do not like your rope-runners.
What ſtallion rogues are theſe, to wear ſuch trowſers[17]!
The very cotton may commit adultery.

Maria. I can't find whoſe hand this ſhould be; I'll read:

'To the beauteous wife of don Antonio.'

Sure this is ſome blind ſcribe! Well! now what follows?

Ant. Pray God it take! I have given her that.
Will ſtir her conſcience; how it works with her!
Hope, if it be thy will, let the fleſh have it!

Maria. This is the moſt abhorr'd, intolerable knavery,
That e'er ſlave entertain'd! Sure there is more
Than thine own head in
This villainy; it goes like practis'd miſchief.
Diſabled in his body? Oh, good God!
As I live, he lies fearfully, and baſely.
Ha!. I ſhould know that jewel; 'tis my huſband!—
Come hither, ſirrah; are you an Iriſhman?

Ant. Sweet woman, a tree, I am an Iriſhman.

Mar. Now I know't perfectly: Is this your trick, Sir?
I'll trick you for it!—How long have you ſerv'd
This gentleman?

Ant. Pleaſe thee, a little day,
O my Mac Dermond put me to my maſtree.—
'Tis done, I know.

[17] *To wear ſuch* dowſets.] The variation by Sympſon.

Maria.

Maria. By my faith, he ſpeaks as well
As if he had been louſy for the language
A year or two. Well, Sir, you had better
Have kept in your own ſhape, as I will uſe you.
What have I done that ſhould deſerve this trial?
I never made him cuckold, to my knowledge.
Sirrah, come hither!

Ant. Now will ſhe ſend ſome jewel,
Or ſome letter; I know her mind as well!
I ſhall be famous.

Maria. Take this Iriſh bawd here——

Ant. How!

Maria. And kick him 'till his breeches
And breech be of one colour, a bright-blue both!

Ant. I may be well ſwing'd thus, for I dare not
Reveal myſelf: I hope ſhe does not mean it.

[*Servant kicks him.*

Oh, hone! oh, hone! oh, St. Patrick! oh, a cree!
Oh, ſweet woman!

Maria. Now turn him,
And kick him o' t'other ſide! that's well.

Ant. Oh, good waiting-man! I beſeech thee,
Good waiting-man!—A pox fire your legs!

Maria. You rogue,
You enemy to all, but little breeches,
How dar'ſt thou come to me with ſuch a letter?

Ant. Prithee
Pity th' poor Iriſhman!—All this makes for me:
If I win her yet, I'm ſtill more glorious.

Maria. Now could I weep at what I've done; but I'll
Harden my heart again.—Go, ſhut him up
Until my huſband comes home. Yet thus much
Ere you go, ſirrah Thatch'd-Head! wouldſt not thou
Be whipt, and think it juſtice?—
Well *Aquavitæ* barrel, I'll bounce you.

Ant. I pray, do, I beſeech you, be not angry!

Maria. Oh, you hobby-headed raſcal, I'll have you flead,

And

And troſſers [18] made of thy ſkin to tumble in.
Go, away with him! let him ſee no ſun,
'Till my huſband come home.—Sir, I
Shall meet with you for your knavery,
I fear it not.

Ant. Wilt thou not let me go?—
I do not like this.

Maria. Away with him!

Serv. Come, I'll lead you in by your jack-a-lent hair.
Go quietly, or I'll make your crupper crack!

Maria. And, do you hear me, ſirrah? when you've done,
Make my coach ready.

Serv. Yes, forſooth. [*Exit with Antonio.*

Maria. Lock him up ſafe enough.—
I'll to this gentleman, and know the reaſon
Of all this buſineſs, for I do ſuſpect it;
If he have laid this plot, I'll ring him ſuch a peal
Shall make his ears deaf for a month at leaſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Ricardo.

Ric. Am I not mad? Can this weak-temper'd head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a virgin, and my love?
Be mad, for ſo thou ought'ſt, or I will beat
The walls and trees down with thee, and will let
Either thy memory out, or madneſs in!
But ſure I never lov'd fair Viola,
I never lov'd my father, nor my mother,
Or any thing but drink! Had I had love,
Nay, had I known ſo much charity [19]

[18] *Troſſers.*] *Troſſers* appear to have been *looſe breeches:* The word is ſtill preſerved, but now written *trowſers.* *Steevens.*

[19] *Had I known ſo much charity.*] The omiſſion of a particle here hurts the ſenſe, as well as the meaſure: *To know ſo much charity*, is to poſſeſs ſo much charity; but to *know ſo much* OF *charity*, is to hear or read ſo much *of* it, as that it is a duty to ſave an infant from the fire; which is a ſtronger excluſion of himſelf to all pretence of charity. *Seward.*

We think the old reading right.

As

As would have ſav'd an infant from the fire,
I had been naked, raving in the ſtreet,
With half a face, gaſhing myſelf with knives,
Two hours ere this time.

Enter Pedro, Silvio, and Uberto.

Pedro. Good morrow, Sir!

Ric. Good morrow, gentlemen!
Shall we go drink again? I have my wits.

Pedro. So have I, but they're unſettled ones:
'Would I'd ſome porridge!

Ric. The tavern-boy was here this morning with me,
And told me, that there was a gentlewoman,
Which he took for a whore, that hung on me,
For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

Pedro. I'faith, nor I.

Uberto. I have a glimmering
Of ſome ſuch thing.

Ric. Was it you, Silvio,
That made me drink ſo much? 'twas you or Pedro.

Pedro. I know not who.

Silvio. We were all apt enough.

Ric. But I will lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be ſo entreated!—Come, Silvio,
Shall we go drink again? Come, gentlemen,
Why do you ſtay? Let's never leave off now,
Whilſt we have wine, and throats! I'll practiſe it,
'Till I have made it my beſt quality;
For what is beſt for me to do but that?
For Heav'n ſake, come and drink! When I am nam'd,
Men ſhall make anſwer, 'Which Ricardo mean you?
'The excellent drinker?' I will have it ſo.
Will you go drink?

Silvio. We drunk too much too lately.

Ric. Why, there is then the leſs behind to drink:
Let's end it all! diſpatch that, we'll ſend abroad,
And purchaſe all the wine the world can yield,
And drink it off; then take the fruits o'th' earth,
Diſtil the juice from them, and drink that off;

We'll

We'll catch the rain before it fall to ground,
And drink off that, that never more may grow [20];
We'll ſet our mouths to ſprings, and drink them off;
And all this while we'll never think of thoſe
That love us beſt, more than we did laſt night.
We will not give unto the poor a drop
Of all this drink; but, when we ſee them weep,
We'll run to them, and drink their tears off too:
We'll never leave whilſt there is heat or moiſture
In this large globe; but ſuck it cold and dry,
'Till we have made it elemental earth,
Merely by drinking.

Pedro. Is it flattery
To tell you, you are mad?

Ric. If it be falſe,
There's no ſuch way to bind me to a man;
He that will have me lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more but ſay,
'Ricardo, thou art mad!' and then all theſe
Are at his ſervice; then he pleaſes me,
And makes me think that I had virtue in me,
That I had love and tenderneſs of heart;
That, tho' I have committed ſuch a fault
As never creature did, yet running mad,
As honeſt men ſhould do for ſuch a crime,
I have expreſs'd ſome worth, tho' it be late:
But I, alas, have none of theſe in me,
But keep my wits ſtill like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.

Silvio. Nay, good Ricardo,
Leave this wild talk, and ſend a letter to her!
I will deliver it.

Ric. 'Tis to no purpoſe;
Perhaps ſhe's loſt laſt night; or, if ſhe is
Got home again, ſhe's now ſo ſtrictly look'd-to
The wind can ſcarce come to her: Or, admit
She were herſelf, if ſhe would hear from me,

[20] *That never more may grow;*] i. e. *That nothing more may ever grow.* The expreſſion is ſtrong, but not very clear. *Seward.*

From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
She were ſo fooliſh that ſhe were no more
To be belov'd.

Enter Andrugio, and Servant with a night-gown.

Serv. Sir, we have found this night-gown ſhe took with her.

Andr. Where[21]?

Ric. Where? where? ſpeak quickly!

Serv. Searching in the ſuburbs,
We found a Tinker and his whore that had
It in a tap-houſe, whom we apprehended,
And they confeſs'd they ſtole it from her.

Ric. And murder'd her?

Silvio. What ail you, man?

Ric. Why, all this doth not make
Me mad.

Silvio. It does; you would not offer this elſe.
Good Pedro, look to's ſword!

Serv. They do deny
The killing of her, but ſwore they
Left her tied to a tree, i' th' fields next thoſe
Suburbs that are without Our Lady's gate,
Near day, and by the road, ſo that ſome paſſenger
Muſt needs unty her quickly.

Andr. The will of Heav'n be done! Sir, I will only
Entreat you this, that as you were the greateſt
Occaſion of her loſs, that you'll be pleas'd
To urge your friends, and be yourſelf earneſt
I' th' ſearch of her: If ſhe be found, ſhe is yours,
If ſhe pleaſe. I myſelf only will ſee theſe people
Better examined, and after follow
Some way in ſearch. God keep you, gentlemen! [*Ex.*

Silvio. Alas, good man!

Ric. What think ye now of me? I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of phlegm congeal'd,
Without a ſoul; for where there's ſo much ſpirit
As would but warm a flea, thoſe faults of mine

[21] *Andr. Where?*] Dropped ſince firſt folio.

Would

Would make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold thro' every ſin,
'Till it could burſt theſe walls, and fly away.—
Shall I entreat you all to take your horſes,
And ſearch this innocent?

Pedro. With all our hearts.

Ric. Do not divide yourſelves, till you come there
Where they ſay ſhe was tied: I'll follow too,
But never to return till ſhe be found.
Give me my ſword, good Pedro! I will do
No harm, believe me, with it; I am now
Far better-temper'd: If I were not ſo,
I have enow beſides. God keep you all,
And ſend us good ſucceſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Mercury and Servant.

Merc. WHO is it? can you tell?

Serv. By my troth, Sir,
I know not; but it is a gentlewoman.

Merc. A gentlewoman[21]? I'll lay my life, yon puppy,
Has ſent his wife to me: If he have, ſling up the bed.

Serv. Here ſhe is, Sir.

Enter Maria, with a letter.

Maria. I'm glad I found you, Sir. There, take your letter,
And keep it till you have another friend to wrong!
'Tis too malicious-falſe to make me ſin;
You have provok'd me to be that I love not,
A talker, and you ſhall
Hear me. Why ſhould you dare t' imagine me

[21] Merc. *A gentleman.*] There is neither ſenſe nor humour in this anſwer, and our Authors muſt undoubtedly have wrote it, *gentle-woman.* *Sympſon*

So light a houſewife, that, from four hours' knowledge,
You might preſume to offer to my credit
This rude and ruffian trial? I am ſure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens,
That might concern aſſurance[23]: You're a fool!
Merc. I cannot blame you, now I ſee this letter,
Tho' you be angry, yet with me you muſt not,
Unleſs you'll make me guilty of a wrong
My worſt affections hate.
Maria. Did not you ſend it?
Merc. No, upon my faith;
And which is more, I underſtand it not:
The hand is as far from my knowledge,
As the malice.
Maria. This is ſtrange!
Merc. It is ſo,
And had been ſtranger, and indeed more hateful,
Had I, that have receiv'd ſuch courteſies,
And owe ſo many thanks, done this baſe office.
Maria. Your name is at it.
Merc. Yes, but not my nature;
And I ſhall hate my name worſe than the manner[24],
For this baſe broking. You are wiſe and virtuous,
Remove this fault from me;
For, on the love I bear to truth and goodneſs,
This letter dare not name me for the author.
Maria. Now I perceive my huſband's knavery!
If my man can but find where he has been,
I will go with this gentleman, whatſoever
Comes on't; and, as I mean to carry it,

---

[23] Concern *aſſurance.*] Though the ſenſe of this place be not hard to find out, yet I am afraid the expreſſion is not very juſtifiable; as the word *tokens* occurs in the line above, I once thought we ſhould read, *conſign*, or *contain aſſurance*. *Sympſon.*

[24] *Than the* manner.] *Manner* is certainly, as Mr. Seward ſaw with me, a corruption, and the true reading, which he concurred in, *matter*, i. e. the ſubſtance or contents of the letter to which his name was ſubſcribed. *Sympſon.*

Matter is probably right; yet *manner* is uſed in old books for *the facts taken in the* MANNER.

Both

Both he and all the world ſhall think it fit,
And thank me for it.

Merc. I muſt confeſs I loved you at firſt;
Howe'er this made me leave your houſe unmannerly,
That might provoke me to do ſomething ill,
Both to your honour and my faith, and not
To write this letter, which I hold ſo truly
Wicked, that I won't think on't.

Maria. I do believe you, and ſince I ſee you're free,
My words were not meant to you: But this is not
The half of my affliction.

Merc. It is pity
You ſhould know more vexation; may I enquire?

Maria. Faith, Sir, I fear I've loſt my huſband.

Merc. Your huſband? it can't be. I pity her;
How ſhe is vex'd!

Enter Servant.

Maria. How now? what news? Nay, ſpeak,
For we muſt know.

Serv. Faith, I have found at length,
By chance, where he has been.

Maria. Where?

Serv. In a blind
Out-houſe i' th' ſuburbs: Pray God all be well with him!

Maria. Why?

Serv. There are his cloaths; but, what's become of him,
I cannot yet enquire[25].

Maria. I'm glad of this.—
Sure they have murder'd him! What ſhall I do?

Merc. Be not ſo griev'd, before you know the truth!
You've time enough to weep. This is the ſudden'ſt
Miſchief—Did you not bring an officer
To ſearch there, where you ſay you found his cloaths?

Serv. Yes; and we ſearch'd it, and charg'd the fellow with him;

[25] *I cannot yet* enquire.] *Enquire* means here *find out*. *Sympſon.*

But he, like a rogue, a ſtubborn rogue, made anſwer,
He knew not where he was; he had been there,
But where he was now he could not tell:
I tell you true, I fear him.
Maria. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him,
After this three-years' travel, come to this?
Serv. It is the rankeſt houſe in all the city,
The moſt curs'd roguy bawdy-houſe! Hell fire it!
Merc. This is the worſt I heard yet. Will you go home?
I'll bear you company, and give you the
Beſt help I may: This being here will wrong you.
Maria. As you're a gentleman, and as you lov'd
Your dead friend, let me not go home!
That will but heap one ſorrow on another.
Merc. Why, propoſe any thing, and I'll perform't;
I am at my wits' end too.
Serv. So am I. Oh, my dear maſter!
Merc. Peace, you great fool!
Maria. Then, good Sir, carry me to ſome retir'd place,
Far from the ſight of this unhappy city;
Whither you will indeed, ſo it be far enough!
Merc. If I might counſel you, I think 'twere better
To go home, and try what may be done yet;
He may be at home afore you; who can tell?
Maria. Oh, no; I know he's dead, I know he's murder'd!
Tell me not of going home! you murder me too.
Merc. Well, ſince it pleaſes you to have it ſo,
I will no more perſuade you to go home;
I'll be your guide in the country, as your grief
Doth command me. I've a mother, dwelling from
This place ſome twenty miles: The houſe tho' homely,
Yet able to ſhew ſomething like a welcome;
Thither I'll ſee you ſafe with all your ſorrows.
Maria. With all the ſpeed that may be thought upon!
I have a coach here ready; good Sir, quickly!—

I'll

I'll fit you, my fine huſband!
Merc. It ſhall be ſo:
If this fellow be dead, I ſee no band
Of any other man to tie me from my will;
And I will follow her with ſuch careful ſervice,
That ſhe ſhall either be my love, or wife.
Will you walk in?
Maria. I thank you, Sir; but one word with my man,
And I am ready!—Keep the Iriſh fellow
Safe, as you love your life, for he I fear
Has a deep hand in this; then ſearch again,
And get out warrants for that naughty man
That keeps the bad houſe, that he may anſwer it!
If you find the body, give it due burial.
Farewell! You ſhall hear from me. Keep all ſafe!
Serv. Oh, my ſweet maſter! [*Exeunt.*

Antonio, knocking within.

Ant. Man-a-cree,
The devil take thee, wilt thou kill me here?
I prithee now let me go ſeek my maſter;
I ſhall be very cheel elſe.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you hear, man-a-cree?
I'll cree your coxcomb, an you keep not ſtill;
Down, you rogue!
Ant. Good ſweet fact ſarving-man,
Let me out, I beſeech de, and by my trot
I will give dy worſhip two ſhillings in good argot,
To buy dy worſhip pipins.
Serv. This rogue thinks
All the worth of man conſiſts in pipins: By this light,
I'll beat rebellion out of you for ever[26]!
Ant. Wilt thou not hear me, man?
Is fet, I'll give thee all I have about me.
Serv. I thank you, Sir; ſo I may have picking work[27].

[26] *I'll beat* rebellion *out of you for ever.*] A ſecond ſlur this upon the rebellious Iriſh. *Sympſon.*

[27] *May have* picking *work.*] Meaning he was *louſy.* *Sympſon.*

Ant. Here is five ſhillings, man.
Serv. Here is a cudgel,
A very good one!

Enter two Servants.

2 *Serv.* How now? what's the matter?
Where is the Iriſhman?
1 *Serv.* There, a wyth take him [28]!
He makes more noiſe alone there, than ten lawyers
Can do with double fees, and a ſcurvy caſe [29].
2 *Serv.* Let him out! I muſt talk with him.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Wilt thou give me
Some drink, oh, hone? I am very dry, man.
2 *Serv.* You ſhall have that ſhall quench your thirſt, my friend.
Ant. Wat doſt thou mean, man?
2 *Serv.* Even a good tough halter.

[28] *A* wyth *take him.*] This expreſſion ſeems to be equivalent to that now uſed by the vulgar, *a halter take him*. *A wyth* appears to have been a *band* or *halter*. 'I heard a tale of a butcher, who driving 'two calves over a common, that were coupled together by the necks 'with an *oaken wyth*. In the way where they ſhould paſs, there lay 'a poor lean mare, with a gall'd back, to whom they coming (as 'chance fell out) one of one ſide, and the other of the other, ſmell-'ing on her, (as their manner is) the midſt of the *wyth* that was 'betwixt their necks rubbed her and grated her on the ſore back, that 'ſhe ſtarted and roſe up, and hung them both on her back as a beam; 'which being but a rough plaiſter to her raw ulcer, ſhe ran away 'with them (as ſhe were frantic) into the fens, where the butcher 'cou'd not follow them, and drowned both herſelf and them in a 'quagmire. Now the owner of the mare is in law with the butcher 'for the loſs of his mare, and the butcher interchangeably indicts 'him for his calves. *Pierce Penileſſe his Supplication to the Devil, by Tho. Naſhe*, 1593, p. 15.

This whimſical ſtory ſo much reſembles the caſe of Bullum and Boatum, told by the late Lecturer on Heads, that he might almoſt be ſuſpected to have borrowed the idea from Naſh. *R.*

[29] *With* double, *and a ſcurvy* caſe.] Mr. Seward propoſed reading *doubtful*, or *double and ſcurvy*, i. e. *doubly ſcurvy*. I only ſuppoſe a word has been dropt here by chance, and that the whole ran once,

——— *double* fees, *and a ſcurvy* cauſe.

i. e. doubly paid to plead a ſcurvy cauſe. *Sympſon.*

Ant.

Ant. A halter? oh, hone!
2 *Serv.* Sirrah,
You are a miſchievous rogue, that's the truth.
Ant. No, ſet I am not.
1 *Serv.* Shall I knock out his brains?
I have kill'd dogs have been worth three of him
For all uſes.
2 *Serv.* Sirrah, the truth on't is,
You muſt with me to a juſtice. Oh, Roger, Roger!
1 *Serv.* Why, what's the matter, William?
2 *Serv.* Heavy news, Roger,
Heavy news; God comfort us!
1 *Serv.* What is't, man?
Ant. What's the matter now?—I am ev'n weary
Of this way: 'Would I were out on't!
2 *Serv.* My maſter ſure
Is murder'd, Roger, and this curſed rogue,
I fear, has had a hand in't.
Ant. No, ſet, not!
1 *Serv.* Stand away!
I'll kick it out of him: Come, ſirrah, mount;
I'll make you dance, you raſcal! kill my maſter?
If thy breech were cannon-proof, having this
Good cauſe on my ſide, I would encounter it;
Hold fair, Shamrock!
Ant. Why, how now, Sirs!
You will not murder me, indeed?
2 *Serv.* Bleſs us, Roger!
Ant. Nay, I am no ſpirit.
2 *Serv.* How do you, Sir?
This is my very maſter.
Ant. Why, well enough yet;
But you've a heavy foot of your own. Where's my wife?
1 *Serv.* Alas, poor ſorrowful gentlewoman,
She thinks you're dead, and has given o'er houſekeeping.
Ant. Whither is ſhe gone then?
1 *Serv.* Into the country
With the gentleman, your friend, Sir,

To

To ſee if ſhe can wear her ſorrows out there:
She weeps and takes on too——
Ant. This falls out pat;
I ſhall be everlaſting for a name!—
Do you hear? upon your lives and faiths to me,
Not one word I am living!
But let the ſame report paſs along, that
I am murder'd ſtill.—I'm made for ever!
1 *Serv.* Why, Sir?
Ant. I have a cauſe, Sir; that's enough for you.—
Well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much:
For any thing I know, I will not trouble him
This week at leaſt; no, let them take their way
One of another!
1 *Serv.* Sir, will you be ſtill an Iriſhman?
Ant. Yes, a while.
2 *Serv.* But your worſhip will be beaten no more
Ant. No, I thank you, William.
1 *Serv.* In truth, Sir, if it muſt be ſo, I'll do it
Better than a ſtranger.
Ant. Go; you're knaves both!
But I forgive you.—I am almoſt mad
With the apprehenſion of what I ſhall be.—
Not a word, I charge you! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Viola.

Val. Come, pretty ſoul, we now are near our home,
And whilſt our horſes are walk'd down the hill,
Let thou and I walk here over this cloſe!
The footway is more pleaſant. 'Tis a time,
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love;
Art not thou ſo too? ha?
Viola. Nay, there are living things
Empty of love, or I had not been here;
But, for myſelf, alas, I have too much.
Val. It cannot be,
That ſo much beauty, ſo much youth and grace,
Should have too much of love.

Viola.

Viola. Pray what is love?
For I am full of that I do not know.
Val. Why, love, fair maid, is an extreme deſire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd;
To aſk the reaſon why thou art in love,
Or what might be the nobleſt end in love,
Would overthrow that kindly-riſing warmth,
That many times ſlides gently o'er the heart;
'Twould make thee grave and ſtaid, thy thoughts would be
Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,
And void of all compaſſion; and, to fright thee
From ſuch enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, freſh, and ſweet,
And but ſixteen, the knowing what love is
Would make thee ſix and forty.
Viola. 'Would it would make me nothing!—I have heard
Scholars affirm, the world's upheld by love,
But I believe, women maintain all this;
For there's no love in men.
Val. Yes, in ſome men.
Viola. I know them not.
Val. Why, there is love in me.
Viola. There's charity I'm ſure towards me.
Val. And love,
Which I will now expreſs: My pretty maid,
I dare not bring thee home; my wife is foul,
And therefore envious; ſhe is very old,
And therefore jealous; thou art fair and young,
A ſubject fit for her unlucky vices
To work upon; ſhe never will endure thee.
Viola. She may endure,
If ſhe be aught but devil, all the friendſhip
That I will hold with you. Can ſhe endure
I ſhould be thankful to you? may I pray
For you and her? will ſhe be brought to think,
That all the honeſt induſtry I have
Deſerves brown bread? If this may be endur'd,

She'll

She'll pick a quarrel with a ſleeping child,
Ere ſhe fall out with me.
Val. But, truſt me, ſhe does hate all handſomeneſs.
Viola. How fell you in love with ſuch a creature?
Val. I never lov'd her.
Viola. And yet married her?
Val. She was a rich one.
Viola. And you ſwore, I warrant you,
She was a fair one then too.
Val. Or, believe me,
I think I had not had her.
Viola. Are you men
All ſuch? 'Would you would wall us in a place,
Where all we women that are innocent
Might live together!
Val. Do not weep at this:
Altho' I dare not, for ſome weighty reaſon,
Diſpleaſe my wife, yet I'll forget not thee.
Viola. What will you do with me?
Val. Thou ſhalt be plac'd
At my man's houſe, and have ſuch food and raiment
As can be bought with money: Theſe white hands
Shall never learn to work, but they ſhall play,
As thou ſayſt they were wont, teaching the ſtrings
To move in order, or what elſe thou wilt.
Viola. I thank you, Sir; but pray you cloath me poorly,
And let my labour get me means to live!
Val. But, fair one, you I know do ſo much hate
A foul ingratitude, you will not look
I ſhould do this for nothing.
Viola. I will work
As much out as I can, and take as little; and
That you ſhall have as duly paid to you
As ever ſervant did.
Val. But give me now
A trial of it, that I may believe!
We are alone; ſhew me how thou wilt kiſs
And hug me hard, when I have ſtol'n away

From

From my too-clamorous wife that watches me,
To ſpend a bleſſed hour or two with thee!
Viola. Is this the love you mean? You would have that
Is not in me to give; you would have luſt.
Val. Not to diſſemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis luſt I wiſh indeed.
Viola. And, by my troth,
I have it not! For Heav'n's ſake, uſe me kindly,
Tho' I be good, and ſhew perhaps a monſter,
As this world goes!
Val. I do but ſpeak to thee;
Thy anſwers are thy own; I compel none:
But if thou refuſe this motion,
Thou art not then for me. Alas, good ſoul!
What profit can thy work bring me?
Viola. But I fear: I pray go! for luſt, they ſay, will grow
Outrageous, being denied. I give you thanks
For all your courteſies, and there's a jewel
That's worth the taking, that I did preſerve
Safe from the robbers. Pray you leave me here
Juſt as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heav'n will bleſs you for it!
Val. Pretty maid,
I am no robber, nor no raviſher.
I pray thee keep thy jewel. I have done
No wrong to thee. Tho' thou be'ſt virtuous,
And in extremity, I do not know
That I am bound to keep thee.
Viola. No, Sir;
For God's ſake, if you know an honeſt man
In all theſe countries, give me ſome directions
To find him out!
Val. More honeſt than myſelf,
Good ſooth, I do not know: I would have lain
With thee, with thy conſent; and who would not
In all theſe parts, is paſt my memory.
I'm ſorry for thee. Farewell, gentle maid;

God

God keep thee ſafe! [*Exit.*

Viola. I thank you, Sir; and you!
Woman, they ſay, was only made of man:
Methinks 'tis ſtrange they ſhould be ſo unlike!
It may be, all the beſt was cut away
To make the woman, and the naught was left
Behind with him.—I'll ſit me down and weep!
All things have caſt me from 'em but the earth:
The evening comes, and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter Nan and Madge, with milk-pails.

Nan. Good Madge,
Let's reſt a little; by my troth, I'm weary.
This new pail is a plaguy heavy one; 'would Tom
Were hang'd for chuſing it! 'tis the untoward'ſt
Fool in a country.

Madge. With all my heart, and I thank you too, Nan.

Viola. What true contented happineſs dwells here,
More than in cities! 'Would to God my father
Had liv'd like one of theſe, and bred me up
To milk, and do as they do! Methinks 'tis
A life that I would chuſe, if I were now
To tell my time again, above a prince's.—Maids,
For charity, give a poor wench one draught of milk,
That wearineſs and hunger have nigh famiſh'd!

Nan. If I'd but one cow's milk in all the world,
You ſhould have ſome on't: There; drink more! the cheeſe
Shall pay for it. Alas, poor heart, ſhe's dry.

Madge. Do you dwell hereabouts?

Viola. No; 'would I did!

Nan. Madge, if ſhe dos not look like my couſin Sue
O'th' Moor-lane, as one thing can look like another.

Madge. Nay; Sue has a hazle eye, I know Sue well:
And, by your leave, not ſo trim a body neither;
This is a feat-bodied thing I tell you.

Nan. She laces cloſe
By the maſs, I warrant you; and ſo does Sue too.

Viola.

Viola. I thank you for your gentleneſs, fair maids.
Nan. Drink again, pray thee!
Viola. I'm ſatisfied; and Heav'n reward thee for't!
Yet thus far I'll compel you, to accept
Theſe trifles, toys only that expreſs my thanks,
For greater worth I'm ſure they have not in them.
Indeed you ſhall; I found them as I came,
Nan. Madge! look you here, Madge!
Madge. Nay, I have as fine a one as you; mine is
All gold, and painted, and a precious ſtone in't:
I warrant it coſt a crown, wench.
Nan. But mine
Is the moſt ſumptuous one, that e'er I ſaw.
Viola. One favour you muſt do me more, for you
Are well acquainted here.
Nan. Indeed we'll do you any kindneſs, ſiſter.
Viola. Only to ſend me to ſome honeſt place,
Where I may find a ſervice.
Nan. Uds me, our Dorothy went away but laſt week,
And I know my miſtreſs wants a maid, and why
May ſhe not be plac'd there? This is a likely wench,
I tell you truly, and a good wench, I warrant her.
Madge. And 'tis a hard caſe, if we that have ſerv'd
Four years apiece, cannot bring in one ſervant;
We will prefer her. Hark you, ſiſter!
Pray what's your name?
Viola. Melvia.
Nan. A feat name, i'faith! And can you milk a cow?
And make a merry-buſh? That's nothing.
Viola. I ſhall learn quickly.
Nan. And dreſs a houſe with flowers? and ſerve a pig?
(This you muſt do, for we deal in the dairy)
And make a bed or two?
Viola. I hope I ſhall.
Nan. But be ſure to keep the men out; they will mar
All that you make elſe, I know that by myſelf;
For I have been ſo touz'd among 'em in
My days! Come, you ſhall e'en home with us,

And

And be our fellow; our houſe is ſo honeſt,
And we ſerve a very good woman, and a gentlewoman!
And we live as merrily, and dance o' good days
After even-ſong. Our wake ſhall be on Sunday:
Do you know what a wake is? We have mighty cheer then,
And ſuch a coil, 'twould bleſs ye! You muſt not
Be ſo baſhful, you'll ſpoil all.

Madge. Let's home, for God's ſake!
My miſtreſs thinks by this time we are loſt.
Come, we'll have a care of you, I warrant you:
But you muſt tell my miſtreſs where you were born,
And every thing that belongs to you, and the ſtrangeſt things
You can deviſe, for ſhe loves thoſe extremely;
'Tis no matter whether they be true or no, ſhe's not ſo ſcrupulous.
You muſt be our ſiſter, and love us beſt,
And tell us every thing; and when cold weather
Comes, we'll lie together: Will you do this?

Viola. Yes.

Nan. Then home again, o' God's name?
Can you go apace?

Viola. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Pedro and Silvio[29], *ſeverally.*

Pedro. HOW now? any good news yet?

Silvio. Faith, not any yet.

Pedro. This comes o' tippling: Would 'twere treaſon,
An't pleaſe God, to drink more than three
Draughts at a meal.

[29] *Enter* Pedro *and* Uberto *ſeverally.*] The diſſonance between the perſons in the ſtage direction, and thoſe in the text, is too glaring to be overlooked. *Sympſon.*

Silvio.

Silvio. When did you ſee Ricardo?
Pedro. I croſs'd him twice to-day.
Silvio. You have heard of
A young wench that was ſeen laſt night?
Pedro. Yes.
Silvio. Has Ricardo heard of this?
Pedro. Yes; and I think
He's ridden after. Farewell! I will have
Another round.
Silvio. If you hear any thing,
Pray ſpare no horſe-fleſh; I will do the like.
Pedro. Do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ricardo and Valerio.

Ric. Sir, I did think 'twas you, by all deſcriptions.
Val. 'Tis ſo;
I took her up indeed, the manner how
You've heard already, and what ſhe had about her,
(As jewels, gold, and other trifling things)
And what my end was, which, becauſe ſhe ſlighted,
I left her there i'th' fields.
Ric. Left i'th' fields? Could any but a rogue,
That had deſpis'd humanity and goodneſs,
Heav'n's law and credit, and had ſet himſelf
To loſe his nobleſt part, and be a beaſt,
Have left ſo innocent unmatch'd a virtue
To the rude mercy of a wilderneſs?
Val. Sir, if you come to rail, pray quit my houſe!
I do not uſe to have ſuch language given
Within my doors to me. As for your wench,
You may go ſeek her with more patience;
She's tame enough, I warrant you.
Ric. Pray forgive me,
(I do confeſs my much forgetfulneſs)
And weigh my words no further, I beſeech you,
Than a mere madneſs! for ſuch a grief has ſeiz'd me,
So ſtrong and deadly, as a puniſhment,
And a juſt one too,
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,

Than any thing I utter. Yet, let me tell you
Thus much; it was a fault for leaving her
So in the fields.

Val. Sir, I will think ſo now;
And credit me, you have ſo wrought me with
Your grief, that I do both forgive and pity you:
And if you'll pleaſe to take a bed this night here,
Tomorrow I will bring you where I left her.

Ric. I thank you, no! Shall I be ſo unworthy
To think upon a bed, or eaſe, or comfort,
And have my heart ſtray from me, God knows where,
Cold and forſaken, deſtitute of friends,
And all good comforts elſe, unleſs ſome tree,
Whoſe ſpeechleſs charity muſt better ours,
With which the bitter Eaſt winds made their ſport
And ſung thro' hourly, hath invited her
To keep off half a day[30]? Shall ſhe be thus,
And I draw in ſoft ſlumbers? God forbid!
No, night and bitter coldneſs, I provoke thee,
And all the dews that hang upon thy locks,
Showers, hails, ſnows, froſts, and two-edg'd winds that prime[31]
The maiden bloſſoms; I provoke you all,

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[30] *To keep off half a day?*] 'Tis pity this fine paſſage ſhould be clog'd with the leaſt obſcurity. But what is *half a day* here? The twelve hours of the night? Or may *day* here ſignify the *open air*, as the miners uſe it in Derbyſhire. When the ore is brought from under ground, they ſay, *It's brought to day*. If this laſt may be allow'd, the ſentiment is extremely juſt. *To keep off only half the inclemency of the air.* *Sympſon.*

The expreſſion, we think, means *to keep off the weather during half a day*: 'The twelve hours of the night,' is a ridiculous preciſeneſs.

[31] ——— ——— *that* prime

The maiden bloſſoms.] Here we have another difficulty to encounter, which I am afraid is not capable of being explained into ſenſe, and therefore muſt be cured another way. To *prime bloſſoms, i. e.* to *nip*, or *make them wither*, is, I fancy, an expreſſion for which there can be found no authority, and ſo the leſs likely to have any claim for a place here. There are two ways of making this paſſage ſenſe; the firſt is by reading thus, *that* prune, *&c.* which Mr. Seward concurr'd with me in; the other, and which I like better, is this;

——— *that*

And dare expoſe this body to your ſharpneſs,
'Till I be made a land-mark!
Val. Will you then ſtay
And eat with me?
Ric. You're angry with me, I know you're angry;
You would not bid me eat elſe. My poor miſtreſs,
For aught I know, thou'rt famiſh'd; for what elſe
Can the fields yield thee, and the ſtubborn ſeaſon,
That yet holds in the fruit? Good gentle Sir,
Think not ill manners in me for denying
Your offer'd meat! for ſure I cannot eat
While I do think ſhe wants. Well, I'm a raſcal,
A villain, ſlave, that only was begotten
To murder women, and of them the beſt.
Val. This is a ſtrange affliction! If you will
Accept no greater courteſy, yet drink, Sir.
Ric. Now I am ſure you hate me: An you knew
What kind of man I am—as indeed 'tis fit
That every man ſhould know me, to avoid me.
If you have peace within you, Sir, or goodneſs,
Name that abhorr'd word *drink* no more unto me!
You had ſafer ſtrike me.
I pray you do not, if you love me, do not!
Val. Sir, I mean no ill by't.
Ric. It may be ſo;
Nor let me ſee none, Sir, if you love Heav'n!
You know not what offence it is unto me;
Nor, good now, do not aſk me why: And I warn
You once again, let no man elſe ſpeak of it!
I fear your ſervants will be prating to me.
Val. Why, Sir, what ail you?
Ric. I hate drink, there's the end on't;
And that man that drinks with meat is damn'd[12],

——— *that* pine
The maiden bloſſoms. *Sympſon.*

Perhaps *prime the maiden bloſſoms*, might have been intended to ſignify to *cut them off in their* PRIME.

[12] *And that man that drinks* with meat *is damn'd*] As the line is deficient by a ſyllable. why may we not preſerve the ſentiment, and reſtore the meaſure, by reading thus;

And that man that drinks without *meat is damn'd.* *Sympſon.*

Without an age of prayers and repentance;
And there's a hazard too: Good Sir, no more!
If you will do me a free courteſy,
That I ſhall know for one, go take your horſe,
And bring me to the place where you left her.
Val. Since you are ſo importunate, I will:
But I will wiſh, Sir, you had ſtay'd to-night;
Upon my credit, you ſhall ſee no drink.
Ric. Be gone! the hearing of it makes me giddy:
Sir, will you be entreated to forbear it?
I ſhall be mad elſe.
Val. I pray no more of that!
I'm quiet; I'll but walk in, and away ſtraight.
Ric. Now I thank you! But what you do,
Do in a twinkling, Sir!
Val. As ſoon as may be. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Viola, Nan, and Madge.

Mother. Is this the wench? You've brought me ſome catch, I warrant.
How daringly ſhe looks upon the matter!
Madge. Yes, forſooth, this is the maiden.
Mother. Come hither! Would you ſerve?
Viola. If it ſhall pleaſe you to accept my ſervice;
I hope I ſhall do ſomething that ſhall like you,
Tho' it be but truth, and often praying for you.
Mother. You are very curious of your hand methinks,
You preſerve it ſo with gloves: Let me ſee it!
Ay, marry, here's a hand of marchpane, wenches!
This pretty palm never knew ſorrow yet:
How ſoft it is, I warrant you, and ſupple!
O' my word, this is fitter for a pocket,
To filch withal, than to work: I fear me, little one,
You are no better than you ſhould be; go to!
Viola. My conſcience yet is but one witneſs to me,
And that, Heav'n knows, is of mine innocence:
'Tis true, I muſt confeſs with ſhame enough,
The time that I have led yet never taught me
What 'twas to break a ſleep, or to be weary.

Mother.

Mother. You can ſay well;
If you be mine, wench, you muſt do well too,
For words are but ſlow workers: Yet, ſo much
Hope I have of you, that I'll take you, ſo
You will be diligent, and do your duty.
How now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a meſſenger come
From your ſon, that brings you word he is return'd
From travel, and will be here this night.

Mother. Now joy upon thee for it! thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings; there, drink that!
In troth th'haſt much contented me. My ſon?
Lord, how thou haſt pleas'd me! ſhall I ſee my ſon
Yet ere I die? Take care my houſe be handſome,
And the new ſtools ſet out, and boughs and ruſhes,
And flow'rs for the window, and the Turkey carpet,
And the great parcel ſalt, Nan, with the cruets!
And prithee, Alexander, go to th' cook,
And bid him ſpare for nothing, my ſon's come home!
Who's come with him?

Alex. I hear of none yet, but a gentlewoman.

Mother. A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman?

Alex. I know not; but ſuch a one there is, he ſays.

Mother. Pray God he have not caſt away himſelf
Upon ſome ſnout-fair piece! I do not like it.

Alex. No, ſure my maſter has more diſcretion.

Mother. Well, be it how it will he ſhall be welcome.
Sirs, to your taſks, and ſhew this little novice
How to beſtir herſelf! I'll ſort out things. [*Exit.*

Madge. We will, forſooth: I can tell you, my miſtreſs
Is a ſtirring woman.

Nan. Lord, how ſhe'll talk ſometimes!
It is the maddeſt cricket——

Viola. Methinks ſhe talks well,
And ſhews a great deal of good houſewifery.
Pray let me deck the chambers, ſhall I?

Nan. Yes,

You ſhall; but do not ſcorn to be advis'd,
Siſter, for there belongs more to that than
You are aware on: Why
Would you venture ſo fondly upon the ſtrowings?
There's mighty matters in them, I'll aſſure you,
And in the ſpreading of a bough-pot; you
May miſs, if you were ten years elder, if
You take not eſpecial care before you.
Viola. I will learn willingly, if that be all.
Nan. Sirrah, where is't they ſay my young maſter hath been?
Madge. Faith I know not; beyond the ſea, where they
Are born without noſes.
Nan. Jeſſe, bleſs us! without noſes?
How do they do for handkerchiefs?
Madge. So Richard ſays:
And, ſirrah, their feet ſtand in their foreheads.
Nan. That's fine,
By my troth! Theſe men have peſtilent running heads then.
Do they ſpeak as we do?
Madge. No, they never ſpeak.
Nan. Are they curſen'd?
Madge. No, they call them infidels;
I know not what they are.
Nan. Sirrah, we ſhall have
Fine courting now my young maſter is come home.
Were you never courted, ſiſter?
Viola. Alas, I know it not.
Madge. What is that courting, ſirrah?
Nan. I can tell, for
I was once courted in the matted chamber:
You know the party, Madge; faith, he courted finely!
Madge. Pray thee what is't?
Nan. Faith, nothing, but he was ſomewhat
Figent with me; faith, 'tis fine ſport, this courting.
Alex. [*within.*] Where be the maids there?
Madge. We ſhall be hang'd anon! Away, good wenches!

And

And have a care you dight things handſomely;
I will look over you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercury and Maria.

Merc. If your ſorrow
Will give you ſo far leave, pray think yourſelf
Moſt welcome to this place, for ſo upon
My life you are; and for your own fair ſake,
Take truce awhile with theſe immoderate mournings!
Maria. I thank you, Sir; I ſhall do what I may.
Pray lead me to a chamber.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Merc. Preſently.
Before your bleſſing, Mother, I entreat you
To know this gentlewoman, and bid her welcome;
The virtuous wife of him that was myſelf
In all my travels! [*Kneels.*
Mother. Indeed ſhe is moſt welcome; ſo are you, ſon.
Now, all my bleſſing on thee, thou haſt made me
Younger by twenty years than I was yeſterday!
Will you walk in? What ails this gentlewoman?
Alas, I fear ſhe is not well: Good gentlewoman!
Merc. You fear right.
Mother. Sh'has faſted over-long;
You ſhall have ſupper preſently o'th' board.
Merc. She will not eat, I can aſſure you, Mother;
For God's ſake, let your maid conduct her up
Into ſome fair-becoming chamber, fit for
A woman of her being, and as ſoon as may be!
I know ſhe's very ill, and would have reſt.
Mother. There is one ready for her, the blue chamber.
Merc. 'Tis well: I'll lead you to your chamber-door,
And there I'll leave you to your quiet, miſtreſs.
Maria. I thank you, Sir! Good reſt to every one!
You'll ſee me once again to-night, I hope. [*Exit.*
Merc. When you ſhall pleaſe, I'll wait upon you, lady.
Mother. Where are theſe maids? Attend upon the gentlewoman,
And ſee ſhe want no good thing in the houſe!

Good night with all my heart, forſooth!—Good Lord,
How you are grown! Is he not, Alexander?
Alex. Yes, truly; he's ſhot up finely, God be thanked!
Merc. An ill weed, Mother, will do ſo.
Alex. You ſay true, Sir; an ill weed grows apace.
Merc. Alexander the ſharp, you take me very quickly.
Mother. Nay, I can tell you, Alexander will do it.
Do you read Madcap ſtill?
Alex. Sometimes, forſooth.
Mother. But, faith, ſon, what countries have you travell'd?
Merc. Why, many, Mother, as they lay before me;
France, Spain, Italy, and Germany,
And other provinces, that I am ſure
You are not better'd by, when you hear of them.
Mother. And can you theſe tongues perfectly?
Merc. Of ſome
A little, Mother.
Mother. Pray, ſpout ſome French, ſon.
Merc. You underſtand it not; and to your ears 'twill
Go like an unſhod cart upon the ſtones,
Only a rough unhandſome ſound.
Mother. Faith, I would fain
Hear ſome French.
Alex. Good Sir, ſpeak ſome French
To my miſtreſs.
Merc. At your entreaty, Alexander,
I will. Who ſhall I ſpeak to?
Alex. If your worſhip
Will do me the favour, Sir, to me.
Merc. Monſieur poltron,
Cocu, couillon, baiſez mon cû!
Alex. Oui, monſieur.
Mother. Ha, ha, ha! this is fine indeed!
God's bleſſing on thy heart, ſon! By my troth,
Thou'rt grown a proper gentleman! *Cullen* and *pullen*,
Good God, what aukward words they uſe beyond the ſeas!

Ha,

Ha, ha, ha!

Alex. Did not I anſwer right?

Merc. Yes, good Alexander,
If you had done ſo too. But, good Mother,
I am very hungry, and have rid far to-day,
And am faſting.

Mother. You ſhall have your ſupper preſently,
My ſweet ſon.

Merc. As ſoon as you pleaſe; which, once ended,
I'll go and viſit yon ſick gentlewoman.

Mother. Come then! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio like a poſt, with a letter.

Ant. I've ridden like a fury, to make up this work;
And I will do it bravely, ere I leave it.
This is the houſe, I am ſure.

Enter Alexander.

Alex. W[illegible] would
You ſpeak [illegible], Sir?

Ant. Pray, Sir, I'ld ſpeak with
A gentlewoman came this night late here from the city:
I have ſome letters of importance to her.
I am a poſt, Sir, and would be diſpatch'd
In haſte.

Alex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em?
For, the truth is, ſhe's ill, and in her chamber.

Ant. Pray pardon me; I muſt needs ſpeak with her,
My buſineſs is ſo weighty.

Alex. I'll tell her ſo,
And bring you preſent word. [*Exit.*

Ant. Pray do ſo, and I'll attend her.
Pray God, the grief of my imagin'd death
Spoil not what I intend! I hope it will not.

Re-enter Alexander.

Alex. Tho' ſhe be very ill, and deſires no trouble,
Yet, if your buſineſs be ſo urgent, you may
Come up and ſpeak with her.

Ant.

Ant. I thank you, Sir;
I follow you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maria.

Maria. What ſhould this fellow be,
I'th' name of Heav'n, that comes with ſuch poſt buſineſs?
Sure my huſband hath reveal'd himſelf,
And in this haſte ſent after me. Are you
The poſt, my friend?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Yes, forſooth, miſtreſs.
Maria. What good news haſt thou brought me, gentle poſt?
For I have woe and grief too much already.
Ant. I would you had leſs, miſtreſs, I could wiſh it.—
Beſhrew my heart, ſhe moves me cruelly!
Maria. Have I found you once more, juggler?
Well, jewel, thou haſt only virtue in thee,
Of all I read of yet: What ears has this aſs
To betray him with!—Well, what's your buſineſs then?
Ant. I've brought a letter from your ſervant, miſtreſs,
In haſte.
Maria. Pray give it me; I hope the beſt ſtill.
Ant. This is the upſhot, and I know I've hit it!
Well, if the ſpirits of the dead do walk,
I ſhall hear more of this an hundred years hence.
Maria [*reading*]. By any means, you muſt have ſpecial care;
For now the city is poſſeſs'd for certain,
My maſter is made away; which, for aught I know,
Is a truth indeed.
Good miſtreſs, leave your grief, and ſee your danger,
And let that wiſe and noble gentleman
With whom you are be your right-hand in all things!
Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't!
By th' languiſhing of her eye at this near inſtant,
It is ſtill ſimming in her blood, in coining
Somewhat

Somewhat to turn Mercury, I know it.

Maria. He is my huſband, and 'tis reaſonable
He ſhould command in all things: Since he will be
An aſs againſt the hair [31], at his own peril
Be it!—I'th' morning you ſhall have a packet,
'Till when I muſt entreat you ſtay; you ſhall
Not loſe by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, miſtreſs;
I'll leave you to your reſt, and wait your pleaſure.

Maria. Do; and ſeek out the gentleman o' th' houſe;
Bid him come to me preſently.

Ant. Who? Mr. Mercury?

Maria. Do you know him, poſt?

Ant. Only by ſight, forſooth:
Now I remember, your ſervant willed me
To let you know he is the only man
You and your fortunes are now to reſt upon.

Maria. Prithee, no more; I know all this already.

Ant. I'll take my leave now.—I am made for ever!

Maria. Good night!— [*Exit Ant.*
I am provided for you, my fine youth. [*Exit.*

Enter Mother, beating Viola, and Alexander with a broken glaſs.

Mother. I'll make thee have more care.

Viola. Good miſtreſs, pardon me!

Mother. Thou'lt ne'er be good, I warrant thee!
Can your fine fingers hold no faſter?

Viola. Indeed,
It was againſt my will.

---

[31] *Againſt the* hair.] In the Firſt Part of Henry IV. Worceſter ſays,

' The quality and *hair* of our attempt
' Brooks no diviſion;'

and Dr. Johnſon remarks, that ' the *hair* ſeems to be the *complexion*, ' the *character*. The metaphor appears harſh to us, but, perhaps, ' was familiar in our Author's time. We ſtill ſay, ſomething is *againſt* ' *the hair*, as *againſt the grain*, that is, againſt the natural ten- ' dency;' and Mr. Steevens adds, ' In an old comedy called ' The Family of Love, I meet with an expreſſion which very ' well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation: " They ſay, I am " of the right *hair*, and indeed they may ſtand to't."

Mother.

Mother. Alexander,
Let's ſee the glaſs! As I'm true kirſome woman,
It is one of the chryſtal glaſſes my couſin ſent me!
And the baggage hath broke it where it cannot be mended.
Alexander, can Humphry mend this, think you?
Alex. No, truly, this will ne'er be mended.
Viola. Truly,
I meant but to waſh it for the gentlewoman
That's ſick above, and, ſhaking out the water,
Knock'd it againſt the pail-ſide.
Mother. Did you ſo?
Be ſure I'll ſtop it! 'twill make a good gap in
Your quarter's wages, I can tell you.
Viola. I pray forgive me,
And let me have no wages this firſt quarter.
Mother. Go, whimling, and fetch two or three grating loves
Out of the kitchen, to make gingerbread of.
'Tis ſuch an untoward thing! [*Exit Viola.*
Alex. She's ſomewhat ſimple,
Indeed; ſhe knew not what a kimnel [34] was;
She wants good nurture mightily.
Mother. My ſon tells me, Alexander,
That this young widow means to ſojourn here;
She offers largely for her board, I may
Offer her good cheer. Prithee make a ſtep
I'th' morning down to th' parſonage for ſome pigeons!
What, are you mad there? what noiſe is that?
Are you at bowls within? Why do you whine?

Enter Viola weeping.

Viola. I have done another fault; I beſeech you,
Sweet miſtreſs, forgive me!
Mother. What's the matter?
Viola. As I was reaching for the bread that lay
Upon the ſhelf, I have thrown down the minc'd-meat,
That ſhould have made the pies tomorrow.

34 *Kimnel.*] Or *kemlin*, is a powdering-tub. *Symſon.*

Mother.

Mother. Get thee
Out of my houſe, thou filthy deſtroying harlot thou!
I'll not keep thee an hour longer.
Viola. Good miſtreſs, beat me rather for my fault,
As much as it deſerves! I do not know
Whither to go.
Mother. No, I warrant thee; out of my doors!
Viola. Indeed I'll mend. I pray ſpeak you for me!
Alex. If thou hadſt hurl'd down any thing but the pie-meat,
I would have ſpoke for thee; but now I cannot
Find in my heart.
Mother. Art thou here yet? I think I muſt have
An officer to thruſt thee out of my doors, muſt I?
Viola. Why, you may ſtop this in my wages too;
For God's ſake, do! I'll find myſelf this year,
And let me ſtay.
Mother. Thou't ſpoil ten times as much.
I'll cudgel thee out of my doors.
Viola. I am aſſur'd you are more merciful,
Than thus to beat me and diſcharge me too.
Mother. Doſt thou diſpute with me? Alexander, carry
The prating hilding forth.
Viola. Good miſtreſs, hear me! I have here a jewel
My mother left me, and 'tis ſomething worth:
Receive it; and when all my faults together
Come to the worth of that, then turn me forth;
'Till then, I pray you keep me.
Mother. What jiggumbob have we here?
Pray God, you have not pilfer'd this ſomewhere.
Thou'rt ſuch a puling thing! Wipe your eyes,
And riſe; go your ways. Alexander,
Bid the cook mince ſome more meat. Come,
And get you to bed quickly, that you may
Up betime i'th' morning a-milking,
Or you and I ſhall fall out worſe yet.
[*Exeunt Mother and Alex.*
Viola. Sh'has hurt my arm:
I am afraid ſhe's a very angry woman,

But

But, bleſs him, Heav'n, that did me the moſt wrong!
I am afraid Antonio's wife ſhould ſee me;
She will know me.

Mother [*within*]. Melvia!

Viola. I'm coming; ſhe's not angry again, I hope.
[*Exit*.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. Now what am I the better for enjoying
This woman, that I lov'd ſo? All I find,
That I before imagin'd to be happy,
Now I have done it, turns to nothing elſe
But a poor, pitied, and a baſe repentance.
Udsfoot, I'm monſtrous angry with myſelf!
Why ſhould a man, that has diſcourſe and reaſon,
And knows how near he loſes all in theſe things,
Covet to have his wiſhes ſatisfied?
Which, when they are, are nothing but the ſhame.
I do begin to loath this woman ſtrangely,
And I think juſtly too, that durſt adventure
Flinging away her modeſty, to take
A ſtranger to her bed, (her huſband's body
Being ſcarce cold i'th' earth) for her content.
It was no more to take my ſenſes with,
Than if I had an idle dream in ſleep:
Yet I have made her promiſes, which grieves me,
And I muſt keep 'em too.—I think ſhe hunts me!
The devil cannot keep theſe women off,
When they are fleſh'd once[35].

Enter Maria, in night attire.

Maria. To bed, for God's ſake, Sir!
Why do you ſtay here? Some are up i'th' houſe;
I heard the wife. Good dear ſweetheart, to bed.

Merc. Why, I am going! Why do you follow me?
You would not have it known, I hope. Pray get you
Back to your chamber! the door's hard by. For me,
Let me alone; I warrant you!—This 'tis

[35] Fletched *once*.] Corrected in 1750.

To

To threſh well; I have got a cuſtomer!
Will you go to bed?
Maria. Will you?
Merc. Yes, I am going.
Maria. Then remember your promiſe you made to marry me.
Merc. I will; but it was your fault, that it came
To this pinch now, that it muſt need remembrance:
For, out of honeſty, I offer'd you
To marry you firſt; why did you ſlack that offer?
Maria. Alas, I told you th' inconvenience of it,
And what wrong it would appear to th' world,
If I had married you in ſuch poſt-haſte
After his death: Beſide, the fooliſh people
Would have been bold to have thought we had lain
Together in his time, and like enough
Imagined we two had murder'd him.
Merc. I love her tongue yet! If I were a ſaint,
A gilded ſaint, and ſuch a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my holineſs, I cannot tell,
But I fear ſhrewdly I ſhould do ſomething
That would quite ſcratch me out o'th' kalendar;
And if I ſtay longer talking with her, tho' I'm mad
At what I have done already, yet I ſhall
Forget myſelf again: I feel the devil
Ready to hold my ſtirrup.—Pray, to bed!
Good night!
Maria. This kiſs! good night, ſweet love,
And peace go with thee!—Thou haſt prov'd thyſelf
Th' honeſteſt man that ever was entic'd
To that ſweet ſin, as people pleaſe to call it,
Of lying with another's wife; and I
I think the honeſteſt woman, without
Bluſhing, that e'er lay with another man.
I ſent my huſband into the cellar, poſt,
Fearing, and juſtly, he ſhould have known him;
Which I did not purpoſe 'till I had had my end.
Well, now this plot is perfect, let him brag on't. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Juſtice and Curio with a paper.

Juſt. BY'RLADY, Sir, you've rid hard, that you have.

Curio. They that have buſineſs muſt do ſo, I take it.

Juſt. You ſay true. When ſet you out, my friend?

Curio. About ten o'clock; and I have rid all night.

Juſt. By th' maſs, you're tough indeed. I've ſeen the day
I would have rid too with the proudeſt of them,
And fling dirt in their faces, and I've done't with
This fooliſh body [36], Sir, many a time:
But what can laſt always? 'Tis done, 'tis done now, Sir!
Age, care, and office, bring us to our footcloths,
The more the pity!

Curio. I believe that, Sir;
But will it pleaſe you to read the buſineſs?

Juſt. My friend, I can read, and I can tell you when.

Curio. 'Would I could too, Sir! for my haſte requires it.

Juſt. Whence comes it, do you ſay?

Curio. Sir, from the city.

Juſt. Oh, from the city; 'tis a reverend place——

Curio. An his juſtice be as ſhort as his memory,
A dudgeon-dagger [37] will ſerve him to mow down
Sin withal: What clod-pole commiſſioner is this!

Juſt. And, by my faith, govern'd by worthy members,
Diſcreet and upright.

[36] *This fooliſh* boy.] As *boy* has nothing to which it can be referr'd, I conjectur'd we ſhould read *body*, and Mr. Theobald, I found, had wrote the ſame in his margin. *Sympſon.*

[37] *Dudgeon-dagger.*] Cotgrave explains *dague a roëlles*, a Scottiſh dagger or *dudgeon heft dagger*.

R. *Curio.*

Curio. Sir, they're beholding to you;
You've given ſome of them a commendation,
They were not worthy of this twenty years.
Juſt. Go to, go to! you have a merry meaning;
I've found you, Sir; i'faith, you are a wag;
Away, fy!—Now I'll read your letter.
Curio. Pray do, Sir. What a miſery it is
To have an urgent buſineſs wait the juſtice
Of ſuch an old tuff-taffata, that knows not,
Nor can be brought to underſtand, more ſenſe
Than how to reſtore ſuppreſs'd alehouſes,
And have his man compound ſmall treſpaſſes,
For ten groats!
Juſt. Sir, it ſeems here your
Buſineſs is of a deeper circumſtance
Than I conceiv'd it for.—What do you mean, Sir?
Curio. 'Tis for mine own eaſe, I'll aſſure your worſhip.
Juſt. It ſhall not be, i'faith, friend.—Here I have it,
That one Antonio, a gentleman—
I take it ſo; yes, it is ſo—a gentleman,
Is lately thought to have been made away;
And, by my faith, upon a parlous ground too,
If you conſider. Well, there's knavery in't;
I ſee that without ſpectacles.
Curio. Sure this fellow
Deals in revelation, he's ſo hidden:
Go thy ways! thou wilt ſtick a bench, ſpit[38] as formally,
And ſhew thy agot and hatch'd chain, as well
As the beſt of them.
Juſt. And now I have conſider'd, I believe it.
Curio. What, Sir?
Juſt. That he was murder'd.
Curio. Did you know him?
Juſt. No.
Curio. Nor how it is ſuppos'd?
Juſt. No; nor
I care not two-pence, thoſe are toys; and yet

[38] *Stick a bench ſpit.*] Amended in 1750.

I verily believe he was murder'd,
As ſure as I believe thou art a man.
I never fail'd in theſe things yet. Ware a man
That's beaten to theſe matters; experience
Is a certain conceal'd thing that fails not.
Pray let me aſk you one thing; why do you come to me?
Curio. Becauſe the letter is addreſs'd to you,
Being the neareſt juſtice.
Juſt. The neareſt? is that all?
Curio. I think it be, Sir;—
I would be loth you ſhould be the wiſeſt.
Juſt. Well, Sir, as 'tis, I will endeavour in it:
Yet, if't had come to me by name, I know not,
But I think it had been as ſoon diſpatch'd
As by another, and with as round a wiſdom,
Ay, and as happily; but that's all one:
I've borne this place this thirty years, and upwards,
And with ſufficient credit, and they may
When they pleaſe know me better. To the neareſt?
Well!
Curio. Sir, 'tis not my fault, for had I known
You ſooner——
Juſt. I thank you, Sir; I know it.
Curio. I'll be ſworn
You ſhould have play'd, for any buſineſs now.
Juſt. And further, they have ſpecified unto me,
His wife's ſorely ſuſpected in this matter,
As a main cauſe.
Curio. I think ſhe be, Sir, for
No other cauſe can be yet found.
Juſt. And one Mercury, a traveller, with whom
They ſay directly ſhe is run away,
And as they think this way.
Curio. I knew all this before.
Juſt. Well, Sir, this Mercury I know, and's breeding;
A neighbour's child hard by: You have been happy,
Sir, in coming hither.
Curio. Then you know where
To have him, Sir?

Juſt.

Juſt. I do, Sir; he dwells near me.
Curio. I doubt your worſhip dwells near a knave then.
Juſt. I think ſo; pray put on! But 'tis a wonder
To ſee how graceleſs people are now given,
And how baſe virtue is accounted with them,
That ſhould be all in all, as ſays a wiſe man!
I tell you, Sir, and 'tis true, that there have been
Such murders, and of late days, as 'twould make
Your very heart bleed in you; and ſome of them,
As I ſhall be enabled, I will tell you.
It fell out of late days——
Curio. It may be ſo,
But will it pleaſe you to proceed in this?
Juſt. An honeſt weaver, and as good a workman
As e'er ſhot ſhuttle, and as cloſe——
But ev'ry man muſt die—this honeſt weaver,
Being a little mellow in his ale—
That was the evidence *verbatim*, Sir—
God bleſs the mark, ſprung his neck juſt in this place:
Well, Jarvis, thou hadſt wrongs, and if I live
Some of the beſt ſhall ſweat for't! Then a wench—
Curio. But, Sir, you have forgot my buſineſs.
Juſt. A ſober pretty maid, about ſeventeen
They ſay, certainly, howſoe'er 'tis ſhuffled,
She burſt herſelf, and fondly, if it be ſo,
With furmety at a churching; but I think
The devil had another agent in't;
Either of which, if I can catch, ſhall ſtretch for't.
Curio. This is a mad Juſtice, that will hang the devil!
But I would you would be ſhort in this, before
That other notice can be given.
Juſt. Sir,
I'll do diſcreetly what is fitting. What,
Antonio!
Serv. [*within*]. Your worſhip!
Juſt. Put on your beſt coat,
And let your fellow Mark go to the conſtable,
And bid him aid me with all the ſpeed he can,
And all the power; and provide pen and ink to

Take their confeſſions; and my long ſword [39]!
I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.
You'll go with us?
Curio. Yes; what elſe?
I came to that end to accuſe both parties.
Juſt. May I crave what you are?
Curio. Faith, Sir, one
That to be known would not profit you, more
Than a near kinſman of the dead Antonio's.
Juſt. 'Tis well. I'm ſorry for my neighbour, truly,
That he had no more grace; 'twill kill his mother:
She is a good old woman. Will you walk in?
I will but put my cloak on, and my chain off,
And a clean band, and have my ſhoes black'd over,
And ſhift my jerkin, and we'll to our buſineſs;
And you ſhall ſee how I can boult theſe matters.
Curio. As ſoon as't pleaſe you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Ricardo.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the maid
Alone laſt night, drying her tender eyes,
Uncertain what to do, and yet deſirous
To have me gone.
Ric. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of civil to ourſelves!
If ſhe had ſet her foot upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous,
Tho' they had had no houſe to bring her to,
They would have ſpoil'd the glory that the ſpring
Has deck'd the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torn their branches down; and every man
Would have become a builder for her ſake.
What time left you her here.
Val. I left her, when
The ſun had ſo much to his ſet, as he

[39] *Long ſword.*] In Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet, Capulet ſays, "Give me my *long ſword*;" and Dr. Johnſon remarks, 'The 'long ſword was the ſword uſed in war, which was ſometimes 'wielded with both hands.'

Is now got from his place of riſe.
Ric. So near
The night, ſhe could not wander far. Fair Viola!
Val. It is in vain to call; ſhe ſought a houſe,
Without all queſtion.
Ric. Peace!—Fair Viola!
Fair Viola!—Who ſhould have left her here
On ſuch a ground? If you had meant to loſe her,
You might have found there were no echoes here
To take her name[39], and carry it about,
When her true lover came to mourn for her,
'Till all the neighbouring vallies and the hills,
Reſounded Viola; and ſuch a place
You ſhould have choſe! You pity us
Becauſe the dew a little wets our feet[40];
(Unworthy far to ſeek her, in the wet!)
And what becomes of her? where wander'd ſhe,
With two ſhowers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor houſe to ſhelter her?—
Will you go with me to travel?
Val. Whither?
Ric. Over all the world.
Val. No, by my faith; I'll make a ſhorter journey

[39] —— *If you had meant to loſe her,*
You might have found there were *no echoes* here
To take her name.] Sympſon reads,
—— *If you had meant to loſe her,*
You might have found where there *no echoes* were
To take her name;
but ſurely the old text conveys the ſame ſenſe.

[40] *You pity us becauſe*
The dew a little, &c.] Theſe lines are ſo unworthy of our Authors, that I can hardly think 'em theirs; and I am ſure the author of Jeronimo (whom our Poets, as well as Shakeſpeare and Jonſon, abuſe) might, when they quote in deriſion this line of his,
'Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?'
have juſtly retorted,
—— *where wandred ſhe,*
With two ſhowers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor houſe to ſhelter her? *Sympſon.*

When I do travel.

Ric. But there is no hope
To gain my end in any ſhorter way.

Val. Why, what's your end?

Ric. It is to ſearch the earth,
'Till we have found two in the ſhapes of men,
As wicked as ourſelves.

Val. 'T were not ſo hard
To find out thoſe.

Ric. Why, if we find them out,
It were the better; for what brave villainy
Might we four do!—We would not keep together;
For every one has treachery enough
For twenty countries: One ſhould trouble Aſia;
Another ſhould ſow ſtrife in Africa;
But you ſhould play the knave at home in Europe
And for America let me alone.

Val. Sir, I am honeſter
Than you know how to be, and can no more
Be wrong'd, but I ſhall find myſelf a right.

Ric. If you had any ſpark of honeſty,
You would not think that *honeſter than I*
Were a praiſe high enough to ſerve your turn:
If men were commonly ſo bad as I,
Thieves would be put in calendars for ſaints;
And bones of murd'rers would work miracles.
I am a kind of knave, of knave ſo much
There is betwixt me, and the vileſt elſe—
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter Viola, Nan, and Madge, with pails.

Val. That laſt is ſhe; 'tis ſhe!

Ric. Let us away;
We ſhall infect her! let her have the wind,
And we will kneel down here.

Viola. Wenches, away!
For here are men.

Val. Fair maid, I pray you ſtay. [*Takes hold of Viola.*

Viola. Alas! again?

Ric.

Ric. Why do you lay hold on her?
I pray heartily, let her go.
Val. With all my heart; I do not mean to hurt her.
Ric. But ſtand away then! for the pureſt bodies
Will ſooneſt take infection; ſtand away!
But for infecting her myſelf, by Heav'n,
I would come there, and beat thee further off.
Viola. I know that voice and face.
Val. You're finely mad!
God b'w'ye, Sir! Now you are here together,
I'll leave you ſo; God ſend you good luck, both!
When you are ſoberer you'll give me thanks. [*Exit.*
Madge. Wilt thou go milk? Come.
Nan. Why doſt not come?
Madge. She nods, ſhe's aſleep.
Nan. What, wert up ſo early?
Madge. I think yon
Man's mad to kneel there. Nay, come, come away.
Uds body, Nan, help! ſhe looks black i'th' face;
She's in a ſwoon.
Nan. An you be a man, come hither,
And help a woman!
Ric. Come hither? You are a fool.
Nan. And you a knave and a beaſt, that you are.
Ric. Come hither? 'twas my being now ſo near
That made her ſwoon; and you are wicked people,
Or you would do ſo too: My venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at ſuch a diſtance;
Here I will kneel, for this is out of diſtance.
Nan. Thou'rt a prating aſs! there's no goodneſs in thee,
I warrant. How doſt thou? [*Viola recovers.*
Viola. Why, well.
Madge. Art thou able to go?
Viola. No; pray go you and milk: If I be able
To come, I'll follow you; if not, I'll ſit here
'Till you come back.
Nan. I'm loth to leave thee here with yon wild fool.
Viola. I know him well; I warrant thee he'll not hurt me.

Madge. Come then, Nan. [*Exeunt maids.*

Ric. How do you? Be not fearful, for I hold
My hands before my mouth, and ſpeak, and ſo
My breath can never blaſt you.

Viola. 'Twas enough
To uſe me ill, tho' you had never ſought me
To mock me too: Why kneel you ſo far off?
Were not that geſture better us'd in prayer?
Had I dealt ſo with you, I ſhould not ſleep,
'Till Heav'n and you had both forgiven me.

Ric. I do not mock; nor lives there ſuch a villain
That can do any thing contemptible
To you: But I do kneel, becauſe it is
An action very fit and reverent,
In preſence of ſo pure a creature;
And ſo far off, as fearful to offend
One too much wrong'd already.

Viola. You
Confeſs you did the fault, yet ſcorn to come
So far as hither, to aſk pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come
To you to grant. Good Sir, if you have
A better love, may you be bleſs'd together!
She ſhall not wiſh you better than I will.
I but offend you! There are all the jewels
I ſtole; and all the love I ever had
I leave behind with you; I'll carry none
To give another: May the next maid you try
Love you no worſe, nor be no worſe than I!

Ric. Do not leave me yet, for all my fault!
Search out the next things to impoſſible,
And put me on them; when they are effected,
I may with better modeſty receive
Forgiveneſs from you.

Viola. I will ſet no penance,
To gain the great forgiveneſs you deſire,
But to come hither, and take me and it;
Or elſe, I'll come and beg, ſo you will grant
That you will be content to be forgiven!

Ric. Nay, I will come, ſince you will have it ſo,
And, ſince you pleaſe to pardon me, I hope
Free from infection. Here I am by you,
A careleſs man, a breaker of my faith,
A loathſome drunkard; and in that wild fury,
A hunter after whores! I do beſeech you
To pardon all theſe faults, and take me up
An honeſt, ſober, and a faithful man!

Viola. For Heav'n's ſake, urge your faults no more, but mend!
All the forgiveneſs I can make you, is,
To love you; which I will do, and deſire
Nothing but love again; which if I have not
Yet I will love you ſtill.

Ric. Oh, women! that ſome one of you will take
An everlaſting pen into your hands,
And grave in paper (which the writ ſhall make
More laſting than the marble monuments)
Your matchleſs virtues to poſterities;
Which the defective race of envious man
Strives to conceal!

Viola. Methinks I would not now, for any thing,
But you had miſs'd me: I have made a ſtory
Will ſerve to waſte many a winter's fire,
When we are old: I'll tell my daughters then
The miſeries their mother had in love,
And ſay, My girls, be wiſer! yet I would not
Have had more wit myſelf. Take up thoſe jewels,
For I think I hear my fellows coming.

Enter Madge and Nan with their pails.

Madge. How doſt thou now?

Viola. Why, very well, I thank you. It is late;
Shall I haſte home?

Nan. I prithee! we ſhall be ſhent [41]
Soundly.

[41] *Shent.*] This word occurs in Hamlet, and Mr. Steevens ſays, 'To *ſhend* is to treat with injurious language.'

Madge.

Madge. Why does that railing man go with us?
Viola. I prithee, ſpeak well of him: On my word,
He is an honeſt man!
Nan. There was never any ſo
On his complexion. A gentleman?
I'd be aſham'd to have ſuch a foul mouth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio, and Rowland.

Mother. How now, Alexander? What gentleman is this?
Alex. Indeed, forſooth, I know not;
I found him at the market, full of woe,
Crying a loſt daughter, and telling all
Her tokens to the people; and, what you wot?
By all deſcription in the world[42], it ſhould be
Our new maid Melvia; (one would little think it!)
Therefore I was bold to tell him of her, miſtreſs.
Mother. Melvia? it cannot be, fool! Alas,
You know ſhe is a poor wench, and
I took her in upon mere charity.
Andr. So ſeem'd my daughter when ſhe went away,
As ſhe had made herſelf.
Mother. What ſtature was your child of, Sir?
Andr. Not high, and of a brown complexion,
Her hair auburn, a round face, which ſome friends,
That flatter'd me, would ſay 'twould be a good one.
Alex. This is ſtill Melvia, miſtreſs; that's the truth on't!
Mother. It may be ſo, I'll promiſe you.
Alex. Well, go thy ways, the flower of our town!
For a hand and a foot I ſhall ne'er ſee thy fellow.
Mother. But had ſhe not ſuch toys as bracelets, rings, and jewels?
Andr. She was ſomething bold indeed, to take ſuch things

[42] *By all* ſubſcription *in the world.*] If Alexander was an affecter of hard words, I ſhould be inclined to let this ſtand; but as he ſeems throughout a ſenſible good-natured fellow, I would chooſe to read, *deſcription.* Symmons.

That

That night ſhe left me.

Mother. Then belike ſhe run away?

Andr. Tho' ſhe be one I love, I dare not lie; She did indeed.

Mother. What think you of this jewel?

Andr. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine; You've made me a new man! I thank you for it.

Mother. Nay,
An ſhe be given to filching, there's your jewel;
I am clear on't. But, by your leave, Sir, you
Shall anſwer me for what is loſt ſince ſhe
Came hither; I can tell you there lie things
Scattering in every place about the houſe.

Alex. As I am virtuous, I have the lyingſt
Old gentlewoman to my miſtreſs, and the moſt malicious—
The devil a good word will ſhe give a ſervant;
That's her old rule! and, God be thanked, they will
Give her as few; there's perfect love on both ſides.
It yearns my heart to hear the wench miſconſtrued;
A careful ſoul ſhe is, I'll be ſworn for her;
And when ſhe's gone, let them ſay what they will,
They may caſt their caps at ſuch another.

Andr. What you have loſt by her, with all my heart
I'll ſee you double paid for; you have ſav'd,
With your kind pity, two that muſt not live,
Unleſs it be to thank you. Take this jewel;
This ſtrikes off none of her offences, miſtreſs [43].
'Would I might ſee her!

Mother. Alexander, run,
And bid her make haſte home; ſhe's at the milking-cloſe:
But tell her not by any means who's here;
I know ſhe'll be too fearful.

[43] *This ſtrikes off* none *of her offences.*] Sympſon, totally miſtaking Andrugio's meaning, ſays, 'Why then he *paid* his jewel for 'nothing;' and reads,

This ſtrikes off one *of her offences, miſtreſs.*

It did not occur to him, that the jewel was meant as a *gift*, not as a *payment*.

Alex.

Alex. Well, we'll have
A poſſet yet at parting, that's my comfort;
And one round too, or elſe I'll loſe my will. [*Exit.*

Andr. You ſhall find Silvio, Uberto, and Pedro,
Enquiring for the wench at the next town:
Tell them ſhe's found, and where I am, and, with
The favour of this gentlewoman, deſire them
To come hither.

Mother. I pray do; they ſhall be all welcome.
[*Exit Rowland.*

Enter Juſtice, Curio, and Mark.

Juſt. By your leave, forſooth! you ſhall ſee me find
The parties by a ſleight.

Mother. Who's that? Mr. Juſtice?
How do you, Sir?

Juſt. Why, very well, and buſy.
Where's your ſon?

Mother. He's within, Sir.

Juſt. Hum; and how does
The young woman my couſin, that came down with him?

Mother. She's above; as a woman in her caſe may be.

Juſt. You have confeſs'd it?
Then, ſirrah, call in the officers! ſhe's no couſin of mine;
A mere trick to diſcover all!

Mother. To diſcover? what?

Enter Mark and Officers.

Juſt. You ſhall know that anon: I think I have
Over-reach'd you! Oh, welcome! Enter the houſe,
And by virtue of my warrant, which you have there,
Seize upon the bodily perſons of thoſe whoſe names
Are there written; to wit, one Mercury, and the wife
Of one Antonio.

Mother. For what?

Juſt. Away, I ſay!
This gentleman ſhall certify you for what. [*Exe. Offi.*

Mother. He can accuſe my ſon of nothing.

He

He came from travel but within theſe two days.
Juſt. There hangs a tale.
Mother. I ſhould be ſorry this ſhould
Fall out at any time, but eſpecially now.
Sir, will you favour me ſo much as to let me know
Of what you accuſe him?
Curio. Upon ſuſpicion of murder.
Mother. Murder? I defy thee!
Curio. I pray God he may
Prove himſelf innocent.
Juſt. Fy, ſay not ſo!
You ſhew yourſelf to be no good commonwealth's man,
For the more are hang'd the better 'tis for the commonwealth.
Mother. By this rule you were beſt hang yourſelf.
Juſt. I forgive your honeſt mirth ever.

Enter Mark and officers, with Mercury and Maria.

Oh, welcome, welcome, Mark!
Your pen, ink, and paper, to take their examinations.
Merc. Why do you pull me ſo? I'll go alone.
Juſt. Let them ſtand,
Let them ſtand quietly, whilſt they're examin'd.
Maria. What will you examine us of?
Juſt. Of Antonio's murder.
Merc. Why, he was my friend.
Maria. He was my huſband.
Juſt. The more ſhame for you both! Mark, your pen and ink.
Mother. Pray God all be well! I never knew
Any of theſe travellers come to good. I beſeech you, Sir,
Be favourable to my ſon.
Juſt. Gentlewoman,
Hold you content; I would it were come to that!
Merc. For God's ſake, mother,
Why kneel you to ſuch a pig-brib'd fellow?
H'has ſurfeited of geeſe, and they have put him
Into a fit of juſtice: Let him do his worſt!

Juſt.

Juſt. Is your paper ready?
Mark. I am ready, Sir.

Enter Antonio.

Juſt. Accuſe them, Sir; I command thee to lay down
Accuſations againſt theſe perſons, in behalf
Of the ſtate: And firſt look upon the parties
To be accus'd, and deliver your name.
Curio. My name is Curio; my murder'd kinſman,
If he were living now, I ſhould not know him,
It is ſo long ſince we ſaw one another.
Ant. My couſin Curio?
Curio. But thus much (from the mouths
Of his ſervants and others, whoſe examinations I have
In writing about me) I can accuſe them of:
This Mercury, the laſt night but this laſt,
Lay in Antonio's houſe, and in the night
He roſe, raiſing Antonio, where privately
They were in talk an hour, to what end I know not;
But of likelihood, finding Antonio's houſe
Not a fit place to murder him in, he ſuffer'd him
To go to bed again; but in the morning
Early he train'd him I think forth; after which time
He never ſaw his home. His cloaths were found
Near the place where Mercury was, and the people
At firſt denied they ſaw him; but at laſt
They made a frivolous tale, that there he ſhifted himſelf
Into a footman's habit: But in ſhort,
The next hour this woman went to Mercury,
And in her coach they poſted hither. True accuſations
I have no more, and I will make none.
Juſt. No more?
We need no more. Sirrah, be drawing
Their mittimus, before we hear their anſwer.
What ſay you, Sir? are you guilty of this murder?
Merc. No, Sir.
Juſt. Whether you are or no, confeſs;
It will be the better for you.
Merc. If I were

Guilty,

Guilty, your rhetoric could not fetch it forth.
But tho' I am innocent, I confeſs, that if I
Were a ſtander-by, theſe circumſtances urg'd,
Which are true, would make me doubtleſs believe
The accuſed parties to be guilty.
Juſt. Write down,
That he being a ſtander-by (for ſo you ſee he is)
Doth doubtleſly believe the accuſed parties,
Which is himſelf, to be guilty.
Merc. I ſay no ſuch thing.
Juſt. Write it down, I ſay; we'll try that.
Merc. I care not what you write.—
Pray God you did not kill him for my love! [*Apart.*
Tho' I am free from this, we both deſerve——
Maria. Govern your tongue, I pray you! all is well;
My huſband lives, I know it, and I ſee him.
Juſt. They whiſper! ſever them quickly, I ſay.
Officers, why do you let them prompt one another?
Gentlewoman, what ſay you to this?
Are not you guilty?
Maria. No, as I hope for mercy.
Juſt. But are not thoſe circumſtances true, that this
Gentleman hath ſo ſhortly and methodically deliver'd?
Maria. They are; and what you do with me I care not,
Since he is dead in whom was all my care.
You knew him not?
Juſt. No, and't been better
For you too, an you had never known him.
Maria. Why then, you did not know the world's chief joy:
His face ſo manly as it had been made
To fright the world; yet he ſo ſweetly-temper'd,
That he would make himſelf a natural fool,
To do a noble kindneſs for a friend.
He was a man whoſe name I'll not out-live,
Longer than Heav'n, whoſe will muſt be obey'd,
Will have me do.
Ant. And I will quit thy kindneſs. [*Aſide.*
Juſt. Before me, ſhe has made the tears

Stand

Stand in mine eyes; but I muſt be auſtere.
Gentlewoman, you muſt confeſs this murder.
Maria. I cannot, Sir; I did it not. But I deſire to ſee
Thoſe examinations which this gentleman
Acknowledges to have about him, for
But late laſt night I receiv'd letters from.
The city; yet I heard of no confeſſion, then.
Juſt. You ſhall ſee them time enough, I warrant you.
But letters you ſay you had; where are thoſe letters?
Maria. Sir, they are gone.
Juſt. Gone? whither are they gone?
How have you diſpos'd of 'em?
Maria. Why, Sir,
They are for womens' matters, and ſo I uſe 'em.
Juſt. Who writ 'em?
Maria. A man of mine.
Juſt. Who brought 'em?
Maria. A poſt.
Juſt. A poſt? there was ſome great haſte ſure: Ha, ha!
Where is that poſt?
Maria. Sir, there he ſtands.
Juſt. Does he ſo?
Bring hither that poſt! I am afraid that poſt
Will prove a knave. Come hither, poſt! What,
What can you ſay concerning the murder of Antonio?
Ant. What's that to you?
Juſt. Oh, poſt, you have no anſwer ready, have you?
I'll have one from you.
Ant. You ſhall have no more
From me than you have. You examine an honeſt
Gentleman and gentlewoman here. 'Tis pity
Such fools as you ſhould be i'th' commiſſion.
Juſt. Say you ſo, poſt? take away that poſt! whip him,
And bring him again quickly. I'll hamper you, poſt.
Merc. 'Tis Antonio; I know him now as well—
What an irregular fool is this!
Ant. Whip me? hold off!
Maria. Oh, good Sir, whip him! By his murmuring
He ſhould know ſomething of my huſband's death,
That may quit me: For God's ſake, fetch it out!

Juſt.

Juſt. Whip him, I ſay! [*Ant. throws off his diſguiſe.*
Ant. Who is't dares whip me now?
Maria. Oh, my lov'd huſband!
Merc. My moſt worthy friend!
Where have you been ſo long?
Ant. I cannot ſpeak for joy!
Juſt. Why, what's the matter now? and ſhall not
Law then have her courſe?
Andr. It ſhall have no other courſe
Than it has, I think.
Juſt. It ſhall have other courſe
Before I go, or I'll beat my brains: And I ſay
It was not honeſtly done of him to diſcover
Himſelf, before the parties accus'd were executed,
That law might have had her courſe; for then
The kingdom flouriſhes.
Ant. But ſuch a wife as thou had never any man;
And ſuch a friend as he, believe me, wife,
Shall never be! Good wife, love my friend;
Friend, love my wife. Hark, friend!
Juſt. Mark,
If we can have nothing to do, you ſhall ſwear
The peace of ſomebody.
Mark. Yes, Sir.
Ant. By my troth,
I'm ſorry my wife is ſo obſtinate:
Sooth, if I could yet do thee any good,
I would, i'faith I would.
Merc. I thank you, Sir;
I've loſt that paſſion.
Ant. Couſin Curio,
You and I muſt be better acquainted.
Curio. It is my wiſh, Sir.
Ant. I ſhould not have known you neither, 'tis ſo long
Since we ſaw each other; we were but children then:
But you have ſhew'd yourſelf an honeſt man to me.
Curio. I would be ever ſo.

Enter Ricardo and Viola.

Mother. Look you! who's there?

Andr. Say nothing to me; for
Thy peace is made.
Ric. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that you are her father; you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,
But love where you've receiv'd moſt injury.
Juſt. I think I ſhall hear of no hanging this year!
There's a Tinker and a whore yet, the cryer ſaid,
That robb'd her, and are in priſon; I hope
They ſhall be hang'd.
Andr. No, truly, Sir, they have broke priſon.
Juſt. 'Tis no matter; then the jailor ſhall be hang'd.
Andr. You are deceiv'd in that too, Sir; 'twas known
To be againſt his will, and he hath got
His pardon; I think, for nothing;
But if't doth coſt him any thing, I'll pay it.
Juſt. Mark, up with your papers; away!
Merc. Oh,
You ſhall ſtay dinner; I've a couple of brawling
Neighbours, that I'll aſſure you won't agree,
And you ſhall have the hearing of their matter.
Juſt. With all my heart.
Merc. Go, gentlemen, go in.
Ric. Oh, Viola, that no ſucceeding age
Might loſe the memory of what thou wert!
But ſuch an overſwayed ſex is yours,
That all the virtuous actions you can do
Are but as men will call them: And I ſwear,
'Tis my belief, that women want but ways
To praiſe their deeds, but men want deeds to praiſe.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ended; but my hopes and fears begin:
Nor can it be imputed as a ſin
In me to wiſh it favour. If this night
To the judicious it hath giv'n delight,
I have my ends: And may ſuch, for their grace
Vouchſaf'd to this, find theirs in every place!

OFFICE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OFFICE

Published as the Act directs, 25 Nov. 1777, by T. Sherlock Bow Street, Covent Garden.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

A COMEDY.

This Play is aſcribed to Fletcher by the Commendatory Verſes of Gardiner; the Epilogue, however, ſpeaks of it as the production of both Authors. The firſt publication of it was in the folio of 1647. *It was brought on the ſtage, altered by Colley Cibber, about the beginning of the preſent century, under the title of the Rival Fools, but without any ſucceſs.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, *an old knight, a great admirer of wit.*
Wittypate Oldcraft, *his ſon, an accompliſhed gentleman.*
Sir Gregory Fop, *a witleſs lord of land.*
Cunningham, *a diſcreet gentleman, Sir Gregory's comrade and ſupplanter.*
Sir Ruinous Gentry, *a decay'd knight,* } *two ſharking*
Priſcian, *a poor ſcholar,* } *companions.*
Pompey Doodle, *a clown, Sir Gregory's man, a piece of puff-paſte, like his maſter.*
Mr. Credulous, *nephew to Sir Perfidious, a ſhallow-brain'd ſcholar.*

WOMEN.

Niece *to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty heir.*
Lady Ruinous, *wife to Sir Ruinous.*
Guardianeſs *to Sir Perfidious's Niece, an old doting crone.*
Mirabell, *the Guardianeſs's niece.*

SCENE, LONDON.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

ACT I.

Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft and Wittypate.

Witty. SIR, I'm no boy; I'm deep in one and twenty;
The ſecond year's approaching.

Oldc. A fine time for
A youth to live by his wits then, I ſhould think,
If e'er he mean to make account of any.

Witty. Wits, Sir?

Oldc. Ay, wits, Sir; if it be ſo ſtrange to thee,
I'm ſorry I ſpent that time to get a fool,
I might have employ'd my pains a great deal better:
Thou know'ſt all that I have I ha' got by my wits.
And yet to ſee how urgent thou art too!
It grieves me thou art ſo degenerate
To trouble me for means; I never offer'd it
My parents from a ſchool-boy; paſt nineteen once,
(See what theſe times are grown to) before twenty
I ruſh'd into the world, which is indeed much like
The art of ſwimming, he that will attain to't
Muſt fall plump, and duck himſelf at firſt,
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous;
And not ſtand putting in one foot, and ſhiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
Well he may make a padler in the world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave ſwimmer,
Borne up by th' chin, as I bore up myſelf,

With my ſtrong induſtry that never fail'd me;
For he that lies borne up with patrimonies,
Looks like a long great aſs that ſwims with bladders:
Come but one prick of adverſe fortune to him,
He ſinks, becauſe he never tried to ſwim,
When Wit plays with the billows that choak'd him.
Witty. Why, is it not a faſhion for a father, Sir,
Out of his yearly thouſands to allow
His only ſon a competent brace of hundreds,
Or ſuch a toy?
Oldc. Yes; if he mean to ſpoil him,
Or mar his wits, he may, but never I.
This is my humour, Sir, which you'll find conſtant;
I love wit ſo well, becauſe I liv'd by't, that I'll
Give no man power out of my means to hurt it,
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiſer,
Which great ones often forget. I admire much
This age's dullneſs! When I ſcarce writ man,
The firſt degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay intelligencer cloſe for wenching,
Could give this lord or knight a true certificate
Of all the maidenheads extant; how many lay
'Mongſt chambermaids, how many 'mongſt exchange-wenches
(Tho' never many there, I muſt confeſs,
They have a trick to utter ware ſo faſt);
I knew which lady had a mind to fall,
Which gentlewoman new divorc'd, which tradeſman breaking,
The price of every ſinner to a hair,
And where to raiſe each price; which were the termers
That would give velvet petticoats, tiſſue gowns,
Which pieces, angels, ſuppers, and half-crowns:
I knew how to match, and make my market;
Could give intelligence where the pox lay lege,
And then to ſee the lechers ſhift a point
'Twas ſport and profit too; how they would ſhun
Their ador'd miſtreſs' chambers, and run fearfully,
Like rats from burning houſes; ſo brought I

My

My clients o' the game ſtill ſafe together,
And noble gameſters lov'd me, and I felt it.
Give me a man that lives by his wits, ſay I,
And's never left a groat! there's the true gallant.
When I grew ſomewhat purſy, I grew then
In mens' opinions too, and confidences;
They put things call'd executorſhips upon me,
The charge of orphans, little ſenſeleſs creatures,
Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to feltmakers,
To make 'em loſe, and work away their gentry,
Diſguiſe their tender natures with hard cuſtom,
So wrought 'em out in time; there I roſe ungently.
Nor do I fear to diſcourſe this unto thee;
I'm arm'd at all points againſt treachery,
I hold my humour firm; if I can ſee thee thrive by
Thy wits while I live, I ſhall have the more courage
To truſt thee with my lands when I die; if not,
The next beſt wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
For ſince in my time and knowledge ſo many rich children
Of the city conclude in beggary, I'd rather
Make a wiſe ſtranger my executor
Than a fooliſh ſon my heir, and have my lands call'd after
My wit than after my name; and that's my nature.

Witty. 'Tis a ſtrange harſh one! Muſt I ſtill ſhift then?
I come, brave cheats! once to my trade again!
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't'.
You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

Oldc. Not a jot, Sir.

Witty. If I ſhould aſk you bleſſing ere I go, Sir,
I think you would not give't me.

Oldc. Let me but hear thou liv'ſt by thy wits once,
Thou ſhalt have any thing; thou'rt none of mine elſe!
Then why ſhould I take care for thee?

Witty. Thank your bounty! [*Exit.*

Oldc. So wealth love me, and long life, I beſeech it,

Than e'er I did for't.] Symſon reads,
Than e'er I did before.

As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes ſo near my nature! I'm grown old now,
And even arriv'd at my laſt cheat, I fear me;
But 'twill make ſhift to bury me, by day-light too,
And diſcharge all my legacies, 'tis ſo wealthy,
And never trouble any intereſt money.
I've yet a niece to wed, over whoſe ſteps
I have plac'd a truſty watchful Guardianeſs,
For fear ſome poor earl ſteal her ('thas been threaten'd)
To redeem mortgag'd land, but he ſhall miſs on't;
To prevent which, I have ſought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall he writes himſelf, (I take it,
The ancient'ſt Fop in England) with whom I've privately
Compounded for the third part of her portion,

Enter Sir Gregory Fop and Cunningham.

And ſhe ſeems pleas'd; ſo two parts reſt with me.—
He's come. Sir Gregory, welcome! What's he, Sir?

Greg. Young Cunningham, a Norfolk gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the Fops, my kindred,
Ever ſince my remembrance. He's a wit indeed,
And we all ſtrive to have him; nay, 'tis certain
Some of our name has gone to law for him.
Now 'tis my turn to keep him; and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are:
But I will give him over when I liſt;
I ha' us'd wits ſo before.

Old. I hope when you're married, Sir,
You'll ſhake him off.

Greg. Why, what do you take me to be,
Old father-i'-law that ſhall be[a]? Do you think

[a] *Old* father-i'-law *that ſhall be.*] But that 'tis plain he never could be. The miſtaking of one letter for another is very uſual; but here the Editor has made a greater ſlip, and has changed one word for another. *Uncle-in law* is what Sir Gregory deſigns to call him. So in this act a little lower, the old Knight ſays to Sir Gregory,

Tuſh, Nephew, *I'll call you ſo*,——

And in act the third Sir Gregory ſays to him,

It's as fine a noiſe, Uncle, *as heart can wiſh*. *Sympſon.*

We believe the text genuine, and the ſlip perhaps intentional.

I'll

I'll have any of the wits hang upon me after I am married once?
None of my kindred ever had before me.
But where's this Niece? Is it a faſhion
In London to marry a woman, and never ſee her?
Oldc. Excuſe the niceneſs, Sir! that care's your friend;
Perhaps, had ſhe been ſeen, you had never ſeen her:
There's many a *ſpent thing*, call'd *An't like your honour*,
That lies in wait for her: At firſt ſnap ſhe's a counteſs,
Drawn with ſix mares thro' Fleet-Street, and a coachman,
Sitting bareheaded to their Flanders buttocks.—
This whets him on.
Greg. Pray let's clap up the buſineſs, Sir!
I long to ſee her. Are you ſure you have her?
Is ſhe not there already? Hark, hark, oh, hark!
Oldc. How now? what's that, Sir?
Greg. Every caroch goes by,
Goes ev'n to th' heart of me.
Oldc. I'll have that doubt eas'd, Sir,
Inſtantly eas'd, Sir Gregory: And, now I think on't,
A toy comes i' my mind, ſeeing your friend there;
We'll have a little ſport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her; I love wit preciouſly!
You ſhall not be ſeen yet; we'll ſtale your friend firſt,
If 't pleaſe but him to ſtand for th' anti-maſque [3].
Greg. Pho, he ſhall ſtand for any thing (why his ſupper
Lies i' my breeches here); I'll make him faſt elſe.
Oldc. Then come you forth more unexpectedly,
The maſque itſelf, a thouſand a-year jointure:
The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the beauty of the play.
Greg. For red and black, I'll put down all your fullers;
Let but your Niece bring white, and we have three colours. [*Exit Greg.*
Oldc. I'm given to underſtand you are a wit, Sir.
Cutt. I'm one that fortune ſhews ſmall favor to, Sir.

[3] *Antimaſk.*] This, I believe, properly means *a maſque of antiques.* *Whalley.*

Oldc.

Oldc. Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or no, Sir.
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.
Cunn. Fowlers catch woodcocks ſo; let not them know ſo much!
Oldc. A peſtilence mazard! a duke Humphrey ſpark,
H' had rather loſe his dinner than his jeſt!—
I ſay, I love a wit the beſt of all things.
Cunn. Always except yourſelf.
Oldc. H' has giv'n't me twice now

Enter Niece and Guardianeſs.

All with a breath, I thank him! But that I love a wit,
I ſhould be heartily angry. Cuds, my Niece!
You know the buſineſs with her?
Cunn. With a woman?
'Tis ev'n the very ſame it was, I'm ſure,
Five thouſand years ago, no fool can miſs it.
Oldc. This is the gentleman I promis'd, Niece,
To preſent to your affection.
Cunn. Ware that arrow!
Oldc. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.
Cunn. I'm ſpoil'd already; that ſuch poor lean game
Should be found out as I am!
Oldc. Go, ſet to her, Sir.—Ha, ha, ha!
Cunn. How noble is this virtue in you, lady!
Your eye may ſeem to commit a thouſand ſlaughters
On your dull ſervants, which truly taſted
Conclude all in comforts.
Oldc. Pho!
Niece. It rather ſhews
What a true worth can make, ſuch as yours is.
Oldc. And that's not worth a groat.—How like you him, Niece?
Niece. It ſhall appear how well, Sir: I humbly thank you for him.
Oldc. Ha, ha! good gullery! he does it well, faith.
'Slight, as if he meant to purchaſe Lip-land there:
Hold, hold! bear off, I ſay!

'Slight,

'Slid, your part hangs too long.

Cunn. My joys are mockeries.

Niece. You've both expreſs'd a worthy care and love, Sir:
Had mine own eye been ſet at liberty
To make a publick choice (believe my truth, Sir)
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.

Oldc. You will ſay ſo then!
Alas, ſweet Niece, all this is but the ſcabbard;
Now I draw forth the weapon.

Niece. How!

Oldc. Sir Gregory!
Approach, thou lad of thouſands!

Enter Sir Gregory.

Greg. Who calls me?

Niece. What motion's this? the model of Niniveh[4]?

Oldc. Accoſt her daintily now, let me adviſe thee!

Greg. I was advis'd to beſtow dainty coſt on you.

Niece. You were ill-advis'd; back, and take better counſel!
You may have good for an angel: The leaſt coſt
You can beſtow upon a woman, Sir,
Trebles ten counſellors' fees; in lady-ware,
You're overhead and ears, ere you be aware.
Faith, keep a batchelor ſtill, and go to bowls, Sir,
Follow your miſtreſs there, and prick and ſave, Sir!
For other miſtreſſes will make you a ſlave, Sir.

Greg. So, ſo! I have my lerrepoop already.

Oldc. Why, how now, Niece? this is the man, I tell you!

Niece. He? hang him! Sir, I know you do but mock;
This is the man, you would ſay.

Oldc. The devil rides, I think!

4 *The model of Niniveh.*] The *model of Nineveh* appears to have been a puppet ſhow in great repute in the time of our Authors. It is mentioned in the old comedy of Every Woman in Her Humour, 1609, quarto, ſignature H. 'I have ſeen the city of new *Nineveh*, and old Julius Cæſar, acted by mammets.' It is alſo taken notice of by Ben Jonſon in his Bartholemew-Fair, act v. ſc. i.

Cunn.

Cunn. I muſt uſe cunning here.
Oldc. Make me not mad! uſe him with all reſpect!
This is the man, I ſwear.
Niece. 'Would you could perſuade me to that!
Alas, you cannot go beyond me, uncle:
You carry a jeſt well, I muſt confeſs,
For a man of your years; but——
Oldc. I'm wrought beſide myſelf!
Cunn. [*to the Guardianeſs.*] I ne'er beheld
Comelineſs 'till this minute.
Guard. Oh, good ſweet Sir,
Pray offer not theſe words to an old gentlewoman!
Niece. Sir!
Cunn. Away, fifteen! here's fifty-one exceeds thee.
Niece. What's the buſineſs?
Cunn. Give me theſe motherly creatures! Come, ne'er ſmother it;
I know you are a teeming woman yet.
Guard. Troth, a young gentleman might do much, I think, Sir.
Cunn. Go to then.
Guard. And I ſhould play my part, or I were ingrateful.
Niece. Can you ſo ſoon neglect me?
Cunn. Hence! I'm buſy.
Oldc. This croſs point came in luckily. Impudent baggage,
Hang from the gentleman! art thou not aſham'd
To be a widow's hind'rance?
Cunn. Are you angry, Sir?
Oldc. You're welcome! pray court on: I ſhall deſire
Your honeſt wiſe acquaintance. Vex me not,
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,
Leſt I confine thy life to ſome out-chamber,
Where thou ſhalt waſte the ſweetneſs of thy youth,
Like a conſuming light in her own ſocket,
And not allow'd a male-creature about thee!
A very monkey, thy neceſſity
Shall prize at a thouſand pound; a chimney-ſweeper
A

At fifteen hundred.

Niece. But are you ſerious, uncle?

Oldc. Serious.

Niece. Pray let me look upon the gentleman
With more heed! then I did but hum him over,
In haſte, good faith, as lawyers chancery ſheets.
Beſhrew my blood, a tolerable man,
Now I diſtinctly read him!

Greg. Hum, hum, hum!

Niece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch;
Well-ankled, two good confident calves, they look
As if they would not ſhrink at the ninth child;
The redneſs in the face—why, that's in faſhion,
Moſt of your high bloods have it; 'tis a ſign
Of greatneſs, marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with May-butter:
I'll ſend to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine.

Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum!

Niece. He's qualified too, believe me.

Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum!

Niece. Where was my judgment?

Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum!

Niece. Perfection's cover'd meſs.

Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum!

Niece. It ſmokes apparently. Pardon, ſweet Sir,
The error of my ſex!

Oldc. Why, well ſaid, Niece!
Upon ſubmiſſion, you muſt pardon her now, Sir.

Greg. I'll do it by courſe: Do you think I'm an aſs, knight?
Here's firſt my hand; now it goes to the ſeal-office.

Oldc. Formally finiſh'd! How goes this ſuit forward?

Cunn. I'm taking meaſure of the widow's mind, Sir;
I hope to fit her heart.

Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morſel now? Things come in minutes!

Greg. Truſt him not, widow; he's a younger brother,
He'll ſwear and lie; believe me, he's worth nothing.

Guard.

Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing,
Than he that brings his thouſands without any thing;
We have precedents for that amongſt great ladies.

Olde. Come, come! no language now ſhall be in faſhion
But your love-phraſe, the bell to procreation. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Wittypate, and Priſcian.

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me beſides my wits,
But this fourth, this lay illiterate ſhare;
There's no conſcience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been ſo
Where I have practis'd, and muſt be ſtill where I am.
Nor has it been undeſerv'd at the year's end,
And ſhuffle the almanack together, vacations
And term-times, one with another; tho' I ſay't,
My wife is a woman of a good ſpirit;
Then it is no lay-ſhare.

Priſ. Faith, for this five year,
Ego poſſum probare, I have had
A hungry penurious ſhare with 'em,
And ſhe has had as much as I always.

Witty. Preſent, or not preſent?

Priſ. Reſidens aut non reſidens, per ſalem!

Witty. And what precedent's this for me? becauſe
Your *hic & hæc*, *turpis* and *qui mihi*
Diſcipulus brains (that never got any thing
But by accidence and uncertainty)
Did allow it, therefore I muſt, that have grounded
Concluſions of wit, hereditary rules
From my father, to get by?

Ruin. Sir, be compendious;
Either take or refuſe: I will 'bate no token
Of my wife's ſhare; make even the laſt reckoning,
And either ſo unite, or here divide company.

Priſ. A good reſolution, *profecto!* let every man
Beg his own way, and happy man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double ſhare, and ſingle brains,

Pol, ædipol, here's toward; a *caſtor ecaſtor* for you!
I will endure it a fortnight longer, but
By theſe juſt five ends——
Priſ. Take heed! five's odd;
Put both hands together or ſeverally,
They are all odd unjuſt ends.
Witty. Medius fidius, hold your tongue!
I depoſe you from half a ſhare preſently elſe:
I will make you a participle, and decline you; now
You underſtand me! Be you a quiet conjunction
Amongſt the undeclined; you and your Latin
Ends ſhall go ſhift, *ſolus cum ſolo,* together elſe;
And then if ever they get ends of gold
And ſilver, enough to ſerve that gerundine maw of yours,
That without *do* will end in *di* and *dum* inſtantly——

Enter Oldcraft and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Enough, enough! Here comes company! we loſe
Five ſhares in wrangling about one.
Witty. My father? Put on, Priſcian!
He has Latin fragments too; but I fear him not!
I'll caſe my face with a little more hair, and relieve.
Oldc. Tuſh, nephew! I'll call you ſo, for if there be
No other obſtacles than thoſe you ſpeak of,
They are but powder charges without pellets;
You may ſafely front 'em, and warrant your own danger.
Greg. No other that I can perceive, i'faith, Sir:
For I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could;
And the ſtrongeſt repulſe was, ſhe ſaid,
She would have a little ſoldier in me,
That, if need were, I ſhould defend her reputation.
Oldc. And ſurely, Sir, that is a principle
Amongſt your principal ladies: They require valour
Either in a friend or a huſband.
Greg. And I allow
Their requeſts i'faith, as well as any woman's
Heart can deſire: If I knew where to get
Valour,

Valour, I would as willingly entertain it
As any man that blows.

Oldc. Breathes, breathes, Sir; that's the ſweeter phraſe.

Greg. Blows for a ſoldier, i'faith, Sir! and I'm in Practice that way.

Oldc. For a ſoldier, I grant it.

Greg. 'Slid!
I'll ſwallow ſome bullets, and good round ones too,
But I'll have a little ſoldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg,
Or ſteal and be hang'd?

Greg. And ſome ſcholar ſhe would have me beſides.

Oldc. Tuſh, that ſhall be no bar[5]; it is a quality
In a gentleman, but of the leaſt queſtion.

Priſ. Salvete, domini benigniſſimi, munificentiſſimi!

Oldc. Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te ſalvere!
Nay, Sir, we have Latin, and other metal in us too, Sir.
You ſhall ſee me talk with this fellow now.

Greg. I could find in my heart to talk with him too,
If I could underſtand him.

Priſ. Chariſſimi[6],
Doctiſſimique, domini, ex abundantiâ
Charitatis veſtræ eſtote propitii in me juvenem
Miſerum, pauperem, & omni conſolatione exulem!

Oldc. A pretty ſcholar, by my faith, Sir! but I'll to him again.

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5 Greg. *And ſome ſcholar ſhe would have me beſides,*
Tuſh, that ſhall be no bar, &c.] The impropriety of making *Sir Gregory* both tell the tale and give the anſwer, inclined me to prefix *Oldcraft* before *Tuſh, that ſhall,* &c. *Sympſon.*

6 Priſ. *Chariſſimi, doctiſſimique, Domini, ex abundantia*
Charitatis veſtræ eſtote propitii in me jejunum
Miſerum.] *Clariſſimi* I prefer to *chariſſimi*. *Jortin.* I too can by no means approve, tho' ſenſe, becauſe it is only an arbitrary reading of the Editor of the copy of 1679. That of 1647. repreſents the paſſage thus; *eſtote propitii in me* junenem, which, tho' not ſenſe, becauſe not Latin, will yet be the hand-maid to lead us to what might very poſſibly have been the original reading: and that with no more trouble than turning of an *n* into a *u*, ——*propitii in me juvenem.* *Sympſon.*

Greg.

Greg. Does he beg or ſteal in this language, can you tell, Sir?

He may take away my good name from me,
And I ne'er the wiſer.

Oldc. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Priſ. Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen! in ore Fames ſitiſque; ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia; In omni parte neceſſitas & indigentia.

Oldc. Audi tu bonus ſocius; tu es ſcholaſticus, ſic intelligo, Ego faciam argumentum.

Mark now, Sir, now I fetch him up!

Greg. I've been fetch'd up a hundred times for this; Yet I could never learn half ſo much.

Oldc. Audi, & reſponde; hoc eſt argumentum: Nomen eſt Nomen—ergo, quod eſt tibi nomen? Reſponde nunc, Reſponde argumentum meum.

Have I not put him to't, Sir?

Greg. Yes, Sir, I think ſo.

Witty. Step in! the raſcal is put out of his penn'd ſpeech,
And he can go no further.

Oldc. Cur non reſpondes?

Priſ. O domine, tanta mea eſt miſeria——

Witty. So! he's almoſt in again.

Priſ. Ut nocte mecum pernoctet egeſtas, luce quotidie Paupertas habitet.

Oldc. Sed quod eſt tibi nomen? & quis dedit? reſponde Argumentum.

Priſ. Hem, hem!

Witty. He's dry; he hems: On quickly!

Ruin. Courteous gentlemen,
If the brow of a military face may not be offenſive
To your generous eye-balls, let his wounds ſpeak better than his words,
For ſome branch or ſmall ſprig of charity to be planted
Upon this poor barren ſoil of a ſoldier.

Oldc. How now! what, arms and arts both go a-begging?

Ruin. Such is the poſt-progreſs of cold charity now-a-days,
Who (for heat to her frigid limbs) paſſes in ſo ſwift a motion
That two at the leaſt had need be to ſtay her..

Greg. Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you; and be gone!
If any quarrel ſhould ariſe amongſt us,
I am able to anſwer neither of them; his iron
And ſteel tongue is as hard as t'other's Latin one.

Oldc. Stay, ſtay, Sir! I will talk a little with him firſt:
Let me alone with both! I will try whether they
Live by their wits or no; for ſuch a man I love.—
And, what, you both beg together then?

Priſ. Conjunctis manibus, profecto, domine.

Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal diſtribution;
There's not the breadth of a ſword's point uneven
In our diviſion.

Greg. What two qualities
Are here caſt away upon two poor fellows!
If a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what
A double man were that! If theſe two fellows
Might be bought and ſodden, and boil'd to a jelly,
And eaten faſting every morning, I do not
Think but a man ſhould find ſtrange things in his ſtomach.

Oldc. Come, Sir, join your charity with mine,
And we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us.

Greg. If a man could have a penny worth for his penny,
I would beſtow more money with 'em.

Witty. Save you, gentlemen! How now?
What, are you encounter'd here? What fellows are theſe?

Oldc. Faith, Sir, here's Mars and Mercury; a pair
Of poor planets, it ſeems, that Jupiter
Has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we are e'en
About a little ſpark of charity
To kindle 'em a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you ſtay, Sir!
You may abuſe your charity, nay, make
That goodneſs in you no better than a vice:

So

So many deceivers walk in theſe ſhadows now-a-days,
That certainly your bounties were better ſpilt,
Than reſerv'd to ſo lewd and vicious uſes.—
Which is he that profeſſes the ſoldier?

Ruin. He that profeſſes his own profeſſion, Sir,
And the dangerous life he hath led in it
This pair of half-ſcore years.

Witty. In what ſervices have you been, Sir?

Ruin. The firſt that fleſh'd me a ſoldier, Sir,
Was that great battle at Alcazar in Barbary,
Where the noble Engliſh Stukeley fell[7], and where
That royal Portugal Sebaſtian ended
His untimely days.

Witty. Are you ſure Sebaſtian died there?

Ruin. Faith, Sir, there was ſome other rumour hop'd
Amongſt us[8], that he, wounded, eſcap'd, and touch'd
On his native ſhore again; where finding his country at home
More diſtreſs'd by the invaſion of the Spaniard,
Than his loſs abroad, forſook it, ſtill ſupporting
A miſerable and unfortunate life,
Which where he ended is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my faith, Sir,
He ſpeaks the neareſt fame of truth in this.

Ruin. Since, Sir, I ſerv'd in France, the Low Countries,
Laſtly, at that memorable ſkirmiſh at Newport[9],

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[7] *The great battle at Alcazar in Barbary, where the noble* Engliſh Stukeley *fell, and where that royal* Portugal Sebaſtian, *&c.*] The *battle of Alcazar* was fought in Auguſt, 1578. Don *Sebaſtian*, one of the kings who fell in that engagement, being not found after the battle, was for a long time ſuppoſed to have eſcaped, and reported to be living in ſeveral different countries.—Of *Stukeley*, who appears to have been a diſſolute Engliſhman, born in Devonſhire, a volunteer in that battle, after having diſſipated his property, an account may be ſeen in an old ballad publiſhed in Evans's collection, 1777, vol. ii. p. 103. See alſo an old play, entitled, The *Battle of Alcazar*, with the death of captain *Stukeley*, 4to. 1594. *R.*

[8] Hop't *amongſt us.*] Theobald and Seward would read, HOPT *amongſt us.*

[9] *That memorable ſkirmiſh*, &c.] This *memorable ſkirmiſh at Newport* happened on the 22d of July, 1600, between prince Albert and prince Maurice de Naſſau; the former commander of the Spaniards,

Where the forward and bold Scot there ſpent his life
So freely, that from every ſingle heart
That there fell, came home, from his reſolution,
A double honour to his country.
Witty. This
Should be no counterfeit, Sir.
Oldc. I do not think he is, Sir.
Witty. But, Sir, methinks you do not ſhew the marks
Of a ſoldier: Could you ſo freely ſcape,
That you brought home no ſcars to be your chronicle?
Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many; but in thoſe parts
Where nature and humanity bids me ſhame
To publiſh.
Witty. A good ſoldier cannot want
Thoſe badges.
Greg. Now am not I of your mind
In that; for I hold him the beſt ſoldier
That ſcapes beſt: Always at a mock-fencing[10]
I give him the beſt that has the feweſt knocks.
Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your ſcholar, too.
To aſk you
Why you ſhould be poor, yet richly learn'd,
Were no queſtion, at leaſt, you can eaſily anſwer it;
But whether you have learning enough to deſerve
To be poor or no (ſince poverty is commonly
The meed of learning) is yet to be tried:
You have the languages? I mean the chief,
As the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, &c.
Priſ. Aliquantulum; non totaliter, domine.
Oldc. The Latin I have ſufficiently tried him in,
And I promiſe you, Sir, he is very well grounded.
Witty. I will prove him in ſome of the reſt.

and the latter of the forces of the States-General. The Spaniards were worſted, and ſuſtained the loſs of 2000 men killed, beſides a great number taken priſoners. This battle is mentioned in ſeveral contemporary writers; but we do not find the leaſt notice taken in any of the accounts of the *forward and bold Scot*, whoſe bravery is here celebrated by our Authors. *R.*

[10] *A* cock-fencing.] Corrected by Sympſon.

Tota

Toia micis father ois iſte cock-ſcomboy?
Priſ. Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi aſiniſoy.
Witty. Cheateron ton biton?
Priſ. Tous pollous ſtrikerous, angelo to peeſo.
Witty. Certainly, Sir,
A very excellent ſcholar in the Greek.
Oldc. I do note a wondrous readineſs in him.
Greg. I do wonder
How the Trojans could hold out ten years' ſiege,
As 'tis reported, againſt the Greeks: If Achilles
Spoke but this tongue, I do not think but he
Might have ſhaken down the walls in a ſevennight,
And ne'er troubled the wooden horſe.
Witty. I will try him ſo far as I can in the Syriac.
Kircom bregmen, ſhag a dou ma dell mathou.
Priſ. Haſhagath rabgabaſh ſhobos onoriadka.
Witty. Colpack rubeſca, gnawerthem ſhig ſhag.
Priſ. Napſhamothem ribſhe bongomoſh laſhemech nagothi.
Witty. Gentlemen, I have done! any man, that can,
Go further! I confeſs myſelf at a nonplus.
Greg. Faith, not I, Sir; I was at my furtheſt
In my natural language; I was never double-tongu'd,
I thank my hard fortune.
Witty. Well, gentlemen,
'Tis pity, (walk further off a little, my friends)
I ſay, 'tis pity ſuch fellows, ſo endow'd,
So qualified with the gifts of nature and arts,
Yet ſhould have ſuch a ſcarcity of Fortune's benefits:
We muſt blame our iron-hearted age for it.
Oldc. 'Tis pity, indeed; and our pity ſhall ſpeak
A little for 'em: Come, Sir! here's my groat.
Witty. A groat, Sir? oh fy! give nothing rather!
'Twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging,
And ſo quit yourſelf: I am a poor gentleman,
That have little but my wits to live on——
Oldc. Troth,
And I love you the better, Sir.
Witty. Yet I'll begin
A better example than ſo: Here, fellows,

There's between you; take purſe and all; and I
Would it were heavier for your ſakes!
There's a pair of angels to guide you to your lodgings,
A poor gentleman's good will!

Priſ. *Gratias, maximas gratias, beniguiſſime domine!*

Oldc. This is an ill example for us, Sir: I would
This bountiful gentleman had not come this way to-day.

Greg. Pox, we muſt not ſhame ourſelves now,
Sir! I'll give as much as that gentleman,
Tho' I never be ſoldier or ſcholar while I live:
Here, friends; there's a piece, that, if he were divided,
Would make a pair of angels for me too, in the love
I bear to the ſword and the tongues.

Oldc. My largeſs
Shall be equal too; and much good do you. This bounty
Is a little abatement of my wit tho', I feel that.

Ruin. May ſoldiers ever defend ſuch charities!

Priſ. And ſcholars pray for their encreaſe!

Oldc. Fare you well!
Sir, theſe fellows may pray for you; you have made
The ſcholar's commons exceed to-day. And, a word
with you, Sir!
You ſaid you liv'd by your wits; if you uſe
This bounty, you'll beggar your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh, Sir, I hope to encreaſe 'em by it; this ſeed
Never wants his harveſt. Fare you well, Sir! [*Exit.*

Greg. I think a man were as good meet with a reaſonable thief,
As an unreaſonable beggar ſometimes.
I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again:
Can you change my piece, my friends?

Priſ. *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

Greg. My gold is turn'd into Latin.

Re-enter Wittypate.

Witty. Look you, good fellows;
Here's one round ſhilling more that lay conceal'd.

Oldc. Sir, away! we ſhall be drawn further into
damage elſe.

Greg.

Greg. A pox of the fool! he live by his wits? If his wits
Leave him any money, but what he begs or ſteals,
Very ſhortly, I'll be hang'd for him. [*Exit with Greg.*

Ruin. This breakfaſt parcel was well fetch'd off, i'faith!

Witty. Tuſh! a bye-blow for mirth; we muſt have better
Purchaſe: We want a fourth for another project
That I have ripen'd.

Ruin. My wife; ſhe ſhares, and can deſerve it.

Witty. She can change her ſhape, and be maſculine?

Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'ſt conditions: She fears not
The crack of a piſtol; ſhe dares ſay *ſtand* to a grazier.

Priſ. Probatum fuit, profecto, domine.

Witty. Good! then you, Sir Bacchus Apollo, ſhall be
Diſpatch'd with her ſhare, and ſome contents, to meet us
Tomorrow, at a certain place and time appointed,
In the maſculine gender: My father has a nephew,
And I an own couſin, coming up from the univerſity,
Whom he loves muſt indulgently;
Eaſy maſter Credulous Oldcraft,
(For you know what your mere academic is).
Your carrier never miſſes his hour: He muſt not
Be robb'd, becauſe he has but little to loſe;
But he muſt join with us in a device
That I have, that ſhall rob my father of
A hundred pieces, and thank me to be rid on't:
For there's the ambition of my wit, to live upon his profeſs'd wit,
That has turn'd me out to live by my wits.

Priſ. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hundred weight,
Tho' it be counters, for my alchemy
Shall turn 'em into gold of my father's; the hour,
The place, the action ſhall be at large ſet down:
And, father, you ſhall know, that I put my portion
To uſe, that you have given me to live by;
And to confirm yourſelf in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wit's legitimate! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lady Ruinous and Servant.

Serv. NAY, lady!

L. Ruin. Put me not in mind on't, prithee!

You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
For in our wants, 'tis the moſt chief affliction
To have that name remember'd; 'tis a title
That miſery mocks us by, and the world's malice!
Scorn and Contempt have not wherewith to work
On humble callings; they are ſafe, and lie
Level with Pity ſtill, and pale Diſtreſs
Is no great ſtranger to 'em; but when Fortune
Looks with a ſtormy face on our conditions,
We find Affliction work, and Envy paſtime,
And our worſt enemy then, that moſt abuſes us,
Is that we are call'd by, *Lady*. Oh, my ſpirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I'm well methinks,
And can live quiet with my fate ſometimes,
Until I look into the world again:
Then I begin to rave at my ſtars' bitterneſs,
To ſee how many muckhills plac'd above me;
Peaſants and droyls[1], caroches full of dunghills,
Whoſe very birth ſtinks in a generous noſtril,
Gliſtring by night like glow-worms thro' the high-ſtreets,
Hurried by torch-light in the footmens' hands,
That ſhew like running fire-drakes thro' the city,
And I put to my ſhifts and wits to live,
(Nay, ſometimes danger too) on foot, on horſeback,
And earn my ſupper manfully ere I get it:
Many a meal I've purchas'd at that rate,

[1] *Droyls.*] i. e. *Drudges*, &c. *Sympſon.*

Enter

Enter Priſcian.

Fed with a wound upon me, ſtamp'd at midnight.
Ha! what are you?

Priſ. [*Pulls off his beard.*] Now you may tell yourſelf, Lady!

L. Ruin. Oh, Mr. Priſcian! what's the project? For you ne'er come without one.

Priſ. Firſt, your huſband,
Sir Ruinous Gentry, greets you with beſt wiſhes,
And here has ſent you your full ſhare by me
In five cheats and two robberies.

L. Ruin. And what comes it to?

Priſ. Near upon thirteen pound.

L. Ruin. A goodly ſhare!
'Twill put a lady ſcarce in Philip and cheyney[11],
With three ſmall bugle laces, like a chambermaid:
Here's precious lifting!

Priſ. 'Las, you muſt conſider, Lady,
'Tis but young term; attornies ha' ſmall doings yet;
Then highway lawyers, they muſt needs ha' little:
We've had no great good luck, to ſpeak troth, beauty,
Since your ſtout ladyſhip parted from's at Highgate;
But there's a fair hope now for a preſent hundred.
Here's man's apparel! your horſe ſtands at door.

L. Ruin. And what's the virtuous plot now?

Priſ. Marry, Lady,
You, like a brave young gallant, muſt be robb'd.

L. Ruin. I robb'd?

Priſ. Nay then——

L. Ruin. Well, well, go on! Let's hear, Sir.

Priſ. Here's a ſeal'd bag of a hundred; which indeed
Are counters all, only ſome ſixteen groats

[11] *In* Philip *and cheyney.*] What ſort of ſtuff *Philip* is, I don't remember ever to have heard or read of: I imagine the original reading run thus,

——— Philippine *cheyney*,

which is a ſort of ſtuff at preſent in common uſe, but goes now by the appellation of *barrateen*. *Sympſon.*

Of

Of white money i'th' mouth on't.

L. Ruin. So! what ſaddle have I?

Priſ. Monſieur Laroon's the Frenchman's.

L. Ruin. That again?

You know ſo well it is not for my ſtride!
How oft have I complain'd on't?

Priſ. You may have Jockey's then, the little Scotch one.

You muſt diſpatch. [*Exit.*

L. Ruin. I'll ſoon be ready, Sir,
Before you have ſhifted ſaddles. Many women
Have their wealth flow to 'em; I was made, I ſee,
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [*Exit.*

Enter Cunningham.

Cunn. My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf
Still draws me from my home; yet I follow:
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such hags do get dominion of our tongues;
So ſoon as we ſpeak, the enchantment binds.
I have diſſembled ſuch a trouble on me,
As my beſt wits can hardly clear again:
Piping thro' this old reed, the Guardianeſs,
With purpoſe that my harmony ſhall reach
And pleaſe the lady's ear; ſhe ſtops below,
And echoes back my love unto my lips,
Perſuaded by moſt violent arguments
Of ſelf-love in herſelf, I am ſo ſelf-fool,
To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.
I could beggar her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; it were charity;
But for pity's ſake I will be a niggard,
And undo her, refuſing to take from her.
I'm haunted again! if it take not now,
I'll break the ſpell.

Enter Guardianeſs.

Guard. Sweet Cunningham, welcome!
What, a whole day abſent? Birds that build neſts

Have

Have care to keep 'em.
Cunn. That is granted;
But not continually to ſit upon 'em,
'Leſs in the youngling ſeaſon: Elſe, they deſire
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours;
Then they return with freſher appetite
To work again.
Guard. Well, well, you've built a neſt
That will ſtand all ſtorms; you need not miſtruſt
A weather-wreck: And, one day, it may be
The youngling ſeaſon too; then, I hope,
You'll ne'er fly out of ſight.
Cunn. There will be pains
I ſee to ſhake this bur off!—And, ſweeteſt,
Prithee how fares thy charge? has my good friend,
Sir Gregory, the countenance of a lover?
Guard. No, by my troth, not in my mind; methinks,
(Setting his worſhip aſide) he looks like a fool.
Cunn. Nay, i'faith, ne'er divide his worſhip from him
For that ſmall matter! fool and worſhip are no
Such ſtrangers now-a-days. But my meaning is,
Has he thy lady's countenance of love?
Looks ſhe like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As, Cupid bleſs us, we have?
Guard. Troth, I know not;
I can perceive no forwardneſs in my charge.
But I proteſt I wiſh the knight
Better for your ſake, bird.
Cunn. Why, thanks, ſweet bird!
And with my heart I wiſh that he had as ſtrong
And likely hope of her, as thou haſt of me.
Guard. Well, he is like to ſpeed never the worſe
For that good wiſh. And I will tell you, bird,
(For ſecrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My charge thinks well of you.
Cunn. Of me? for what?
Guard. For my ſake; I mean ſo: I have heard her
A hundred times ſay, ſince her uncle gave her

The

The firſt bob about you, that ſhe'd do ſomewhat
For my ſake, if things went well together:
We've ſpoke of doors and bolts, and things, and things—
Go to! I'll not tell all [13]; but you'll find ſome
Advancement, for my ſake, I do believe.
Cunn. Faith, be not ſparing; tell me!
Guard. By my lady,
You ſhall pardon me for that! it were a ſhame
If men ſhould hear all that women ſpeak behind
Their backs ſometimes.
Cunn. You muſt give me leave yet
At leaſt to give her thanks.
Guard. Nor that neither;
She muſt not take a notice of my blabbing.
It is ſufficient you ſhall give me thanks; for
'Tis for my ſake, if ſhe be bountiful:
She loves me, and loves you too for my ſake.
Cunn. How ſhall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my deareſt duty?
Guard. Ay, but you muſt not know it; if you tell
All that I open to you, you'll ſhame us both:
Afar off, you may kiſs your hand, bluſh, or ſo,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.
Cunn. Whoop! you'll be jealous, I perceive now.
Guard. Jealous?
Why, there is no true love without it, bird!
I muſt be jealous of thee: But for her,
(Were it within my duty to my maſter)
I durſt truſt her with the ſtrongeſt tempter,
And I dare ſwear her now as pure a virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage-bed:
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are ſo.
Cunn. And where's the cauſe of your fear then?
Guard. Well, well;
When things are paſt, and the wedding torches
Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

[13] *Go to,* I'll tell you all.] Varied by Symſon.

Cunn.

Cunn. Come, come, I ſee further,
That, if we were married, you'd be jealous.
Guard. I proteſt, I ſhould a little, but not of her:
It is the married woman (if you mark it)
And not the maid that longs; the appetite
Follows the firſt taſte; when we have reliſhed,
We wiſh cloying; the taſte once pleas'd before,
Then our deſire is whetted on to more.
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith, bird.
Cunn. Not a whit, faith, bird, betwixt you and I;
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.
Guard. Nay,
You ſhall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd;
But make not things common.
Cunn. Ud' ſo, your lady!
Guard. Ay, 'tis no matter; ſhe'll like well of this;
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Niece and Pompey.

Niece. This preſent from Sir Gregory?
Pompey. From my maſter,
The worſhipful, right Sir Gregory Fop.
Niece. A ruff? And what might be his high conceit
In ſending of a ruff?
Pompey. I think he had
Two conceits in't, forſooth [14], to high, to low;
Ruff high, becauſe as the ruff does embrace
Your neck all day, ſo does he deſire to throw
His knightly arms——
Niece. But then I leave him off a-nights.
Pompey. Why, then he is ruff low, a ruffian;
A bold adventurous Errant to do any
Rough ſervice for his lady.

[14] *He had two conceits in it, forſooth,* too high too low.] The playing upon words here, I imagine to have been the conceit of ſome poor player. If we conſider this paſſage it will be found that, *two conceits too* high *too* low, is nothing but ſound without ſenſe, and that the Poets probably wrote,

——— *two conceits,* t'one *high,* t'one *low.* *Sympſon.*

Sympſon's *conceit* ſeems the ſtrangeſt of the whole.

Niece.

Niece. A witty and unhappy conceit!—Does he mean
As he ſeems to ſay unto that reverence? [*Toward Cunn.*
He does wooe her ſure!
Pompey. To tell you truth, lady,
His conceit was far better than I have blaz'd it yet.
Niece. Do you think ſo, Sir?
Pompey. Nay, I know it, forſooth;
For it was two days ere he compaſs'd it,
To find a fitting preſent for your ladyſhip:
He was ſending once a very fine puppy to you.
Niece. And that he would have brought himſelf.
Pompey. So he would indeed; but then
He alter'd his device, and ſent this ruff,
Requeſting withal, that whenſoever it is foul,
You (with your own hands) would beſtow the ſtarching of it.
Niece. Elſe ſhe wooes him: Now his eyes ſhoot this way.— [*Toward Cunn.*
And what was the reaſon for that, Sir?
Pompey. There lies his main conceit, lady; for, ſays he,
In ſo doing, ſhe cannot chuſe but in the ſtarching
To clap it often between her hands, and ſo
She gives a great liking and applauſe to my preſent;
Whereas, if I ſhould ſend a puppy, ſhe ever
Calls it to her with *hiſt*, *hiſs*, *hiſs*, which is
A fearful diſgrace: He drew the device
From a play [15] at the Bull, t'other day.
Niece. Ay marry, Sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.
Pompey. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, lady.
Guard. How now? which way look you, bird?
Cunn. At the fool, bird;
Shall I not look at the fool?
Guard. At the fool,
And I here? what need that? pray look this way.
Niece. I'll fit him aptly! Either I'll awake
His wits (if he have any) or force him to appear

[15] *The device from a play.*] And yet next page he tells Niece, who ſuſpected his maſter in point of wit and ingenuity, that it was really his (Sir Gregory's) own. *Sympſon.*

(As

(As yet I cannot think him) without any.—
Sirrah, tell me one thing true,
That I ſhall aſk you now: Was this device
Your maſter's own? I doubt his wit in it;
He is not ſo ingenious.
Pompey. His own,
I aſſure you, madam.
Niece. Nay, you muſt not lie.
Pompey. Not with a lady? I'd rather lie with you
Than lie with my maſter, by your leave,
In ſuch a caſe as this.
Guard. Yet again your eye?
Cunn. The fool makes mirth, i'faith;
I'd hear ſome.
Guard. Come, you ſhall hear none but me.
Niece. Come hither, friend; nay, come nearer me! Did
Thy maſter ſend thee to me? He may be wiſe,
But did not ſhew it much in that; men ſometimes
May wrong themſelves unawares, when they leaſt think on't.
Was Vulcan ever ſo unwiſe to ſend Mars
To be his ſpokeſman, when he went a-wooing?
Send thee? Hey-ho! a pretty rolling eye!
Pompey. I can turn up the white and the black too,
An need be, forſooth.
Niece. Why, here's an amorous noſe!
Pompey. You ſee the worſt of my noſe, forſooth.
Niece. A cheek!
How I could pat it now in dalliance[16]!
A pair of lips! Oh, that we were uney'd!
I could ſuck ſugar from 'em; what a beard is here!
When will the knight thy maſter have ſuch a ſtamp
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not bluſh.
Pompey. 'Tis nothing but my fleſh and blood that riſes ſo.
Cunn. 'Death, ſhe courts the fool!
Guard. Away, away! 'tis ſport; do not mind it.
Niece. Give me thy hand; come, be familiar!

[16] *How I could* put *it now in dalliance.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

Ay,

Ay, here's a promiſing palm! what a ſoft
Handful of pleaſure's here! Here's down compar'd
With flocks and quilted ſtraw; thy knight's fingers
Are lean mattrice-rubbers to theſe feathers:
I prithee let me lean my cheek upon't!
What a ſoft pillow's here!

Pompey. Hum, umh, hu, hum!

Niece. Why, there's a courage in that lively paſſion!
Meaſure thee all o'er, there is not a limb
But has his full proportion: It is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee;
The goodlier man by half! at once, now I
See thee all over.

Pompey. If you had ſeen me ſwim the other day
On my back, you would have ſaid you had ſeen!
There was two chambermaids that ſaw me, and
My legs by chance were tangled in the flags,
And when they ſaw how I was hang'd, they cried out,
Oh, help the man for fear he be drown'd!

Niece. They
Could do no leſs in pity. Come, thine arm!
We'll walk together.

Cunn. Blindneſs of love and women! why, ſhe dotes
Upon the fool.

Guard. What's that to you? mind her not.

Cunn. Away, you bur!

Guard. How's that?

Cunn. Hang off, fleſh-hook! faſten thine itchy claſp
On ſome dry toad-ſtool, that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.

Guard. Oh, abominable!
Why, do you not love me?

Cunn. No; never did!
I took thee down a little way to enforce
A vomit from my offended ſtomach; now
Thou'rt up again, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh, villain! [*Retires.*

Cunn. Why, doſt thou not ſee a ſight
Would make a man abjure the ſight of women?

Niece.

Niece. Ha, ha, ha! he's vex'd! ha, ha, ha!
Pompey. Ha, ha, ha!
Niece. Why doſt thou laugh?
Pompey. Becauſe thou laugheſt; nothing elſe, i'faith.
Cunn. She has but mock'd my folly! elſe ſhe finds not
The boſom of my purpoſe: Some other way
Muſt make me know. I'll try her; and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her lady-wit. [*Exit.*
Niece. Yes, in troth, I laugh'd to think of thy maſter
Now, what he would think if he knew this!
Pompey. By my troth,
I laugh at him too. Faith, ſirrah, he's but a fool,
To ſay the truth; tho' I ſay't that ſhould not ſay't.
Niece. Yes, thou ſhouldſt ſay truth, and I believe thee.
Well, for this time we'll part: You perceive ſomething;
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakneſs;
But pray be ſilent!
Pompey. As mouſe in cheeſe, or gooſe in hay, i'faith.
Niece. Look, we are cut off! there's my hand
Where my lips would be.
Pompey. I'll wink, and think 'em
Thy lips. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Niece. Now, Guardianeſs,
I need not aſk where you have been.
Guard. Oh, lady,
Ne'er was woman ſo abus'd!

Re-enter Pompey.

Pompey. Doſt thou hear, lady ſweetheart?
I had forgot to tell thee; if you will,
I will come back in the evening.
Niece. By no means;
Come not 'till I ſend for you.
Pompey. If there be
Any need, you may think of things when I am gone.
I may be convey'd into your chamber; I'll lie
Under the bed while midnight, or ſo;
Or you ſhall put me up in one of your little boxes;

I can creep in at a ſmall hole.

Niece. Theſe

Are things I dare not venture: I charge you,
On my love, never come 'till I ſend for you.

Pompey. Verbum inſipienti! 'Tis enough to the wiſe.
Nor I think it is not fit the knight ſhould know
Any thing yet.

Niece. By no means! pray you go now; we're ſuſpected.

Pompey. For the things that are paſt, let us uſe our ſecrets.

Niece. Now I will make a firm trial of your love;
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a ſyllable; 'tis the ſeal of love; take heed!

Pompey. Hum, hum, hum, hum! [*Exit.*

Niece. He hums loth to depart [17].
So, this pleaſant trouble's gone. Now, Guardianeſs!
What! your eyes eaſing your heart? the cauſe, woman?

Guard. The cauſe is falſe man, madam! oh, lady!
I have been gulled in a ſhining carbuncle,
A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as ice.

Niece. And juſtly ſerv'd;
Wouldſt thou once think that ſuch an erring ſpring [18]
Would dote upon thine autumn?

Guard. Oh, had you heard
Him but proteſt——

Niece. I would not have believ'd him.
Thou might'ſt have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy folly,
In wanton imitation with the fool.
Go, weep the ſin of thy credulity,

---

[17] Pompey. *Hum, hum, hum, hum——*
He hums loath to depart.] The impropriety of putting this paſſage into Pompey's mouth is evident upon the bare mention. To the Nicce it unqueſtionably belongs, and we ſhould write,
Pompey. *Hum, hum, hum, hum.* [Exit.
Niece. *He hums loath to depart.* *Sympſon.*

[18] *An* erring *ſpring.*] So firſt folio; ſecond, *early*; and Seward *earing*. We have followed the oldeſt copy, not only as authorized, but as falling immediately in with the ſenſe of the context, and being preferable to *earing*, which is a hard epithet in this place.

Not

Not of thy loſs! for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miſs it. Wert thou ſo dull?
Nay; yet thou'rt ſtupid and uncapable.
Why, thou wert but the bait to fiſh with, no:
The prey; the ſtale to catch another bird with.
Guard. Indeed he call'd me bird.
Niece. Yet thou perceiv'ſt not;
It is your niece he loves; wouldſt thou be made
A ſtalking jade? 'tis ſhe, examine it.—
I'll hurry all awry[19], and tread my path
Over unbeaten grounds; go level to the mark,
Not by circular bouts: Rare things are pleaſing;
And rare's but ſeldom in the ſimple ſenſe,
But has her emphaſis with eminence. [*Exit.*
Guard. My niece? ſhe the rival of my abuſe?
My fleſh and blood wrong me? I'll aunt her for't!

Enter Mirabel.

Oh, Opportunity, thou bleſſeſt me!—
Now, gentlewoman! are you parted ſo ſoon?
Where is your friend, I pray? your Cunningham?
Mir. What ſay you, aunt?
Guard. Come, come, your Cunningham!
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.
Mir. Dumb I am ſure you're not. What ail you, aunt?
Are you not well?

[19] *I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path*
Over unbeaten grounds; go level to the mark,
Not *by circular bouts; rare things are pleaſing.*] Seward ſays, 'If ſhe *hurrys all awry*, it is plain ſhe muſt go to her mark as ſhe really does, by *circular bouts, i. e.* by ſeeming to aim at ſomething elſe. I ſuppoſe the original to have been,
'*Over unbeaten grounds go level to*
'*The mark, by circular bouts; rare things are pleaſing:*'
And Sympſon changes *not* into *but*.—There needs neither omiſſion nor alteration.' Seward miſconſtrues the text, and Sympſon's change of *not* into *but* directly contradicts the Poet's meaning. By *hurrying away* ſhe only means leaving the common way, and *to tread a path over unbeaten grounds*, by which means ſhe will *go* LEVEL *to the mark*, NOT *round about*. Did Meſſ's. Seward or Sympſon, never amuſe themſelves in their younger days with the diverſion of *ſteeple-hunting?* 'Tis the very thing.

Guard. No, nor ſick;
Nor mad, nor in my wits; nor ſleeping,
Nor waking; nor nothing, nor any thing:
I know not what I am, nor what I am not!
Mir. Mercy cover us! what do you mean, aunt?
Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.
Mir. On whom?
Guard. On thee, baggage!
Mir. Revenge ſhould follow injury,
Which never reach'd ſo far as thought in me
Towards you, aunt.
Guard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your Cunningham, can either blind me!
The gentle beggar loves you.
Mir. Beſeech you, let
Me ſtay your error! I begin to hear,
And ſhake off my amazement: If you think
That ever any paſſage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenced; any
Silent eye-glance that might but ſparkle fire,
So much as brother and ſiſter might meet with;
The lip-ſalute, ſo much as ſtrangers might
Take a farewell with; the commixed hands;
Nay, but the leaſt thought of the leaſt of theſe,
In troth you wrong your boſom; by that truth
Which I think yet you durſt be bail for in me
If it were offer'd you, I am as free
As all this proteſtation.
Guard. May I believe this?
Mir. If ever you'll believe truth. Why, I thought
He had ſpoke love to you; and if his heart
Prompted his tongue, ſure I did hear ſo much.
Guard. Oh, falſeſt man! Ixion's plague fell on me!
Never by woman, ſuch a maſc'line cloud,
So airy and ſo ſubtle, was embrac'd.
Mir. By no cauſe in me, by my life, dear aunt.
Guard. I believe you: Then help in my revenge,
And you ſhall do't, or loſe my love for ever:
I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon.

Thou

Thou art young, follow him, bait his deſires
With all the engines of a woman's wit,
Stretch modeſty even to the higheſt pitch;
He cannot freeze at ſuch a flaming beauty;
And when thou haſt him by the amorous gills,
Think on my vengeance, choak up his deſires,
Then let his banquetings be Tantaliſm.
Let thy diſdain ſpurn the diſſembler out!
Oh, I ſhould climb the ſtars, and ſit above,
To ſee him burn to aſhes in his love!

Mir. This will be a ſtrange taſk[20], aunt, and an
Unwilling labour; yet, in your injunction,
I am a ſervant to't.

Guard. Thou'lt undertake't?

Mir. Yes; let the ſucceſs commend itſelf hereafter!

Guard. Effect it, girl, my ſubſtance is thy ſtore;
Nothing but want of will makes woman poor. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gregory and Pompey.

Greg. Why, Pompey, thou'rt not ſtark mad, art thou? wilt thou
Not tell me how my lady does?

Pompey. Your lady?

Greg. Did ſhe receive the thing that I ſent her kindly, or no?

Pompey. The thing
That you ſent her, knight, by the thing that you ſent,
Was, for the thing's ſake that was ſent to carry
The thing that you ſent, very kindly receiv'd. Firſt,
There's your indenture; (now go ſeek you a ſervant!)
Secondly, you're a knight; thirdly and laſtly,
I'm mine own man; and, fourthly, fare you well!

Greg. Why, Pompey! Prithee let me ſpeak with thee!
I'll lay my life ſome hare has croſt him.

Pompey. Knight,
If you be a knight, ſo keep you: As for the lady,
Who ſhall ſay that ſhe is not a fair lady?
A ſweet lady, an honeſt and a virtuous lady?

[20] *A ſtrange* taſk.] Varied by Sympſon.

I will ſay he is a baſe fellow, a blab of his tongue,
And I will make him eat theſe fingers' ends.
Greg. Why, here's nobody ſays ſo, Pompey.
Pompey. Whatſoever things have paſt between the lady
And the other party, whom I will not name
At this time, I ſay ſhe is virtuous
And honeſt, and I will maintain't, as long as
I can maintain myſelf with bread and water.
Greg. Why, I know nobody thinks otherwiſe.
Pompey. Any man that does but think it in my hearing,
I will make him think on't while he has a thought
In his boſom! Shall we ſay that kindneſſes
From ladies are common? or that favours and proteſtations
Are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties?
I ſay ſtill, whatſoever has been betwixt the lady
And the party, which I will not name, that ſhe is honeſt,
And ſhall be honeſt, whatſoever ſhe does
By day or by night, by light or by darkneſs,
With cut and long tail[21].
Greg. Why, I ſay ſhe is honeſt.
Pompey. Is ſhe honeſt?
In what ſenſe do you ſay ſhe's honeſt, knight?
Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw
My dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an aſs,
And no gentleman!
Pompey. Throw your dagger at me?
Do not, knight! I give you fair warning,
'Tis but caſt away if you do; for you ſhall have
No other words of me: The lady is an honeſt lady,
Whatſoever reports may go of ſports and toys,
And thoughts, and words, and deeds betwixt her
And the party which I will not name.
This I give you to underſtand, that another man

[21] *Cut and long tail*] According to the foreſt laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *lawe* his dog, amongſt other modes of diſabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog ſo cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long tail* therefore ſignify the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. *Stevens.*

May

May have as good an eye, as amorous a noſe,
As fair a ſtampt beard, and be as proper a man,
As a knight (I name no parties); a ſervingman
May be as good as a Sir,
A Pompey as a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop:
So, ſervingman Pompey Doodle may be reſpected
As well with ladies (tho' I name no parties)
As Sir Gregory Fop. So, farewell! [*Exit.*

Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I
Never have any more wit while I live!
Either the ſight of the lady has gaſter'd him [22],
Or elſe he's drunk; or elſe he walks in his ſleep,
Or elſe he's a fool, or a knave, or both;
One of the three I'm ſure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't,
She has not us'd me ſo kindly as her uncle
Promis'd me ſhe ſhould: But that's all one;
He ſays I ſhall have her, and I dare take his word
For the beſt horſe I have, and that's
A weightier thing than a lady, I'm ſure on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man), Wittypate, Sir Ruinous, Priſcian, and maſter Credulous, binding and robbing her, and in ſcarfs. Credulous finds the bag.

L. Ruin. Nay, I am your own; 'tis in your pleaſure how
You will deal with me: Yet I would entreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough
Worſe than it need be, by a ſecond ill,
When it can render you no ſecond profit!
If it be coin you ſeek, you have your prey,
All my ſtore I vow (and it weighs a hundred);
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may purſue.

[22] *Gaſter'd*] i. e. *frightened.*
'And when he ſaw my beſt-alarmed ſpirits,
'Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
'Or whether *gaſted* by the noiſe I made,
'But ſuddenly he fled.' King Lear, act ii. ſc. i. *R.*

L. Ruin. As I'm a gentleman, I never will!
Witty. Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour
'Till you call out for bail, and on the other
Side of the hedge leave you: But keep the peace
'Till we be out of hearing! for by that
We ſhall be out of danger: If we come back,
We come with a miſchief!
L. Ruin. You need not fear me.
Priſ. Come, we'll beſtow you then.
[*Exeunt Ruin. Priſ. and Lady.*
Witty. Why, la you, Sir, is not this a ſwifter revenue
Than *Sic probos, ergos & igiturs* can bring in?
Why, is not this one of your ſyllogiſms
In Barbara, *Omne utile eſt honeſtum?*
Cred. Well, Sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully: I proteſt
You have (at firſt ſight) made me conſcious
Of ſuch a deed my dreams ne'er prompted. Yet
I could almoſt have wiſh'd rather ye had robb'd
Me of my cloak, (for my purſe, 'tis a ſcholar's)
Than to have made me a robber.
I had rather have anſwer'd three difficult queſtions
Than this one, as eaſy as yet it ſeems.
Witty. Tuſh! you
Shall never come to further anſwer for't.
Can you confeſs your penurious uncle,
In his full face of love, to be ſo ſtrict
A niggard to your commons, that you're fain
To ſize your belly out with ſhoulder fees,
With rumps and kidnies, and cues of ſingle beer,
And yet make dainty to feed more daintily[23],
At this eaſier rate? Fy, maſter Credulous!
I bluſh for you.
Cred. This is a truth undeniable.
Witty. Why, go to then! I hope I know your uncle:
How does he uſe his ſon, nearer than you?

[23] *And yet make* daymy *to feed more daintily.*] The firſt folio reads, *daynty*; for want of conſulting that edition (we ſuppoſe) Symſon is greatly puzzled what to do with *daymy*.

Cred.

Cred. Faith, like his jade, upon the bare commons
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it:
He would have been glad to have ſhar'd in ſuch
A purchaſe, and thank'd his good fortune too.

Enter Ruinous and Priſcian.

But mum, no more!—Is all ſafe, bullies?
Ruin. Secure;
The gentleman thinks him moſt happy in his loſs,
With's life and limbs ſafe, and redoubles
His firſt vow, as he is a gentleman,
Never to purſue us.
Witty. Well; away then!
Diſperſe! you with maſter Credulous, who ſtill
Shall bear the purchaſe; Priſcian and I
Will take ſome other courſe: You know our meeting
At the Three Cups in St. Giles'; with this proviſo,
(For 'tis a law with us) that nothing be opened
'Till all be preſent: The loſer ſays a hundred,
And it can weigh no leſs.
Ruin. Come, Sir, we'll be your guide.
Cred. My honeſty, which till now was never forfeited,
All ſhall be cloſe 'till our meeting! [*Exit with Ruin.*
Witty. Tuſh, I believe it;—and then all ſhall out.
Where is the thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Ruin. Here, maſter Oldcraft.
All follows now.
Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench. Now to turn that bag
Of counterfeits to current pieces, *& actum eſt!*
L. Ruin. You are the chemiſt; we'll blow the fire ſtill,
If you can mingle the ingredients.
Witty. I will not miſs a cauſe[24], a quantity, a dram.
You know the place.

[24] *I will not miſs a* cauſe, *a* quantity, *a dram.*] Chymical terms are neceſſary here, *cauſe* therefore ſeems a corruption, and *quantity* makes

Prif. I have told her that, Sir.

Witty. Good! Turn Ruinous to be a conſtable,
(I'm ſure we want not beards of all ſorts, from
The worſhipful magiſtrate to the under watchman)
Becauſe we muſt have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat; attach Credulous:
The cauſe is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in, in his own couſin's ſhape,
By mere accident, where finding him diſtreſs'd,
I with ſome difficulty muſt fetch him off,
With promiſe that his uncle ſhall ſhut up all,
With double reſtitution: Maſter conſtable
Ruinous his mouth ſhall be ſtopt;
You, miſtreſs Rob-thief, ſhall have your ſhare of
What we can gull my father of. Is't plain enough?

L. Ruin. As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

Witty. Father, I come again, and again! When this is
Paſt too, father, one will beget another.
I'd be loath to leave your poſterity barren:
You were beſt to come to compoſition, father:
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be cheaper, father, than my wit;
For I will cheat none but you, dear father. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Oldcraft and Gregory.

Oldc. WHY, now you take the courſe, Sir Gregory Fop:
I could enforce her, an I liſt; but love

---

makes no proper climax; one might eaſily form a proper climax with *a ſcruple, dram or grain*, but the laws of criticiſm allow no ſuch deviation from the trace of the letters; the only probable conjecture that I can form is,

——— *a* cart, *a* quint, *a dram*;

i. e. a fourth or fifth part, or even a dram. I ſpell *cart* rather than *quart*, becauſe our Engliſh writers ſo ſpell it in other inſtances, as *cardecu* inſtead of *quart d' ecu*.

Steward.

That's

That's gently won is a man's own for ever.
Have you prepar'd good muſick?
Greg. As fine a noiſe[25], uncle,
As heart can wiſh.
Oldc. Why, that's done like a ſuitor!
They muſt be woo'd an hundred ſeveral ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman:
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings,
The ſerpent has not more; for ſh' has all his,
And then her own beſide came in by her mother.
Greg. A fearful portion for a man to venture on!
Oldc. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies ſo tame again.
Greg. I promiſe you, not a houſe-rabbit, Sir.
Oldc. No ſucker on 'em all[26].
Greg. What a thing's that?
They're pretty fools, I warrant, when they're tame,
As a man can lay his lips to.
Oldc. How were you bred, Sir?
Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter?
Greg. Never, i'faith; they ha' made ſome fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.
Oldc. They could not ſhew you the way plainlier, I think,
To make a fool again.
Greg. There's fools enough, Sir,
'Leſs they were wiſer.
Oldc. This is wondrous rare!

[25] *As fine a* noiſe.] It is plain from this paſſage, and Ben Jonſon's Silent Woman, that *noiſe* was formerly uſed to expreſs a concert of *muſick*. Many of our old authors will afford inſtances of this: Among the reſt, in the Second Part of Henry IV. act ii. ſcene iv. one of the Drawers ſays, 'See if thou canſt find out Sneak's *noiſe*; miſtreſs 'Tearſheet would fain hear ſome *muſick*.' In a note on that paſſage, Mr. Steevens produces various proofs of this acceptation of the word.

[26] Greg. *I promiſe you, not a* houſe-rabbet, *Sir.*
Oldc. *No* ſucker *on 'em all.*] In the Firſt Part of Henry IV. Falſtaff ſays, 'Hang me up by the heels for a *rabbet-ſucker!*' which Dr. Johnſon explains to be a *ſucking-rabbet*; and Mr. Steevens furniſhes ſeveral inſtances in ſupport of that explanation.

Come

Come you to London with a maidenhead, knight?
A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloke-bag?
Never an hoſteſs by the way to leave it with?
Nor tapſter's ſiſter? nor head-oſtler's wife?
What, nobody?

Greg. Well mock'd, old wit-monger!
I keep it for your Niece.

Oldc. Do not ſay ſo, for ſhame! ſhe'll laugh at thee:
A wife ne'er looks for't; 'tis a batchelor's penny;
He may give't to a beggar-wench, i'th' progreſs time,
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [*Exit.*

Greg. 'Would I had known ſo much!
I could ha' ſtopt a beggar's mouth by the way.

Enter Page and Fidler's Boy.

That rail'd upon me 'cauſe I'd give her nothing.—
What, are they come?

Page. And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her window.

Greg. What may I call you, gentleman?

Boy. A poor ſervant to the viol; I'm the voice, Sir.

Greg. In good time, maſter Voice!

Boy. Indeed, good time does get the maſtery.

Greg. What countryman, maſter Voice?

Boy. Sir, born at Ely; we all ſet up in *ela*,
But our houſe commonly breaks in Rutlandſhire.

Greg. A ſhrewd place by my faith! it may well break
Your voice; it breaks many a man's back. Come,
Set to your buſineſs.

S O N G.

Fain would I wake you, ſweet, but fear
I ſhould invite you to worſe cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than muſick; no compare!
None of your ſlumbers are compil'd
Under the pleaſure makes a child;
Your day-delights, ſo well compact,
That what you think turns all to act:

I'd wiſh my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake,
Part ſoftly from your dreams!
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her ſpecial beams.

Greg. I hear her up. Here, maſter Voice,
Pay you the inſtruments; ſave what you can,

Enter Niece above.

To keep you when you're crack'd. [*Exit Boy.*
Niece. Who ſhould this be,
That I'm ſo much beholding to for ſweetneſs?
Pray Heav'n, it happens right!
Greg. Good morrow, miſtreſs!
Niece. An ill day, and a thouſand, come upon thee!
Greg. 'Light! that's ſix hundred more than any almanack has!
Niece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangieſt muſick
That ever woman heard.
Greg. Nay, ſay not ſo, lady!
There's not an itch about 'em.
Niece. I could curſe
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't!
There is no boldneſs like the impudence
That's lock'd in a fool's blood! How durſt you do this?
In conſcience I abus'd you as ſufficiently
As woman could a man; inſatiate coxcomb!
The mocks and ſpiteful language I have given thee
Would o' my life ha' ſerv'd ten reaſonable men,
And riſe contented too, and left enough for their friends.
Thou glutton at abuſes, never ſatisfied?
I am perſuaded thou devour'ſt more flouts
Than all thy body's worth; and ſtill a-hungred?
A miſchief of that maw! prithee ſeek elſewhere;
In troth I'm weary of abuſing thee:

Get

Get thee a freſh miſtreſs, thou't make work enough.
I do not think there's ſcorn enough in town
To ſerve thy turn; take the court-ladies in,
And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em!

Greg. Is this in earneſt, lady?

Niece. Oh, unſatiable!
Doſt thou count all this but an earneſt yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole ſum! truſt me,
Thou'lt beggar my deriſion utterly;
If thou ſtay'ſt longer, I ſhall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, ſtay and be hang'd thou ſhouldſt then:
But th'haſt no conſcience, now t'extort hate from me,
When one has ſpent all ſhe can make upon thee:
Muſt I begin to pay thee hire again,
After I've rid thee twice? faith, 'tis unreaſonable!

Greg. Say you ſo? I'll know that preſently. [*Exit.*

Niece. Now he runs
To fetch my uncle to this muſty bargain;
But I have better ware always at hand,
And lay by this ſtill, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter Cunningham.

Cunn. I met the muſick now; yet cannot learn
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.

Niece. There's ſomebody ſet already [27]; I muſt to't, I ſee.—
Well, well, Sir Gregory!

Cunn. Ha! Sir Gregory?

Niece. Where-e'er you come, you may well boaſt your conqueſt.

Cunn. She's loſt, i'faith! enough! has Fortune then
Remember'd her great boy? ſhe ſeldom fails 'em.

Niece. He was th' unlikelieſt man at firſt methought,
To have my love! we never met but wrangled.

[27] *There's ſomebody* ſet;] i. e. *Poſted, ſtationed.* We ſhould not have thought an explanation neceſſary, had not the paſſage been quite unintelligible to Sympſon, who propoſes reading *ſet* or *ſetch'd.*

Cunn.

Cunn. A pox upon that wrangling, ſay I ſtill!
I never knew't fail yet, where-e'er it came;
It never comes, but, like a ſtorm of hail,
'Tis ſure to bring fine weather at the tail on't;
There's not one match 'mongſt twenty made without it;
It fights i' th' tongue, but's ſure to agree i' th' haunches.

Niece. That man that ſhould ha' told me, when time was,
I ſhould ha' had him, had been laugh'd at piteouſly!
But ſee how things will change!

Cunn. Here's a heart feels it!
Oh, the deceitful promiſes of love!
What truſt ſhould a man put in the lip of woman?
She kiſs'd me with that ſtrength, as if ſh' had meant
To ha' left the fair print of her ſoul upon me.

Niece. I would ha' ſworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a match once.

Cunn. I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear ſo much!
Why ſhould I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger brothers have? that's a maid with nothing,
Or ſome old ſoap-boiler's widow, without teeth:
There waits my fortune for me; ſeek no further! [*Exit.*

Enter Oldcraft and Sir Gregory.

Oldc. You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that can't be.
She will not, nor ſhe dare not.

Greg. 'Would I were whipt then!

Niece. I'll make as little ſhow of love, Sir Gregory,
As ever woman did; you ſhall not know
You have my heart a good while.

Oldc. Heard you that?

Niece. Man will inſult ſo ſoon; 'tis his condition;
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can:
I've much ado, I ſwear; and love i' th' end
Will have his courſe: Let maids do what they can,
They are but frail things 'till they end in man.

Oldc. What ſay you to this, Sir?

Greg. This is ſomewhat handſome.

Niece.

Niece. And by that little wrangling that I feign'd,
Now I ſhall try how conſtant his love is,
Altho' it went ſore againſt my heart to chide him.
Greg. Alas, poor gentlewoman!
Old. Now you're ſure of truth;
You hear her own thoughts ſpeak.
Greg. They ſpeak indeed.
Old. Go, you're a brainleſs coax, a toy, a Fop;
I'll go no further than your name, Sir Gregory,
I'll right myſelf there. Were you from this place
You ſhould perceive I'm heartily angry with you!
Offer to ſow ſtrife 'twixt my Niece and I?—
Good-morrow, Niece, good-morrow!
Niece. Many fair ones to you, Sir!
Old. Go! you're a coxcomb.—How do'ſt, Niece,
this morning?—
An idle ſhallow fool!—Slep'dſt thou well, girl?—
Fortune may very well provide thee lordſhips,
For Honeſty has left thee little manners.
Greg. How am I bang'd o'both ſides!
Old. Abuſe kindneſs?—
Wilt take the air to-day, Niece?
Niece. When you pleaſe, Sir.
There ſtands the heir behind you I muſt take
(Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I ſwear).
Old. La' you! do you hear't continued to your
teeth now?
A pox of all ſuch Gregories! what a hand
Have I with you? [*Niece lets fall her ſcarf.*
Greg. No more! i'feck, I ha' done, Sir.
Lady, your ſcarf's fall'n down.
Niece. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,
And does preſage the miſtreſs muſt fall ſhortly;
You may wear it, an you pleaſe.
Old. There's a trick for you!
You're parlouſly belov'd; you ſhould complain!
Greg. Yes, when I complain, Sir,
Then do your worſt; there I'll deceive you, Sir.
Old. You are a dolt, and ſo I leave you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Greg.

Greg. Ah, ſirrah miſtreſs, were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; 'I muſt not know
'I have your heart;' take heed o' that, I pray!
I knew ſome ſcarf would come.
Niece. He's quite gone, ſure:—
Ah, you baſe coxcomb, couldſt thou come again,
And ſo abus'd as thou waſt?
Greg. How!
Niece. It would ha' kill'd
A ſenſible man; he would ha' gone to his chamber
And broke his heart, by this time.
Greg. Thank you heartily!
Niece. Or fix'd a naked rapier in a wall,
Like him that earn'd his knighthood ere he had it,
And the refus'd, upon't ran up to th' hilts.
Greg. Yes, let him run for me! I was never brought up to't,
I never profeſs'd running i' my life.
Niece. What art thou made on, thou tough villainous vermin?
Will nothing deſtroy thee?
Greg. Yes, yes, aſſure yourſelf
Unkind words may do much.
Niece. Why, doſt thou want 'em?
I've e'en conſum'd my ſpleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what ſort of words they be would ſpeed thee,
I'll ſee what I can do yet.
Greg. I'm much beholding to you.
You're willing to beſtow huge pains upon me.
Niece. I ſhould account nothing too much to rid thee.
Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to deſtroy me,
All the while your uncle was here.
Niece. Why, there thou
Betray'ſt thy houſe; we of the Oldcrafts were
Born to more wit than ſo.
Greg. I wear your favour here.
Niece. 'Would it might rot thy arm off! If thou knew'ſt
With what contempt thou haſt it, what heart's bitterneſs,
How many cunning curſes came along with't,

Thou'dſt quake to handle it.
Greg. A pox, take't again then!
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?
Niece. No, wear't ſtill;
But long I hope thou ſhalt not; 'tis but caſt
Upon thee purpoſely to ſerve another,
That has more
Right to't; as in ſome countries they convey
Their treaſure upon aſſes to their friends:
If mine be but ſo wiſe and apprehenſive
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It ſtays not long on thy deſertleſs arm.
I'll make thee, ere I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, altho' I giv't thee freely.
Kiſs it you may, and make what ſhow you can,
But ſure you carry't to a worthier man!
And ſo good-morrow to you! [*Exit.*
Greg. Hu hum, ha hum!
I ha'n't the ſpirit now to daſh my brains out,
Nor the audacity to kill myſelf,
But I could cry my heart out; that's as good,
For ſo't be out, no matter which way't comes.
If I can die with a fillip, or depart
At hot-cockles, what is that to any man?
If there be ſo much death, that ſerves my turn there.
Every one knows the ſtate of his own body;
No carrions kills a kite, but then again
There's cheeſe will choak a daw. Time I were dead i'faith,
If I knew which way, without hurt or danger.
I am a maiden-knight, and cannot look
Upon a naked weapon with any modeſty,
Elſe 'twould go hard with me; and to complain
To Sir Perfidious the old knight again,
Were to be more abus'd:
Perhaps he'd beat me well, but ne'er believe me,

Enter Cunningham.

And few men die o' beating; that were loſt too.
Oh, here's my friend! I'll make my moan to him.

Cunn.

Cunn. I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
That treads mine down[28]! Was ever man ſo fool'd
That profeſs'd wit?
Greg. Oh, Cunningham!
Cunn. Sir Gregory!
The choice, the victor, the town's happy man!
Greg. 'Snigs, what doſt mean? come I to thee for comfort,
And doſt abuſe me too?
Cunn. Abuſe you? how, Sir?
With juſtifying your fortune, and your joys?
Greg. Pray hold your hand, Sir! I've been bob'd enough:
You come with a new way now, ſtrike me merrily;
But when a man's ſore beaten o' both ſides already,
Then the leaſt tap in jeſt goes to the guts on him
Wilt ha' the truth? I'm made the rankeſt aſs
That e'er was born to lordſhips!
Cunn. What? no, Sir!
Greg. I had not thought my body could a' yielded
All thoſe foul ſcurvy names that ſhe has call'd me;
I wonder whence ſhe fetch'd 'em.
Cunn. Is this credible?
Greg. She pin'd this ſcarf upon me[29], 'fore her uncle;
But, his back turn'd, ſhe curs'd me ſo for wearing on't;
The very brawn of mine arm has ach'd e'er ſince;
Yet in a manner forc'd me to wear't ſtill,
But hop'd I ſhould not long: If good luck ſerve,
I ſhould meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me; 'twas but lent to me,
And ſent to him for a token.
Cunn. I conceit it! I know the man

[28] *Tear her memory from my heart,*
That treads mine down.] Probably, That *tears mine out. Sympſon.*

[29] *She* pin'd *this ſcarf upon me.*] This is a manifeſt untruth, for ſhe never was out of her chamber from the time of Sir Gregory's ſerenading her, to the dropping of her ſcarf. What ſhould hinder us then from reading, to ſalve the veracity of the knight,
She palm'd *this ſcarf upon me.* *Sympſon.*
Why ſo minute? why not admit *pinn'd* metaphorically for *faſtened?*

That lies in wait for't: Part with't, by all means,
In any caſe! you are way-laid about it.
Greg. How, Sir! way-laid?
Cunn. Pox of a ſcarf, ſay I!
I prize my friend's life 'bove a million of 'em:
You ſhall be rul'd, Sir; I know more than you.
Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't!
'Las, 'tis not for my wearing; ſo ſhe told me.
Cunn. No, no, give me't; the knave ſhall miſs his purpoſe,
And you ſhall live.
Greg. I would as long as I could, Sir.
Cunn. No more replies! you ſhall; I'll prevent this:
Pompey ſhall march without it.
Greg. What, is't he?
My man that was?
Cunn. Call him your deadly enemy!
You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly;
He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, Sir;
I care not if he heard me.
Greg. But, do you hear, Sir?
Can it ſound with reaſon ſhe ſhould affect him?
Cunn. Do you talk of reaſon? I ne'er thought to have heard
Such a word come from you: Reaſon in love?
Would you give that no doctor could e'er give?
Has not a deputy married his cook-maid?
An alderman's widow, one that was her turn-broach?
Nay, has not a great lady brought her ſtable
Into her chamber? lay with her horſe-keeper?
Greg. Did ever love play ſuch jade's tricks, Sir?
Cunn. Oh, thouſands, thouſands.
Beware a ſturdy clown, e'er while you live, Sir:
'Tis like a houſewifry in moſt ſhires about us:
You ſhall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen,
Much like yourſelf, but put 'em to no ſtreſs;
What work can they do, with ſmall trap-ſtick legs?
They keep clowns to ſtop gaps and drive in pegs,
A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, Sir!
You're

You're ſafeſt at returning.

Greg. Think you ſo, Sir?

Cunn. But how came this clown to be call'd Pompey firſt?

Greg. Piſh! one goodman Cæſar, a pump-maker, kerſen'd him;

Pompey he writes himſelf, but his right name's Pumpey,
And ſtunk too when I had him; now he's crank.

Cunn. I'm glad I know ſo much to quell his pride, Sir.
Walk you ſtill that way; I'll make uſe of this
To reſolve all my doubts, and place this favour
On ſome new miſtreſs, only for a try;
And if it meet my thoughts, I'll ſwear 'tis I. [*Exit.*

Greg. Is Pompey grown ſo malapert, ſo frampel[10]?
The only cutter about ladies' honours,

Enter Oldcraft.

And his blade ſooneſt out?

Oldc. Now, what's the news, Sir?

Greg. I dare not ſay but good:—Oh, excellent good, Sir!

Oldc. I hope now you're reſolv'd ſhe loves you, knight?

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[10] *Frampel.*] In the Merry Wives of Windſor, Mrs. Quickly ſays of Mrs. Ford, That 'ſhe leads a very *frampold* life' with her huſband; and Dr. Johnſon ſays, that the word occurs in Hacket's Life of Williams, and there ſignifies a *peeviſh troubleſome fellow.* Mr. Steevens adds the following note:

In the Roaring Girl, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently ſpelt, appears to be the ſame.

'*Lax.* Coachman.

'*Coach.* Anon, Sir!

'*Lax.* Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?'

Ray, among his South and Eaſt country words, ſays, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, ſignifies *fretful, peeviſh, croſs, froward.* As *froward*, (he adds) comes from *from*, ſo may *frampard.*

Naſh, in his Praiſe of the Red Herring, 1599, ſpeaking of Leander, ſays, 'the churliſh *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fiſh-broth.'

So in the Inner Temple Maſque, by Middleton, 1619, 'tis ſo '*frampole*, the Puritans will never yield to it.' So in the Blind Beggar of Bethnall-Green, by John Day, 'I think the fellow's '*frampell*, &c.' Again, in Ben Jonſon's Tale of a Tub,

'I pray thee grow not *frampul* now.' *Steevens.*

Greg. Cuds me, what elſe, Sir? that's not to do now.

Oldc. You would not think how deſperately you anger'd me,
When you belied her goodneſs: Oh, you vex'd me
Even to a palſey.

Greg. What a thing was that, Sir!

Enter Niece.

Niece. 'Tis, that 'tis,
As I have hope of ſweetneſs, the ſcarf's gone!
Worthy wiſe friend, I dote upon thy cunning:
We two ſhall be well match'd; our iſſue male ſure
Will be born counſellors. Is't poſſible?
Thou ſhalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay, ſince the way's found, pity thou ſhouldſt want, i'faith.—
Oh, my beſt joy and deareſt!

Oldc. Well ſaid, Niece!
So violent 'fore your uncle? What will you do
In ſecret then?

Greg. Marry, call me ſlave and raſcal.

Niece. Your ſcarf—the ſcarf I gave you——

Oldc. Maſs, that's true, Niece!
I ne'er thought upon that: The ſcarf ſhe gave you, Sir!
What, dumb? no anſwer from you? the ſcarf!

Greg. I was way-laid about it; my life threaten'd;
Life's life, ſcarf's but a ſcarf, and ſo I parted from't.

Niece. Unfortunate woman! my firſt favour too?

Oldc. Will you be ſtill an aſs? no reconcilement
'Twixt you and Wit? Are you ſo far fall'n out,
You'll never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very louſily aſham'd on you;
That's the worſt ſhame that can be.—
Thus baiting on him, now his heart's hook'd in,
I'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing.
I love a man that lives by his wits, as life[31]!—
Nay, leave, ſweet Niece; 'tis but a ſcarf; let it go!

[31] *I love a man that lives by his wits* alive.] Corrected by Sympſon.

Niece.

Niece. The going of it never grieves me, Sir;
It is the manner, the manner——
Greg. Oh, diſſembling marmaſet!
If I durſt ſpeak, or could be believ'd
When I ſpeak, what a tale could I tell,
To make hair ſtand upright now!
Niece. Nay, Sir,
At your requeſt you ſhall perceive, uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this:
Here's a fair diamond, Sir; I'll try how long
You can keep that.
Greg. Not very long; you know't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are!
Niece. You're beſt let him ha' that too.
Greg. So I were, I think; there were no living elſe.
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.
Oldc. Why, this is muſical now, and Tueſday next
Shall tune your inſtruments; that's the day ſet.
Niece. A match, good uncle!
Oldc. Sir, you hear me too?
Greg. Oh, very well; I'm for you.
Niece. Whate'er you hear, you know my mind!
[*Exeunt Oldcraft and Niece.*
Greg. Ay, a pox on't, too well! If I don't wonder how
We two ſhall come together, I'm a bear-whelp.
He talks of Tueſday next, as familiarly
As if we lov'd one another; but 'tis as unlikely
To me, as 'twas ſeven year before I ſaw her.
I ſhall try his cunning; it may be he has a way
Was never yet thought on, and it had need
To be ſuch a one; for all that I can think on
Will never do't. I look to have this diamond
Taken from me very ſpeedily; therefore I'll take it
Off o' my finger, for, if it be ſeen,
I ſhall be way-laid for that too. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Oldcraft and Wittypate.

Oldc. OH, torture, torture! Thou carry'ſt a ſting i'thy tail!
Thou never brought'ſt good news i'thy life yet;
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.

Witty. Why, you receive a bleſſing the wrong way, Sir.
Call you not this good news, to ſave at once, Sir,
Your credit and your kinſman's life together?
Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth,
T'have one of your name hang'd?

Oldc. Peace; no ſuch words, boy!

Witty. Be thankful for the bleſſing of prevention then.

Oldc. Let me ſee!
There was none hang'd out of our houſe ſince Brute;
I ha' ſearch'd both Stow and Hollingſhead.

Witty. Oh, Sir!

Oldc. I'll ſee what Polychronicon ſays anon too[32].

Witty. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't!

[32] *I'll ſee what* Polychronicon *ſays anon too.*] By *Polychronicon* he means one Higden, a monk of Cheſter, who wrote a large volume of Hiſtory under that title. Brady, in the Catalogue of Writers from whom he compiled his Hiſtory of England, gives us this account of him: 'Ranalphus Ceſtrenſis had the reputation of an induſtrious 'and diligent writer by our anceſtors, eſpecially Leland. He wrote 'from the beginning of things, and brought down his hiſtory (Latin) 'to the end of Edward the Third's reign, 1377, or perhaps only 'to the year 1344. as Mr. Selden obſerves.' As the *Polychronicon* is a book not to be met with every where, I will give my reader a ſpecimen of our Ranalphus's *induſtry* and *diligence* from the tranſlation of his Latin work by one de Treviſa. In book the firſt, tho' I can't name the page or the chapter, he gives this deſcription of the Sicilian *Cicadæ*. 'Cicades *birds that ſingen well, in the beſt wiſe,* 'and they have a pipe open under their throat, and ſingen better when 'dead than while they be alive, *therefore herdes of that londe* bihede 'them to have the ſweeter ſong.' *Symplon.*

Oldc.

Oldc. I would th'hadſt never heard on't!
Witty. That's true too,
So it had ne'er been done. To ſee the luck on't!
He was ev'n brought to juſtice Aurum's threſhold;
There had flown forth a mittimus ſtraight for Newgate!
And note the fortune too! Seſſions a Thurſday,
Jury cull'd out a Friday, judgment a Saturday,
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburn a Monday:
Miſery's quotidian ague, when't begins once,
Every day pulls him, 'till he pull his laſt.
Oldc. No more, I ſay! 'tis an ill theme. Where left you him?
Witty. He's in the conſtable's hands below i'th' hall, Sir,
Poor gentleman, and his accuſer with him.
Oldc. What's he?
Witty. A judge's ſon, 'tis thought; ſo much the worſe too;
He'll hang his enemy, and it ſhall coſt him nothing;
That's a great privilege.
Oldc. Within there!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir?
Oldc. Call up the folks i'th' hall.—I had ſuch hope on him,
For a ſcholar too, a thing thou ne'er waſt fit for;
Therefore erected all my joys in him,
Got a Welch benefice in reverſion for him,
Dean of Cardigan; he has his grace already,
He can marry and bury,
Yet ne'er a hair on's face, like a French vicar;

Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a conſtable), and Lady Ruinous (as a man).

And does he bring ſuch fruits to town with him?
A thief at his firſt lighting?—Oh, good den to you!
Witty. Nay, ſweet Sir! you're ſo vex'd now, you'll grieve him.

And

And hurt yourſelf.

Oldc. Away! I'll hear no counſel.—
Come you but once in ſeven year to your uncle,
And at that time muſt you be brought home too?
And by a conſtable?

Witty. Oh, ſpeak low, Sir;
Remember your own credit! You profeſs
You love a man o'wit; begin at home, Sir;
Expreſs it i' yourſelf.

L. Ruin. Nay, maſter conſtable,
Shew yourſelf a wiſe man, 'gainſt your nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no diſh-poridgement, we have brought home
As good men as ye.

Oldc. Out! a North-Britain conſtable? that tongue
Will publiſh all, it ſpeaks ſo broad already.
Are you the gentleman?

L. Ruin. The unfortunate one, Sir,
That fell into the power of mercileſs thieves,
Whereof this fellow, (whom I'd call your kinſman
As little as I could, for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years) was the prime villain.

Oldc. A wicked prime!

Witty. Nay, not ſo loud, ſweet father!

L. Ruin. The reſt are fled, but I ſhall meet with 'em:
Hang one of 'em I will certain, (I ha' ſwore it)
And 'twas my luck to light upon this firſt.

Oldc. A Cambridge man for this? theſe your degrees, Sir?
Nine years at univerſity for this fellowſhip?

Witty. Take your voice lower, dear Sir!

Oldc. What's your loſs, Sir?

L. Ruin. That which
Offends me to repeat; the money's whole, Sir,
'Tis in the conſtable's hands there, a ſeal'd hundred;
But I will not receive't.

Oldc. No? not the money, Sir,
Having confeſs'd 'tis all?

L. Ruin, 'Tis all the money, Sir,

But

But 'tis not all I loſt; for when they bound me,
They took a diamond hung at my ſhirt-ſtring,
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;
It being the ſparkling witneſs of a contract
'Twixt a great lawyer's daughter and myſelf.

Witty. I told you what he was.—What does the diamond
Concern my couſin, Sir?

L. Ruin. No more did the money;
But he ſhall anſwer all now.

Witty. There's your conſcience!
It ſhews from whence you ſprung.

L. Ruin. Sprung? I had leap'd a thief,
Had I leap'd ſome of your alliance.

Witty. Slave!

L. Ruin. You prevent me ſtill.

Oldc. 'Slid, ſon, are you mad?

L. Ruin. Come, come, I'll take a legal courſe.

Oldc. Will you undo us all?—What's your demand, Sir?—
Now we're in's danger too!

L. Ruin. A hundred mark, Sir;
I will not bate a doit.

Witty. A hundred raſcals!

L. Ruin. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.

Witty. Go, take your courſe; follow the law, and ſpare not.

Oldc. Does fury make you drunk? Know you what you ſay?

Witty. A hundred dogs-dungs! do your worſt.

Oldc. You do,
I'm ſure: Who is loud now?

Witty. What, his own aſking?

Oldc. Not in ſuch a caſe?

Witty. You ſhall have but threeſcore pound, ſpite a' your teeth;
I'll ſee you hang'd firſt!

Oldc. And what's ſeven pound more, man,

That

That all this coil's about?—Stay!—I ſay he ſhall ha't.
Witty. It is your own, you may do what you pleaſe with it;
Pardon my zeal! I would ha' ſav'd you money.
Give him all his own aſking?
Oldc. What's that to you, Sir?
Be ſparing of your own! Teach me to pinch
In ſuch a caſe as this? Go, go; live by your wits, go!
Witty. I practiſe all I can.
Oldc. Follow you me, Sir;
And, maſter conſtable, come from the knave,
And be a witneſs of a full recompenſe.
Witty. Pray ſtop the conſtable's mouth, whate'er you do, Sir.
Oldc. Yet again?
As if I meant not to do that myſelf,
Without your counſel? As for you, precious kinſman,
Your firſt year's fruits in Wales ſhall go to rack for this!
You lie not in my houſe; I'll pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather.
[*Exeunt Oldc. Ruin. and L. Ruin.*
Witty. Oh, fy, couſin!
Theſe are ill courſes; you a ſcholar too!
Cred. I was drawn into't moſt unfortunately,
By filthy deboſht company.
Witty. Ay, ay, ay;
'Tis even the ſpoil of all our youth in England.
What were they? gentlemen?
Cred. Faith, ſo like, ſome of 'em,
They were ev'n the worſe again.
Witty. Hum!
Cred. Great tobacco-whiffers;
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.
Witty. What! no?
Cred. Faith, leave it, couſin, becauſe my raſcals uſe it.
Witty. So they do meat and drink; muſt worthy gentlemen
Refrain their food for that? an honeſt man
May eat of the ſame pig ſome parſon dines with.

A law-

A lawyer and a fool feed off one woodcock,
Yet one ne'er the ſimpler, t'other ne'er the wiſer;
'Tis not meat, drink, or ſmoke, diſh, cup, or pipe,
Co-operates to the making of a knave;
'Tis the condition makes a ſlave a ſlave:
There's London philoſophy for you! I tell you, couſin,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your ſociety here, eſpecially
When you come raw from the univerſity,
Before the world has harden'd you a little;
For as a butter'd loaf is a ſcholar's breakfaſt there,
So a poach'd ſcholar is a cheater's dinner here:
I ha' known ſeven of 'em ſupp'd up at a meal.

Cred. Why a poach'd ſcholar?

Witty. 'Cauſe he pours himſelf forth,
And all his ſecrets, at the firſt acquaintance;
Never ſo crafty to be eaten i'th' ſhell,
But is out-ſtrip'd of all he has at firſt,
And goes down glib; he's ſwallow'd with ſharp wit,
'Stead of wine vinegar.

Cred. I ſhall think, couſin,
O' your poach'd ſcholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Maſter Credulous,
Your uncle wills you to forbear the houſe:
You muſt with me; I'm charg'd to ſee you plac'd
In ſome new lodging about Thieving-Lane.
What the conceit's I know not; but he commands you
To be ſeen here no more, 'till you hear further.

Cred. Here's a ſtrange welcome, Sir!

Witty. This is the world, couſin,
When a man's fame's once poiſon'd! Fare thee well, lad! [*Exeunt Cred. and Serv.*
This is the happieſt cheat I e'er claim'd ſhare in;
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coin,
And puts him out of grace that ſtood between me,
My father's Cambridge jewel, much ſuſpected
To be his heir; now there's a bar in's hopes.

Enter

Enter Ruinous and Lady Ruinous.

Ruin. It chinks; make haſte!
L. Ruin. The Goat at Smithfield-Pens. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cunningham.

Witty. Zo, zo, zufficient!—Maſter Cunningham? I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.
Cunn. A wit's better to meet than to follow then,
For I ha' none ſo good I can commend yet;
But commonly men unfortunate to themſelves,
Are luckieſt to their friends; and ſo may I be.
Witty. I run o'er ſo much worth, going but in haſte from you,
All my deliberate friendſhip cannot equal.
Cunn. 'Tis but to ſhew, that you can place ſometimes

Enter Mirabel.

Your modeſty a-top of all your virtues. [*Exit Witty.*
This gentleman may pleaſure me yet again.
I am ſo haunted with this broad-brim'd hat
Of the laſt progreſs block, with the young hat-band,
Made for a ſucking devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn myſelf.
Mir. Sir!
Cunn. More torture?
Mir. 'Tis rumour'd that you love me.
Cunn. O' my troth, gentlewoman,
Rumour's as falſe a knave as ever piſs'd then;
Pray tell him ſo from me! I cannot feign
With a ſweet gentlewoman, I muſt deal downright.
Mir. I heard, tho', you diſſembled with my aunt, Sir;
And that makes me more confident.
Cunn. There's no falſhood,
But pays us our own ſome way!—I confeſs
I feign'd with her, ('twas for a weightier purpoſe)
But not with thee, I ſwear.
Mir. Nor I with you then,
Altho' my aunt enjoin'd me to diſſemble

To

To right her ſpleen: I love you faithfully.
Cunn. 'Light, this is worſe than 'twas.
Mir. I find ſuch worth in you,
I cannot, nay, I dare not dally with you,
For fear the flame conſume me.
Cunn. Here's freſh trouble!
This drives me to my conſcience; for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.
Mir. I crave but ſuch a truth from your love, Sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.
Cunn. A good geometrician, 'ſhrew my heart!
Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump gentlewoman,
You talk ſo deſperately? 'tis a great happineſs
Love has made one on's wiſer than another,
We ſhould be both caſt away elſe:
Yet I love gratitude; I muſt requite you,
I ſhall be ſick elſe: But to give you me—
A thing you muſt not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can myſelf;
No wiſe phyſician will preſcribe me for you.
Alas, your ſtate's weak; you had need of cordials,
Some rich electuary, made of a ſon and heir,
An elder brother, in a cullis, whole;
It muſt be ſome wealthy Gregory, boil'd to a jelly,
That muſt reſtore you to the ſtate of new gowns,
French ruffs, and mutable head-tires.
Mir. But, where is he, Sir?
One that's ſo rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.
Cunn. Then ſee thy conſcience, and thy wit together!
Wouldſt thou have me then, that have nothing neither?
What ſay you to Fop Gregory the Firſt yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompens'd,
Full ſatisfaction upon love's record,
Without any more ſuit, if I combine you?
Mir. Yes, by this honeſt kiſs.
Cunn. You're a wiſe client,
To pay your fee before-hand; but all do ſo:
You know the worſt already, that's the beſt too.

Mir.

Mir. I know he is a fool.
Cunn. You're ſhrewdly hurt then!
This is your comfort; your great, wiſeſt women
Pick their firſt huſband ſtill out of that houſe,
And ſome will have 'em to chuſe, if they bury twenty.
Mir. I'm of their minds, that like him for a firſt huſband
To run youth's race with; it is very pleaſant;
But when I'm old, I'd always wiſh a wiſer.
Cunn. You may have me by that time. For this firſt buſineſs,
Reſt upon my performance!
Mir. With all thankfulneſs.
Cunn. I have a project you muſt aid me in too.
Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, Sir.
Cunn. Pray wear this ſcarf about you.
Mir. I conjecture now——
Cunn. There's a court principle for't, one office muſt help another;
As for example, for your caſt o' manchets out o'th' pantry,
I'll allow you a gooſe out of the kitchen.
Mir. 'Tis very ſociably done, Sir: Farewell, Performance!
I ſhall be bold to call you ſo. [*Exit.*
Cunn. Do, ſweet Confidence!

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match my two broad-brim'd hats—
'Tis he! I know the maggot by his head;
Now ſhall I learn news of him. My precious chief!
Greg. I have been ſeeking for you i'th' bowling-green,
Enquir'd at Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary;
It has vex'd me to th' heart!
Look, I've a diamond here, and it can't find
A maſter.
Cunn. No? that's hard, i'faith.
Greg. It does
Belong to ſomebody: A miſchief on him,

I would

I would he had it; does but trouble me;
And ſhe that ſent it is ſo waſpiſh too,
There's no returning to her 'till't be gone.
Cunn. Oh, ho! Ah, ſirrah, are you come?
Greg. What's that, friend?
Cunn. Do you note that corner ſparkle?
Greg. Which? which? which, Sir?
Cunn. At the Weſt end o'th' collet[33].
Greg. Oh, I ſee't now.
Cunn. 'Tis an apparent mark: This is the ſtone, Sir,
That ſo much blood is threaten'd to be ſhed for.
Greg. I pray——
Cunn. A tun at leaſt.
Greg. They muſt not find it in me then; they muſt
Go where 'tis to be had.
Cunn. 'Tis well it came to my hands firſt, Sir Gregory;
I know where this muſt go.
Greg. Am I diſcharg'd on't?
Cunn. My life for yours now! [*Draws.*
Greg. What now?
Cunn. 'Tis diſcretion, Sir;
I'll ſtand upon my guard all the while I ha't.
Greg. 'Troth thou tak'ſt too much danger on thee ſtill,
To preſerve me alive.
Cunn. 'Tis a friend's duty, Sir.
Nay, by a toy that I've late thought upon,
I'll undertake to get your miſtreſs for you.
Greg. Thou wilt not? wilt?
Cunn. Contract her by a trick, Sir,
When ſhe leaſt thinks on't.
Greg. There's the right way to't;
For if ſhe think on't once, ſhe'll never do't.
Cunn. She does abuſe you ſtill then?
Greg. A pox! damnably,
Every time worſe than other; yet her uncle
Thinks the day holds a Tueſday: Say it did, Sir,

[33] *Weſt end o'th'* coller.] There only wants the change of a letter, to make this paſſage run like the original, *viz. o'th'* collet; *i. e.* beizill or ſocket in which the diamond was ſet. *Sympſon.*

She's ſo familiarly us'd to call me *raſcal*,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name;
And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you know.
Cunn. Will you leave all to me?
Greg. Who ſhould I leave it to?
Cunn. 'Tis our luck to love nieces; I love a niece too.
Greg. I would you did, i'faith!
Cunn. But mine's a kind wretch.
Greg. Ay, marry, Sir; I would mine were ſo too!
Cunn. No *raſcal* comes in her mouth.
Greg. Troth, and mine
Has little elſe in hers.
Cunn. Mine ſends me tokens,
All the world knows not on.
Greg. Mine gives me tokens too,
Very fine tokens; but I dare not wear 'em.
Cunn. Mine's kind in ſecret.
Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.
Cunn. We have a day ſet too.
Greg. 'Slid, ſo have we, man;
But there's no ſign of ever coming together.
Cunn. I'll tell thee who it is; th' old woman's niece.
Greg. Is't ſhe?
Cunn. I would your luck had been no worſe for mildneſs;
But mum; no more words of it to your lady!
Greg. Foh!
Cunn. No blabbing, as you love me.
Greg. None of our blood
Were ever babblers.
Cunn. Prithee convey this letter to her;
But at any hand let not your miſtreſs ſee't!
Greg. Yet again, Sir?
Cunn. There is a jewel in't!
The very art would make her dote upon't.
Greg. Say you ſo?
And ſhe ſhall ſee it for that trick only.
Cunn. Remember but your miſtreſs, and all's well.
Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me! [*Exit.*
Cunn.

Cunn. I believe you.—
This is the only way to return a token:
I know he will do't now, 'cauſe he's charg'd to th' contrary.
He's the neareſt kin to a woman, of a thing
Made without ſubſtance, that a man can find again.
Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt elſe,
Engendring with an old pair of pane'd hoſe [34],
Lying in ſome hot chamber o'er the kitchen;
The very ſteam bred him.
He never grew where *rem in re* e'er came;
The generation of a hundred ſuch
Cannot make a man ſtand in a white ſheet,
For 'tis no act in law; nor can a conſtable
Pick out a bawdy buſineſs for Bridewell in't.

Enter Pompey (as a gallant).

A lamentable caſe!
He's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.—
How now? ha? what prodigious bravery's this?
A moſt prepoſterous gallant! the doublet ſits
As if it mock'd the breeches.
Pompey. Save you, Sir!
Cunn. H'has put his tongue in the fine ſuit of words too!
Pompey. How does the party?
Cunn. Takes me for a ſcrivener.—
Which of the parties?
Pompey. Hum! Simplicity betide thee!—
I would fain hear o' th' party; I'd be loath to go
Further with her; honour is not a thing
To be dallied withal, no more is reputation,
No, nor fame, I take it; I muſt not have her wrong'd
When I'm abroad; my party is not to be compell'd
With any party in an oblique way;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with women;

[34] *With an old pair of* paun'd *hoſe.*] Probably *pain'd hoſe.* *Sympſon.*

May prove a lady too, but ſhall be nameleſs;
I'll bite my tongue out, ere it prove a traitor.
Cunn. Upon my life, I know her!
Pompey. Not by me;
Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,
You're ne'er the wiſer; ſhe comes not from theſe lips.
Cunn. The old knight's Niece.
Pompey. 'Slid, he has got her! Pox of his heart that told him!
Can nothing be kept ſecret!—Let me entreat you
To uſe her name as little as you can, tho'.
Cunn. 'Twill be ſmall pleaſure, Sir, to uſe her name.
Pompey. I had intelligence in my ſolemn walks,
'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a ſcarf
Sent for a token, and a jewel follow'd;
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any:
However it is carried, believe me, Sir,
Upon my reputation, I receiv'd none!
Cunn. What, neither ſcarf nor jewel?
Pompey. 'Twould be ſeen
Somewhere about me, you may well think that;
I have an arm for a ſcarf, as others have,
An ear to hang a jewel too, and that is more
Than ſome men have, my betters a great deal,
I muſt have reſtitution, where-e'er it lights.
Cunn. And reaſon good.
Pompey. For all theſe tokens, Sir,
Paſs i' my name.
Cunn. It cannot otherwiſe be.
Pompey. Sent to a worthy friend!
Cunn. Ay, that's to thee.
Pompey. I'm wrong'd under that title.
Cunn. I dare ſwear thou art:
'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's circumvention,
His envious ſpite; when thou'rt at Paddington,
He meets the gifts at Pancridge.
Pompey. Ah, falſe knight!
Falſe both to honour, and the law of arms.
Cunn. What wilt thou ſay if I be reveng'd for thee,
Thou

Thou ſit as witneſs?

Pompey. I ſhould laugh in ſtate then.

Cunn. I'll fob him; here's my hand.

Pompey. I ſhall be as glad as any man alive
To ſee him well fobb'd, Sir. But, now you talk of fobbing,
I wonder the lady ſends not for me according to promiſe:
I ha' kept out o' town theſe two days, o' purpoſe
To be ſent for: I am almoſt ſtarv'd with walking.

Cunn. Walking gets men a ſtomach.

Pompey. 'Tis moſt true, Sir;
I may ſpeak it by experience, for I ha' got
A ſtomach ſix times, and loſt it again,
As often as a traveller from Chelſea
Shall loſe the ſight of Paul's, and get it again.

Cunn. Go to her, man.

Pompey. Not for a million!
Enfringe my oath? There's a toy call'd a vow
Has paſt between us, a poor trifle, Sir!
Pray do me the part and office of a gentleman:
If you chance to meet a footman by the way,
In orange-tawny ribbands, running before
An empty coach, with a buzzard i'th' poop on't,
Direct him and his horſes toward the New-River,
By Iſlington; there they ſhall have me looking
Upon the pipes, and whiſtling. [*Exit.*

Cunn. A very
Good note! This Love makes us all monkies.
But to my work: Scarf firſt? and now a diamond?
Theſe ſhould be ſure ſigns of her affection's truth;
Yet I'll go forward with my ſurer proof. [*Exit.*

Enter Niece and Gregory.

Niece. Is't poſſible?

Greg. Nay, here's his letter too;
There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you.

Niece. You tedious mongril! Is it not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almoſt ſick to do,

But you muſt talk too?

Greg. I ha' done.

Niece. Fall back!

Yet backer, backer yet! You unmannerly puppy,
Do you not ſee I'm going about to read it?

Greg. Nay, theſe are golden days! now I ſtay by't;
She was wont not to endure me in her ſight at all;
The world mends, I ſee that.

Niece. What an ambiguous
Superſcription's here! 'To the beſt of nieces.'
Why, that title may be mine, and more than her's!
Sure I much wrong the neatneſs of his art!
'Tis certain ſent to me; and to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,
Us'd the ſame fop for his.

Greg. She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time.

Niece. What's here? An entire ruby, cut into a heart?
And this the word, *Iſtud amoris opus?*

Greg. Yes, yes;
I have heard him ſay, that Love's the beſt ſtone-cutter.

Niece. Why, thou ſaucy iſſue of ſome travelling
ſow-gelder,
What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'ſt think on't! Haſt thou ever hope
To come i' the ſame room where lovers are,
And 'ſcape unbrain'd with one of their velvet ſlippers?

Greg. Love-tricks break out I ſee: An you talk of
ſlippers once,
It is not far off to bed-time.

Niece. Is it poſſible thou canſt laugh yet?
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a ſpider
With leſs venom far, than I have ſpit at thee.

Greg. You muſt conceive,
A knight's another manner o' piece of fleſh.

Niece. Back, owl's face!

Oldc. [*within.*] Do, do.

Niece. 'Tis my uncle's voice, that.—
Why keep you ſo far off, Sir Gregory?

Are

Are you afraid, Sir, to come near your miſtreſs?

Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I look'd for this ſtill.

Niece. He comes not this way yet.—Away, you dog-whelp!

Would you offer to come near me, tho' I ſaid ſo?
I'll make you underſtand my mind in time!
You're running in greedily[35], like a hound to his breakfaſt,
That chops in head and all to beguile his fellows;
I'm to be eaten, Sir, with grace and leiſure,
Behaviour and diſcourſe, things that ne'er trouble you:
After I have pelted you ſufficiently,
I tro you'll learn more manners.

Greg. I am wondring
Still when we two ſhall come together. Tueſday's
At hand, but I'm as far off as I was
At firſt, I ſwear.

Enter Guardianeſs.

Guard. Now, Cunningham, I'll be reveng'd at large.
Lady, what was but all this while ſuſpicion
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears your ſcarf.

Niece. Ha!

Guard. Do but follow me, I'll place you inſtantly
Where you ſhall ſee her courted by Cunningham.

Niece. I go with greedineſs! We long for things
That break our hearts ſometimes; there's Pleaſure's miſery. [*Exe. Niece and Guard.*

Greg. Where are thoſe gad-flies going? to ſome junket now.
That ſame old humble-bee[36] toles the young one forth
To ſweetmeats after kind: Let 'em look to't
The thing you wot on be not miſs'd or gone!
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one. [*Exit.*

[35] *Your* running *in greedily.*] Corrected by Sympſon.
[36] Some *old humble-bee.*] Corrected in 1750.

Enter Cunningham (ſeemingly in diſcourſe with a maſk'd gentlewoman, which is a puppet, in a broad hat, and ſcarfed), and Niece at another door.

Cunn. Yes, yes.
Niece. Too manifeſt now; the ſcarf and all!
Cunn. It cannot be; you're ſuch a fearful ſoul.
Niece. I'll give her cauſe of fear ere I part from her!
Cunn. Will you ſay ſo? Is't not your aunt's deſire too?
Niece. What a diſſembling crone's that? She'll for-
ſwear't now.
Cunn. I ſee my project takes; yonder's the grace on't.
Niece. Who would put confidence in wit again?
I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to deſire
A wiſe man for a huſband! and I ſee
Fate will not have us go beyond our ſtint:
We are allow'd but one diſh, and that's woodcock.
It keeps up wit to make us friends and ſervants of;
And thinks any thing's good enough to make us
huſbands.
Oh, that whore's hat o' thine, o'th' riding block,
A ſhade for lecherous kiſſes!
Cunn. Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?
Niece. Yes; me it forces
To tear that ſorcerous ſtrumpet from thy embraces.
Cunn. Lady?
Niece. Oh, thou haſt wrong'd the exquiſiteſt love—
Cunn. What mean you, lady?
Niece. Mine; you'll anſwer for't!
Cunn. Alas, what ſeek you?
Niece. Sir, mine own, with loſs.
Cunn. You ſhall——
Niece. I never made ſo hard a bargain.
Cunn. Sweet lady!
Niece. Unjuſt man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe Virtue duty! [*Cunn. falls on purpoſe.*]
Your cauſe trips you.
Now, minion, you ſhall feel what love's rage is,
Before

Before you taſte the pleaſure. Smile you, falſe Sir?
Cunn. How can I chuſe, to ſee what pains you take,
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?
Niece. How!
Cunn. See what things you women be, lady!
When cloaths are ta'en for the beſt part of you.
This was to ſhew you, when you think I love you not,
How you're deceiv'd ſtill; there the moral lies:
'Twas a trap ſet to catch you, and the only bait
To take a lady nibbling is fine cloaths:
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;
I'm pretty well reſolv'd in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague always uſhers it.
Niece. Now bleſſings ſtill maintain this wit of thine!
And I've an excellent fortune coming in thee:
Bring nothing elſe, I charge thee.
Cunn. Not a groat, I warrant you.
Niece. Thou ſhalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't;
Next opportunity ſhall make us[37].
Cunn. The old gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge ſweetly.
Niece. 'Las, 'tis her part; ſhe knows her place ſo well yonder!
Always when women jump upon threeſcore,
Love ſhoves 'em from the chamber to the door.
Cunn. Thou art a precious ſhe-wit! [*Exeunt.*

[37] *Next opportunity ſhall make us.*] Here the loſs of a monoſyllable deſtroys the meaſure and injures the ſenſe. I read,
Next opportunity ſhall make us one. *Seward.*
There is certainly very complete *ſenſe* without the monoſyllable.

ACT V.

Enter Cunningham (at one door), Wittypate, Ruinous, Lady Ruinous, and Priſcian (at the other).

Cunn. FRIEND, met in the harveſt of our deſigns!
Not a thought but's buſy.
Witty. I knew it, man;
And that made me provide theſe needful reapers,
Hooks, rakers, gleaners: We will ſing it home
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond;
That as we further in your great affair,
You'll ſuffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs [38],
And if we ſnatch a handful from the ſheaf,
You will not look a churl upon us.
Cunn. Friend,
We'll ſhare the ſheaves of gold; only the love acre
Shall be peculiar.
Witty. Much good do you, Sir.
Away! you know your way, and your ſtay; get you
The muſic ready, while we prepare the dancers.
Ruin. We are a conſort of ourſelves.
Priſ. And can ſtrike up luſtily.
Witty. You muſt bring Sir Fop.
Cunn. That's perfect enough.
Ruin. Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare;
So the proverb runs backwards. [*Exe. Ruin. and Priſ.*
L. Ruin. I'll bring the ladies. [*Exit.*
Witty. Do ſo firſt, and then

[38] *You'll ſuffer us to glean, pick up* for crums.] This reading diſcontinues the metaphor, as well as diſturbs the ſenſe; both may eaſily be amended, by reading thus;

——— *to glean, pick up* few corns. *Sympſon.*

Corns certainly purſues the metaphor beſt; but the old reading being ſenſe, ſhould not be arbitrarily altered, though for the better; fidelity being the firſt duty of an editor.

The

The fops will follow. I muſt to my father;
He muſt make one. [*Exit.*

Enter two Servants with a banquet.

Cunn. While I diſpatch a buſineſs with the knight,
And I go with you. Well ſaid! I thank you!
This ſmall banquet will furniſh our few gueſts
With taſte and ſtate enough. One reach my gown;
The action craves it, rather than the weather.

1 Serv. There is one ſtays to ſpeak with you, Sir.

Cunn. What is he?

1 *Serv.* Faith, I know not what, Sir; a fool, I think,
That ſome broker's ſhop has made half a gentleman:
H'has the name of a worthy too.

Cunn. Pompey? is't not?

1 *Serv.* That's he, Sir.

Cunn. Alas, poor fellow, prithee enter him;

Enter ſecond Servant with a gown.

He will need too[19]. He ſhall ſerve for a witneſs. Oh,
Gramercy! if my friend Sir Gregory comes,

Enter Pompey.

(You know him) entertain him kindly. Oh, maſter Pompey!
How is't, man?

Pompey. 'Snails, I'm almoſt ſtarv'd with love,
And cold, and one thing or other. Has not my lady
Sent for me yet?

Cunn. Not that I hear: Sure ſome,
Unfriendly meſſenger's employ'd betwixt you.

Pompey. I was ne'er ſo cold in my life: In my conſcience,

---

19 *Alas, poor fellow. prithee enter him, he will need too.*] Tho' Pompey did need victuals, yet the adverb *too* ſhews *need* to be a corruption for *ſted* or *ſpeed*. And the original ran, I fancy, very near the text of this preſent edition [i.e. *ſted*]. *Seward.*

We think there are in our Authors, and others, inſtances of a conſtruction, by which *he will need too* may ſignify *he will be needed.*

I have

I have been ſeven miles in length, along the New-River;
I have ſeen a hundred ſtickle-bags; I don't think but
There's gudgeons too: 'Twill ne'er be a true water.
Cunn. Why think you ſo?
Pompey. I warrant you I told
A thouſand miller's thumbs in it. I'll make a little
Bold with your ſweetmeats.
Cunn. And welcome, Pompey!
Pompey. 'Tis a ſtrange thing I have no taſte in any thing.
Cunn. Oh, that's Love; that diſtaſtes any thing but itſelf.
Pompey. 'Tis worſe than cheeſe in that point. May not a man
Break his word with a lady? I could find
In my heart and my hoſe too.
Cunn. By no means, Sir;
That breaks all the laws of Love.
Pompey. Well, I'll ne'er paſs my word
Without my deed, to lady, while I live again.
I would fain recover my taſte.
Cunn. Well, I have news to tell you.
Pompey. Good news, Sir?
Cunn. Happy news! I help you away with a rival,
Your maſter's beſtow'd——
Pompey. Where, for this plumb's ſake——
Cunn. Nay, liſten me.
Pompey. I warrant you, Sir; I have two ears to one mouth:
I hear more than I eat; I'd never row
By Queen-Hithe while I lived elſe.
Cunn. I have
A wife for him, and thou ſhalt witneſs the contract.
Pompey. The old one, I hope[40]; 'tis not the lady?
Cunn. Choke him firſt! It is one which thou ſhalt ſee;

[40] *The old one, I hope.*] By this expreſſion here and a little below, the Clown hopes that the old Guardianeſs was the wife intended, by Cunningham, for Sir Gregory. *Sympſon.*

See

See him, ſee him deceiv'd, ſee the deceit, only
The injunction is, you ſhall ſmile with modeſty.
Pompey. I'll ſimper i'faith, as cold as I am yet.
The old one, I hope!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir Gregory.
Cunn. Udſo, ſhelter, ſhelter! If you be ſeen,
All's ravell'd out again: Stand there private,
And you will find the very opportunity
To call you forth, and place you at the table.

Enter Gregory.

You are welcome, Sir! This banquet
Will ſerve, when it is crown'd with ſuch a dainty
As you expect, and muſt have.
Greg. Tuſh, theſe ſweetmeats
Are but ſauce to that. Well, if there be
Any honeſty, or true word in a dream,
She is mine own, nay, and chang'd extremely,
Not the ſame woman.
Cunn. Who? not the lady?
Greg. No, not
To me; the edge of her tongue is taken off,
Gives me very good words; turn'd up-ſide down to me;
And we live as quietly as two tortoiſes:
If ſhe hold on, as ſhe began in my dream——
Cunn. Nay, if Love ſend forth ſuch predictions,
You are bound to believe 'em. There's the watch-word
[*Soft muſick.*
Of her coming; to your practis'd part now!
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*
[*Both go into the gown.*
Greg. I'll warrant you, Sir, I will give arms to
Your gentry: Look you forward to your buſineſs,
I am an eye behind you; place her in that
Chair, and let me alone to grope her out!

Enter

Enter Mirabel.

Cunn. Silence!—Lady, your ſweet preſence illuſtrates
This homely roof, and as coarſe entertainment;
But where affections are both hoſt and gueſt,
They cannot meet unkindly. Pleaſe you ſit!
Your ſomething long ſtay made me unmannerly,
To place before you (know him!) this friend here;
(He is my gueſt) and more eſpecially,
That this our meeting might not be too ſingle,
Without a witneſs to't.

Mir. I came not unreſolv'd, Sir:
And when our hands are claſp'd in that firm faith
Which I expect from you, Fame ſhall be bold
To ſpeak the loudeſt on it. Oh, you graſp me
Somewhat too hard, friend!

Cunn. That's Love's eager will;
I'll touch it gentlier. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Mir. That's too low in you,
'Leſs it be doubly recompens'd in me. [*Kiſſes his hand.*

Pompey. Puh! I muſt ſtop my mouth; I ſhall be choak'd elſe.

Cunn. Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays;
We met to join theſe hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it until confirmation.

Mir. One word firſt! how does your friend, kind Sir Gregory?

Cunn. Why do you mention him? you love him not.

Mir. I ſhall love you the leſs if you ſay ſo, Sir:
In troth, I love him; but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you ſteal his right from him; and I know
I ſhall have hate for it, his hate extremely.

Cunn. Why, I thought you had not come ſo weakly arm'd:
Upon my life, the knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. Ay, you'll perſuade me ſo.

Cunn.

Cunn. Why, he's my friend,
And wiſhes me a fortune equal with him,
I know and dare ſpeak it for him.
Mir. Oh, this hand betrays him!
You might remember him in ſome court'ſy yet at leaſt.
Cunn. I thank your help in it; here's to his health,
Where-e'er he be!
Mir. I'll pledge it,
Were it againſt my health.
Pompey. Oh, oh! my heart
Hops after twelve mile a-day, upon a good return!
Now could I walk three hundred mile afoot,
And laugh forwards and backwards.
Mir. You'll take the knight's health, Sir?
Pompey. Yes, yes, forſooth. Oh, my ſides! Such a banquet
Once a-week, would make me grow fat in a fortnight.
Cunn. Well; now to cloſe our meeting, with the cloſe
Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin:
Here in Heav'n's eye, and all Love's ſacred pow'rs,
(Which in my prayers ſtand propitious)
I knit this holy hand faſt, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Eſtate, or what to them belongs, in all the
Dues, rights, and honours of a faithful huſband;
And this firm vow, henceforth 'till death to ſtand
Irrevocable, ſealed both with heart and hand!
Mir. Which thus I ſecond: But, oh, Sir Gregory!
Cunn. Again? This interpoſition's ill, believe me.
Mir. Here, in Heav'n's eye, and all Love's ſacred pow'rs,
I knit this holy hand faſt, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
Eſtate, or what to them belongs, in all the
Dues, rights, and duties of a true faithful wife;
And this firm vow, henceforth 'till death to ſtand
Irrevocable,

Irrevocable, ſealed both with heart and hand!
Greg. A full agreement on both parts.
Cunn. Ay, here's witneſs of that.
Greg. Nay, I have over-reach'd you, lady; and that's much,
For any knight in England to over-reach a lady.
Mir. I rejoice in my deceit; I am a lady
Now, I thank you, Sir.
Pompey. Good morrow, lady Fop!
Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd! made a worſhipful aſs!
This is not my lady.
Cunn. But it is, Sir; and true as your dream told you,
That your lady was become another woman.
Greg. I'll have another lady, Sir, if there were
No more ladies in London; blindman-buff
Is an unlawful game.
Cunn. Come, down on your knees firſt, and thank your ſtars.
Greg. A fire of my ſtars! I may thank you, I think.
Cunn. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
That have preſerv'd you from a laſting torment,
For a perpetual comfort. Did you call me friend——
Greg. I pray pardon me for that; I did miſ-call you, I confeſs.
Cunn. And ſhould I, receiving ſuch a thankful name,
Abuſe it in the act? Should I ſee my friend
Baffled, diſgrac'd, without any reverence
To your title, to be call'd *ſlave*, *raſcal*? nay,
Curs'd to your face, fool'd, ſcorn'd, beaten down
With a woman's peeviſh hate, yet I ſhould ſtand
And ſuffer you to be loſt, caſt away?
I would have ſeen you buried quick firſt,
Your ſpurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels,
And to be hack'd from your heels[41]! *Slave*, *raſcal*?
Hear this tongue.
Mir. My deareſt love, ſweet knight, my lord, my huſband!
Cunn. So! this is not *ſlave* and *raſcal* then.

[41] *To be* kick'd *from your heels.*] Amended by Sympſon.

Mir.

Mir. What ſhall your eye command, but ſhall be done,
In all the duties of a loyal wife?
Cunn. Good, good!
Are not curſes fitter for you? were't not better
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan [42],
Or your noſe bored with a ſilver bodkin?
Mir. Why, I will be a ſervant in your lady.
Cunn. 'Pox, but you ſhall not!
She's too good for you! This contract
Shall be a nullity; I'll break it off,
And ſee you better beſtow'd.
Greg. 'Slid, but you ſhall not, Sir!
She's mine own, and I am hers, and we are one
Another's lawfully, and let me ſee him
That will take her away by the civil law!
If you be my friend, keep you ſo; if you have done me
A good turn, do not hit me i'th' teeth with't!
That's not the part of a friend.
Cunn. If you be content——
Greg. Content?
I was never in better contention in my life:
I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old.
Come, kiſs me boldly!
Pompey. Give you joy, Sir!
Greg. Oh, Sir,
I thank you as much as tho' I did! You are
Belov'd of ladies; you ſee we are glad
Of under-women.
Pompey. Ladies? Let
Not ladies be diſgrac'd! You're, as it were,

[42] *The handle of a fan.*] In the Merry Wives of Windſor, Falſtaff ſpeaks of miſtreſs Budget having loſt *the handle of her fan*; upon which Steevens ſays; 'It ſhould be remembered, that *fans*, in our 'Author's time, were more coſtly than they are at preſent, as well 'as of a different conſtruction. They conſiſted of oſtrich feathers, 'or others of equal length and flexibility, which were ſtuck into han-'dles, the richer ſort of which were compoſed of gold, ſilver, or ivory, 'of curious workmanſhip. One of theſe is mentioned in The Fleire, 'Com. 1610. '——ſhe hath a fan with a *ſhort ſilver handle*, about "the length of a barber's ſyringe." *R.*

A married man, and have a family;
And, for the party's ſake that was unnam'd
Before, being peaſe-cod time, I am appeas'd;
Yet I would wiſh you make a ruler of your tongue.
Cunn. Nay, no diſſention here! I muſt bar that.
And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advis'd;
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And ſtill ſupport a ſeeming face of love
Unto the lady; mark how it avails you, and
Quits all her ſcorns: Her uncle is now hot
In purſuit of the match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud ſtomach, that ſhe ſhall proffer
Herſelf to you, which when you have flouted,
And laugh'd your fill at, you ſhall ſcorn her off,
With all your diſgraces trebled upon her;
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you ſhall foot her from you, not ſhe you.
Greg. Good, i'faith! I'll continue it. I'd fain
Laugh at the old fellow too, for h'has abus'd me
As ſcurvily as his Niece; my knighthood is
Upon the ſpur! we'll go to bed, and then
To church as faſt as we can. [*Exeunt Greg. and Mir.*
Pompey. I do wonder
I do not hear of the lady yet.
Cunn. The good minute
May come ſooner than you are aware of; I do not think
But 'twill ere night yet, as near as 'tis.
Pompey. Well, I will go walk
By the New-River, in that meditation;
I am o'er ſhoes, I'm ſure, upon the dry bank.
This gullery of my maſter will keep me company
This two hours too: If love were not
An enemy to laughter, I ſhould drive away
The time well enough. You know my walk, Sir;
If ſhe ſends, I ſhall be found angling, for I will try
What I can catch for luck ſake; I will fiſh fair for't.
Oh, knight, that thou ſhouldſt be gull'd ſo, (ha, ha!)
It does me good at heart,
But oh, lady, thou tak'ſt down my merry part. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Wittypate.

Witty. Friend!

Cunn. Here, friend.

Witty. All is afoot, and will go ſmooth away:
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my father,
Suggeſting that Sir Gregory is fall'n off
From his charge, for neglects and ill uſage,
And that he is moſt violently bent
On Gentry's wife (whom I have call'd a widow)
And that without moſt ſudden prevention
He will be married to her.

Cunn. 'Sfoot, all this is wrong!
This wings his purſuit, and will be before me:
I'm loſt for ever!

Witty. No; ſtay! you ſha'n't go
But with my father: On my wit let it lie;
You ſhall appear a friendly aſſiſtant,
To help in all affairs, and in execution
Help yourſelf only.

Cunn. 'Would my belief
Were ſtrong in this aſſurance!

Witty. You ſhall credit it,
And my wit ſhall be your ſlave, if it deceive you.—

Enter Oldcraft.

My father!

Oldc. Oh, Sir, you're well met! Where's the knight
Your friend?

Cunn. Sir, I think your ſon has told you.

Witty. Shall I ſtand to tell't again? I tell you he loves,
But not my kinſwoman; her baſe uſage, and
Your ſlack performance, which he accuſes moſt
Indeed, has turn'd the knight's heart upſide down.

Oldc. I'll curb her for't: Can he be but recover'd,
He ſhall have her, and ſhe ſhall be dutiful,
And love him as a wife too.

Witty. With that condition, Sir,
I dare recall him were he enter'd the church,
So much intereſt of love I aſſure in him.
Oldc. Sir, it ſhall be no loſs to you if you do.
Witty. Ay, but
Theſe are words ſtill; will not the deeds be wanting
At the recovery, if't ſhould be again.
Oldc. Why, here, fool, I am provided! five hundred
In earneſt of the thouſands in her dower;
But were they married once,
I'd cut him ſhort enough, that's my agreement.
Witty. Ay, now I perceive ſome purpoſe in you, father.
Oldc. But wherefore is ſhe then ſtol'n out of doors
To him?
Witty. To him? Oh, fy upon your error!
She has another object, believe it, Sir.
Oldc. I never could perceive it.
Cunn. I did, Sir; and to her ſhame I ſhould ſpeak it,
To my own ſorrow I ſaw it, dalliance,
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.
Oldc. Wit and wantonneſs; nothing elſe, nothing elſe:
She love a fool? ſhe'll ſooner make a fool
Of a wiſe man.
Cunn. Ay, my friend complains ſo;
Sir Gregory ſays flatly, ſhe makes a fool of him,
And theſe bold circumſtances are approv'd:
Favours have been ſent by him, yet he, ignorant
Whither to carry 'em, they've been underſtood,
And taken from him: Certain, Sir, there is
An unſuſpected fellow lies conceal'd,
What or where-e'er he is—theſe ſlight neglects
Could not be of a knight elſe.
Oldc. Well, Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him
Unmarried) to ſalve all theſe old bruiſes?
Cunn. I'll do my beſt, Sir.
Oldc. I ſhall thank you coſtly, Sir, and kindly too.
Witty. Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come

Behind

Behind all your purpoſes?

Oldc. Away, good Sir!

Witty. Then ſtay a little, good Sir, for my advice.
Why, father, are you broke? your wit beggar'd?
Or are you at your wits' end? or out of
Love with wit? no trick of wit to ſurpriſe
Thoſe deſigns, but with open hue and cry,
For all the world to talk on? This is ſtrange!
You were not wont to ſlubber a project ſo.

Oldc. Can you help at a pinch now? ſhew yourſelf
My ſon? Go to! I leave this to your wit,
Becauſe I'll make a proof on't.

Witty. 'Tis thus then;
I have had late intelligence, they're now
Buxſom as Bacchus' froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the muſic's numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premoniſh'd friends,
That is queſtionleſs, little dreading you:
Now, Sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, ſudden
And ſufficient, were well, to enter on 'em
As ſomething like the abſtract of a maſque;
What tho' few perſons? if beſt for our purpoſe,
That commends the project.

Oldc. This takes up time.

Witty. Not at all; I can preſently furniſh
With looſe diſguiſes that ſhall fit that ſcene.

Oldc. Why, what wants then?

Witty. Nothing but charge of muſic;
That muſt be paid, you know.

Oldc. That ſhall be my charge; I will pay the muſic,
Whate'er it coſt.

Witty. And that ſhall be all your charge.
Now on! I like it; there'll be wit in't, father.
[*Exeunt Oldc. and Witty.*

Cunn. I will neither diſtruſt his wit nor friendſhip;
Yet if his maſter-brain ſhould be o'erthrown,
My reſolution now ſhall ſeize mine own. [*Exit.*

Enter Niece, Lady Ruinous, Guardianeſs, Sir Ruinous, and Priſcian (with inſtruments), maſqued.

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have muſic; let that ſweet breath at leaſt
Give us her airy welcome! 'twill be the beſt
I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield;
But that moſt freely.

Niece. My welcome follows me,
Elſe I am ill come hither: You aſſure me
Still Mr. Cunningham will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wiſh'd me meet him.

L. Ruin. Elſe let me be that ſhame unto my ſex,
That all belief may fly 'em.

Niece. Continue
Still the knight's name unto my Guardianeſs;
She expects no other.

L. Ruin. He will, he will; aſſure you,
Lady, Sir Gregory will be here, and ſuddenly;
This muſic fore-ran him: Is't not ſo, conſorts?

Ruin. Yes, lady;
He ſtays on ſome device to bring along
Such a labour he was buſy in, ſome wirty device.

Niece. 'Twill be long ere he comes then, for wit is
A great labour to him.

Guard. Well, well, you will agree better one day.

Niece. Scarce two, I think.

Guard. Such a mock-beggar ſuit of cloaths as led me
Into the fool's pair o' dice, with deuce ace,
He that would make me miſtreſs Cun, Cun, Cunnie,
He's quite out of my mind, but I ſhall ne'er
Forget him while I have a hole in my head:
Such a one I think would pleaſe you better,
Tho' he did abuſe you.

Ruin. Fy! ſpeak well of him now,
Your Niece has quitted him.

Guard. I hope ſhe has,
Elſe ſhe loſes me for ever. But, for Sir Gregory,
'Would he were come; I ſhall ill anſwer this

Unto

Unto your uncle elſe.
Niece. You know it is his pleaſure
I ſhould keep him company.
Guard. Ay, and ſhould be your own,
If you did well too. Lord, I do wonder
At the niceneſs of your ladies now-a-days,
They muſt have huſbands with ſo much wit forſooth—
Worſhip and wealth were both wont to be
In better requeſt, I'm ſure: I cannot tell,
But they get ne'er the wiſer children that I ſee.
L. Ruin. La, la, la, ſol! this muſic breathes in vain,
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone;
Let's have a female motion; 'tis in private,
And we'll grace it ourſelves, however it deſerves.
Niece. What ſay you, Guardianeſs?
Guard. Alas, I am
Weary with the walk, my jaunting days are done.
L. Ruin. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by courſe, or elſe
She ſhall pay the muſic.
Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money then.
[*They dance, a cornet is winded.*
L. Ruin. Hark! upon my life, the knight! it is your friend;
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

Enter Oldcraft, Wittypate, and Cunningham, maſqued, and take them to dance.

Ha! no words but mum!
Well, then we ſhall need no counſel-keeping.
Niece. Cunningham?
Cunn. Yes; fear nothing.
Niece. Fear? why do you tell me of it?
Cunn. Your uncle's here.
Niece. Ah me!
Cunn. Peace!
Oldc. We have caught 'em.
Witty. Thank my wit, father.
Guard. Which is the knight, think you?

Niece. I know not; he will be found when he ſpeaks;
No maſque can diſguiſe his tongue.
Witty. Are you charg'd?
Oldc. Are you awake?
Witty I'm anſwer'd in a queſtion.
Cunn. Next change we meet, we looſe our hands no more.
Niece. Are you prepar'd to tie 'em?
Cunn. Yes. You muſt
Go with me.
Guard. Whither, Sir? Not from my charge,
Believe me.
Cunn. She goes along.
Niece. Will you venture, and my uncle here?
Cunn. His ſtay's
Prepar'd for.
Guard. 'Tis the knight ſure; I will follow.
[*Exeunt Cunn. Nicce, and Guard.*
Oldc. How now? the muſic tir'd before us?
Ruin. Yes, Sir;
We muſt be paid now.
Witty. Oh, that's my charge, father.
Oldc. But ſtay! where are our wanton ladies gone?
Son, where are they?
Witty. Only chang'd the room in a change; that's all, ſure.
Oldc. I'll make 'em all ſure elſe, and then return to you.
Ruin. You muſt pay for your muſic firſt, Sir.
Oldc. Muſt?
Are there *muſty* fidlers? are beggars chuſers now?
Ha! Why, Wittypate! ſon! where am I?
Witty. You were
Dancing e'en now, in good meaſure, Sir: Is
Your health miſcarried ſince? what ail you, Sir?
Oldc. Death, I may be gull'd to my face! Where's my Niece?
What are you?
L. Ruin. None of your Niece, Sir.
Oldc. How now?

Have

Have you loud inſtruments too? I will hear
No more, I thank you. What have I done tro
To bring theſe fears about me? Son, where am I?
Witty. Not where you ſhould be, Sir; you ſhould be
Paying for your muſic, and you're in a maze.
Old. Oh, is it ſo? Put up, put up, I pray you;
Here's a crown for you.
L. Ruin. Piſh, a crown?
Ruin. Priſ. Ha, ha, ha! a crown?
Old. Which way do you laugh[44]? I have ſeen a crown
Has made a conſort laugh heartily.
Witty. Father,
To tell you truth, theſe are no ordinary
Muſicians; they expect a bounty above
Their punctual deſert.
Old. A pox on your punks and their deſerts too!
Am I not cheated, all this while, think you?
Is not your pate in this?
Witty. If you be cheated,
You're not to be indicted for your own goods;
Here you trifle time, to market your bounty,
And make it baſe, when it muſt needs be free,
For aught I can perceive.
Old. Will you know the loweſt price, Sir?
Witty. That I will, Sir, with all my heart.
Old. Unleſs
I was diſcover'd, and they now fled home
Again for fear, I'm abſolutely beguil'd;
That's the beſt can be hop'd for.
Witty. Faith, 'tis ſomewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.
Ruin. There's not a denier to be bated, Sir.
Old. Now, Sir, how dear is it?
Witty. Bate but the other ten pound.
Priſ. Not a bawbee, Sir.
Old. How! bate ten pound? What is the whole ſum then?

[44] *Which way do you laugh?*] *i. e.* Whether in jeſt or earneſt. *Sympſon.*

Witty.

Witty. Faith, Sir, a hundred pound; with much ado,
I got fifty bated; and, faith, father,
To ſay truth, it is reaſonable for
Men of their faſhion.

Oldc. La, la, la, down! a hundred pound? la, la, la!
You are a conſort of thieves, are you not?

Witty. No; muſicians, Sir; I told you before.

Oldc. Fiddle faddle!
Is't not a robb'ry? a plain robb'ry?

Witty. No,
No, no, by no means, father; you've receiv'd
For your money, nay, and that you can't give back:
'Tis ſomewhat dear, I confeſs; but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with beforehand—
'Twas ill forgotten.

Oldc. And how many ſhares have you in this? I ſee
My force! caſe up your inſtruments. I yield; here!
As robb'd and taken from me, I deliver it.

Witty. No, Sir, you have perform'd your promiſe now,
Which was, to pay the charge of muſic, that is all.

Oldc. I've heard no muſic, I've receiv'd none, Sir,
There none to be found in me, nor about me.

Witty. Why, Sir, here's
Witneſs 'gainſt you, you have danc'd, and he that
Dances acknowledges a receipt of muſic.

Oldc. I deny that, Sir: Look you! I can dance without
Muſic; d'you ſee, Sir? And I can ſing without it too.
You are a conſort of thieves! Do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray take you heed, Sir, if you do move
The muſic again, it may coſt you as much more!

Oldc. Hold, hold! I'll depart quietly. I need not
Bid you farewell, I think now, ſo long
As that hundred pound laſts with you.

Enter Guardianeſs.

Ha, ha! am I ſnapt i'faith?

Guard. Oh, Sir Perfidious——

Oldc.

Oldc. Ay, ay; ſome howling another while!
Muſic's too damnable dear.
Guard. Oh, Sir!
My heart-ſtrings are broke! If I can but live
To tell you the tale, I care not! Your Niece, my charge, is——
Oldc. What? is ſhe ſick?
Guard. No, no, Sir,
She's luſtily well married.
Oldc. To whom?
Guard. Oh, to that cunning diſſembler Cunningham.
Oldc. I'll hang the prieſt firſt! What was he?
Guard. Your kinſman, Sir, that has the Welch benefice.
Oldc. I ſav'd him from the gallows to that end? Good!
Is there any more?
Guard. And Sir Gregory
Is married too.
Oldc. To my Niece too, I hope,
And then I may hang her.
Guard. No, Sir; to my niece, thank Cupid!
And that's all that's likely to recover me;
She's lady Fop now, and I am one of her aunts,
I thank my promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cunningham, Niece, Gregory, and Mirabel.

Cred. I have performed
Your beheſt, Sir.
Oldc. What have you perform'd, Sir?
Witty. Faith, Sir, I muſt excuſe my couſin in this act,
If you can excuſe yourſelf for making him
A prieſt; there's the moſt difficult anſwer.
I put this practice on him, as from your deſire;
A truth, a truth, father.
Cred. I proteſt, Sir, he tells you truth;
He mov'd me to't in your name.
Oldc. I proteſt, Sir,
He told you a lie in my name! and were you

So

So eaſy, Mr. Credulous, to believe him?
Cred. If a man ſhould not believe his couſin, Sir,
Whom ſhould he believe?
Oldc. Good e'en to you,
Good Mr. couſin Cunningham! and your fair bride,
My couſin Cunningham too! And how do you,
Sir Gregory, with your fair lady?
Greg. A little better
Than you would have had me, I thank you, Sir!
The days of *puppy*, and *ſlave*, and *raſcal*, are
Pretty well blown over now; I know crabs from verjuice,
I have tried both: An thou'dſt give me thy Niece for nothing,
I'd not have her.
Cunn. I think ſo, Sir Gregory;
For my ſake you would not.
Greg. I would thou hadſt 'ſcap'd her too!
And then ſhe had died of the green-ſickneſs. Know this,
That I did marry in ſpite, and I
Will kiſs my lady in ſpite, and love her in ſpite,
And beget children of her in ſpite,
And when I die, they ſhall have my lands in ſpite!
This was my reſolution, and now 'tis out.
Niece. How ſpiteful are you now, Sir Gregory!—
Why, look you, I can love my deareſt huſband,
With all the honours, duties, ſweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.
Greg. Pox, this is afore your uncle's face; but behind his back,
In private, you'll ſhew him another tale!
Cunn. You ſee, Sir, now, the irrecoverable ſtate
Of all theſe things before you. Come out of your muſe!
They have been but wit-weapons; you were wont
To love the play.

Enter Pompey.

Oldc. Let me alone in my muſe, a little, Sir! I will

I will wake to you anon.
Cunn. Udſo, your friend Pompey!
How will you anſwer him?
Niece. Very well;
If you'll but ſecond it, and help me.
Pompey. I do hear
Strange ſtories: Are ladies things obnoxious?
Niece. Oh, the diſſembling falſeſt wretch is come!
Cunn. How now, lady?
Niece. Let me come to him!
And, inſtead of love, let me have revenge!
Witty. Pray you now,
Will you firſt examine, whether he be
Guilty or no.
Niece. He cannot be excus'd!—
How many meſſengers, thou perjur'd man,
Haſt thou return'd with vows and oaths, that thou wouldſt
Follow, and ne'er 'till this unhappy hour
Could I ſet eye of thee, ſince thy falſe eye
Drew my heart to't? Oh, I could tear thee now,
Inſtead of ſoft embraces! Pray give me leave——
Witty. Faith, this was ill done of you, Sir, if
You promis'd otherwiſe.
Pompey. By this hand,
Never any meſſenger came at me, ſince
The firſt time I came into her company!
That a man ſhould be wronged thus!
Niece. Did not
I ſend thee ſcarfs and diamonds? and thou
Return'dſt me letters, one with a falſe heart in't.
Witty. Oh, fy! to receive favours, return falſhoods,
And hold a lady in hand——
Pompey. Will you believe me, Sir?
If ever I received diamonds, or ſcarf,
Or ſent any letter to her, 'would this ſword
Might ne'er go thro' me!
Witty. Some bad meſſengers
Have gone between you then.

Niece.

Niece. Take him
From my ſight! if I ſhall ſee tomorrow——
Witty. Pray you forbear the place! this diſcontent
May impair her health much.
Pompey. 'Sfoot, if a man had been in any fault,
'Twould ne'er a griev'd him: Sir, if you'll believe—
Witty. Nay, nay, proteſt no more; I do believe you:
But you ſee how the lady is wrong'd by't;
She has caſt away herſelf, 'tis to be fear'd,
Againſt her uncle's will, nay, and conſent,
But out of a mere neglect, and ſpite to herſelf,
Married ſuddenly without any advice.
Pompey. Why, who can help it? if ſhe be caſt away,
She may thank herſelf: She might have gone
Further and far'd worſe. I could do no more
Than I could do: 'Twas her own pleaſure
To command me, that I ſhould not come
'Till I was ſent for; I had been with her
Every minute of an hour elſe.
Witty. Truly I believe you.
Pompey. Night and day
She might have commanded me, and that ſhe knew
well enough:
I ſaid as much to her between her and I;
Yet I proteſt, ſhe is as honeſt a lady
For my part, that I'd ſay, if ſhe would ſee me hang'd.
If ſhe be caſt away, I cannot help it;
She might have ſtay'd to have ſpoke with a man.
Witty. Well,
'Twas a hard miſs on both parts.
Pompey. So it was;
I was within one of her, for all this croſs luck;
I was ſure I was between the knight and home.
Niece. Not gone yet? Oh, my heart! none regard
my health?
Witty. Good Sir, forbear her ſight awhile!
You hear how ill ſhe brooks it.
Pompey. Fooliſh woman,
To overthrow her fortunes ſo! I ſhall think

The

The worſe of a lady's wit while I live for't.
I could almoſt cry for anger! If ſhe ſhould
Miſcarry now, 'twould touch my conſcience a little;
And who knows what love and conceit may do?
What would people ſay, as I go along?
'There goes he that the lady died for love on:'
I am ſure to hear on't i'th' ſtreets; I ſhall weep
Beforehand. Fooliſh woman! I do grieve
More for thee now, than I did love thee before.
Well, go thy ways! Now wouldſt thou ſpare thy husband's head,
And break thine own heart, if thou hadſt any wit.
I would ſome other had been
The cauſe of thy undoing; I ſhall be
Twitted i'th' teeth with it, I'm ſure of that:
Fooliſh lady! [*Exit.*

Niece. So, ſo, this trouble's well ſhook off.
Uncle, how do you? There's a dowry due, Sir.

Cunn. We have agreed it, ſweeteſt, and find your uncle
Fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the reſt, I hope.

Oldc. Never to thee, nor thee, eaſy couſin Credulous:
Was your wit ſo raw?

Cred. Faith, yours, Sir, ſo long ſeaſon'd,
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, uncle.

Greg. Yes, faith, Sir,
You have paid as dear for your time, as any man here.

Witty. Ay, Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis,*
The firſt preface-cheat of a pair of pieces
To the beggars; you remember that;
I was the example to your bounty there,
I ſpake Greek and Syriack, Sir; you underſtand me now.
Next, the robbery put upon your indulgent couſin;
Which indeed was no robbery, no conſtable,
No juſtice, no thief, but all cheaters;
There was a hundred mark, mark you that. Laſtly,

This

This memorable hundred pounds' worth of muſic;
This was both cheats and wit too. And for
The aſſiſtance of this gentleman to my couſin
(For which I am to have a fee) that was
A little practice of my wit too, father. Will you
Come to compoſition yet, father?
Cunn. Yes, faith, Sir, do!
Two hundred a-year will be eaſier
Than ſo much weekly: I do not think he's barren,
If he ſhould be put to't again.
Oldc. Why,
This was the day I look'd for! Thou ſhalt hav't;
And the next cheat makes it up three hundred.
Live thou upon thy ten-pound vicarage;
Thou get'ſt not a penny more; here's thy full
Hire now.
Cred. I thank you, Sir.
Witty. Why, there was the ſum of all my wit, father,
To ſhove him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have diſinherited me.
Oldc. Moſt certain it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it. Is there any here
That had a hand with thee?
Witty. Yes, all theſe, Sir.
Oldc. Nephew, part a hundred pound amongſt 'em;
I'll repay't. Wealth love me as I love wit, when I die,
I'll build an alms-houſe for decayed wits!
Greg. I'll entertain one in my lifetime: Scholar,
You ſhall be my chaplain; I have the gift
Of twenty benefices, ſimple as I am here.
Prif. Thanks, my great patron!
Cunn. Sir, your gentry and
Your name ſhall both be rais'd as high
As my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's ſake.
Witty. Something will
Be in my preſent power, the future more;
You ſhall ſhare with me.
Ruin. and L. Ruin. Thanks, worthy gentlemen.
Neice. Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

Greg.

Greg. You can
Beg nothing of me.
Witty. Oh, Sir! if ſhe begs,
There's your power over her.
Greg. She has begg'd me
For a fool already, but 'tis no matter.
I have begg'd her for a lady, that ſhe might have been;
That's one for another.
Witty. Nay, but if ſhe beg——
Greg. Let her beg again then.
Niece. That your man Pompey's coat
May come over his ears back again; I would not
He ſhould be loſt for my ſake.
Greg. Well, 'tis granted,
For mine own ſake.
Mir. I'll entreat it, Sir.
Greg. Why then, 'tis granted for your ſake.
Old. Come, come,
Down with all weapons now! 'tis muſic time,
So it be purchas'd at an eaſy rate:
Some have receiv'd the knocks, ſome giv'n the hits,
And all concludes in love; there's happy wits!

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

At the REVIVING of this PLAY.

WE need not tell you, gallants, that this night
The wits have jump'd, or that the ſcenes hit right.
'Twould be but labour loſt for to excuſe
What Fletcher had to do in: His briſk muſe
Was ſo mercurial, that if he but writ
An act or two, the whole play roſe up wit.
We'll not appeal unto thoſe gentlemen
Judge by their cloaths, if they ſit right, nor when—
The ladies ſmile, and with their fans delight
To whiſk a clinch aſide, then all goes right;
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare ſay,
You now are welcome to no vulgar play.

LIBRARY OFFICE BOMBAY BRANCH

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Oh Sir, for honour's sake, stay your foul purpose?;
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
There is no question, in the wound you give him,
I shall bleed to death for't! Act II

M.A.Rooker del. J. Collyer sculp.

Publish'd as the Act directs Decr 16. 1777. by T. Sherlock, Bow Street Covent Garden.

THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes of Gardiner aſcribe this Play to Fletcher alone. It was firſt publiſhed in the folio of 1647; and has not been acted many years, nor, we believe, ever altered.

PROLOGUE.

PLAYS have their fates, not as in their true ſenſe
They're underſtood, but as the influence
Of idle cuſtom madly works upon
The droſs of many-tongu'd Opinion.
A worthy ſtory, howſoever writ,
For language, modeſt mirth, conceit or wit,
Meets oftentimes with the ſweet commendation
Of 'hang't! 'tis ſcurvy!' when for approbation
A jig ſhall be clapt at, and every rhime
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let Ignorance and Laughter dwell together!
They are beneath the muſes' pity: Hither
Come nobler judgments, and to thoſe the ſtrain
Of our invention is not bent in vain:
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes; and withal intends
In th' entertains to which ſhe doth invite ye,
All things to pleaſe, and ſome things to delight ye.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke *of Florence.*
Albertus, *admiral of Florence.*
Baptiſta, *a brave ſea commander, ancient friend to Albertus.*
Ceſario, *a young gentleman of a fiery nature, ſon to Albertus.*
Mentivole, *ſon to Baptiſta, lover of Clariſſa.*
Proſpero, *a noble friend to Baptiſta.*
Hoſt, *the ſuppoſed father of Biancha.*
Foroboſco, *a cheating mountebank.*
Clown, *the mountebank's man, and ſetter.*
Dancer,
Taylor,
Muletteer,
Pedant,
Clerk,
Coxcomb, } *Six fools and knaves, who pretend love to Biancha.*
Secretary *to the Duke.*
Two Magiſtrates *of Florence.*
Phyſician.
Surgeon.
Three Gentlemen.
Sailors.

WOMEN.

Mariana, *wife to Albertus, a virtuous lady.*
Clariſſa, *Mariana's daughter, in love with Mentivole.*
Juliana, *niece to the duke of Genoa, Baptiſta's ſecond wife.*
Biancha, *the* Fair Maid of the Inn, *beloved of Ceſario, and daughter to Baptiſta and Juliana.*
Hoſteſs, *the ſuppoſed mother of Biancha.*

SCENE, FLORENCE.

THE

THE

FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

ACT I.

Enter Ceſario and Clariſſa.

Ceſario. INTERPRET not, Clariſſa, my true zeal
In giving you counſel, to tranſcend the bounds
That ſhould confine a brother! 'tis your honour,
And peace of mind (which, honour loſt[1], will leave you)
I labour to preſerve: And tho' you yet are
Pure and untainted, and reſolve to be ſo,
Having a father's eye, and mother's care,
In all your ways to keep you fair and upright,
In which reſpects my beſt advices muſt
Appear ſuperfluous; yet ſince love, dear ſiſter,
Will ſometimes tender things unneceſſary,
Miſconſtrue not my purpoſe!

Clar. Sir, I dare not;
But ſtill receive it as a large addition
To the much that I already ſtand engag'd for.
Yet, pardon me tho' I profeſs, upon
A true examination of myſelf,
Even to my private thoughts, I cannot find
(Having ſuch ſtrong ſupporters to uphold me)

[1] *Which honour* laſt *will leave you.*] Amended by Seward.

On what ſlight ground the leaſt doubt can be rais'd,
To render me ſuſpected I can fall
Or from my fame or virtue.
Ceſ. Far be't from me,
To nouriſh ſuch a thought! and yet excuſe me,
As you would do a lapidary, whoſe whole fortunes
Depend upon the ſafety of one jewel,
If he think no caſe precious enough
To keep it in full luſtre, nor no locks,
Tho' lending ſtrength to iron doors, ſufficient
To guard it, and ſecure him! You to me are
A gem of more eſteem, and prized higher,
Than uſurers do their muck, or great men title;
And any flaw (which Heav'n avert!) in you,
(Whoſe reputation, like a diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envy,
And men with covetous deſires, look up at)
By prying eyes diſcover'd, in a moment
Would render what the braveries of Florence,
For want of counterpoiſe, forbear to cheapen,
Of little or no value.
Clar. I ſee, brother,
The mark you ſhoot at, and much thank your love:
But for my virgin jewel, which is brought
In compariſon with your diamond, reſt aſſur'd
It ſhall not fall in ſuch a workman's hands,
Whoſe ignorance or malice ſhall have power
To caſt one cloud upon it, but ſtill keep
Her native ſplendor.
Ceſ. 'Tis well; I commend you;
And ſtudy your advancement with that care
As I would do a ſiſter's, whom I love
With more than common ardor[a].
Clar. That from me
I hope's return'd to you.
Ceſ. I do confeſs it.
Yet let me tell you, (but ſtill with that love
I wiſh t' encreaſe between us) that you are

[a] *Common* order.] Corrected in 1750.

Obſerv'd,

Obſerv'd, againſt the gravity long maintain'd
In Italy (where to ſee a maid unmaſk'd
Is held a blemiſh), to be over-frequent
In giving or receiving viſits.

Clar. How?

Cef. Whereas the cuſtom's here to wooe by picture,
And never ſee the ſubſtance. You are fair,
And beauty draws temptations on, you know it:
I would not live to ſee a willing grant
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been ladies
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,
That have prov'd this no miracle.

Clar. One unworthy?
Why, pray you, gentle brother, who are they
That I vouchſafe theſe bounties to? I hope,
In your ſtrict criticiſm of me, and my manners,
That you will not deny they are your equals.

Cef. Angry?

Clar. I've reaſon! But, in cold blood, tell me,
Had we not one father?

Cef. Yes, and mother too.

Clar. And he a ſoldier?

Cef. True.

Clar. If I then borrow
A little of the boldneſs of his temper,
Imparting it to ſuch as may deſerve it,
(Howe'er indulgent to yourſelves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedom to your ſiſters)
I hope 'twill not paſs for a crime in me,
To grant acceſs and ſpeech to noble ſuitors,
And you eſcape for innocent, that deſcend
To a thing ſo far beneath you? Are you touch'd?
Why, did you think that you had Giges' ring?
Or th' herb that gives inviſibility?
Or that Biancha's name had ne'er been mention'd?
The Fair Maid of the grand Oſteria, brother?

Cef. No more!

Clar. A little, brother. Your night-walks,

And

And offer'd preſents, which coy ſhe contemn'd;
Your combats in diſguiſes with your rivals,
Brave muletteers, ſcullions perfum'd with greaſe,
And ſuch as cry meat for cats[3], muſt be remember'd!
And all this pother for a common trull!
A tempting ſign, and curiouſly ſet forth,
To draw in riotous gueſts! a thing expos'd
To every ruffian's rude aſſault! and ſubject,
For a poor ſalary, to a rich man's luſt,
Tho' made up of diſeaſes!

Cef. Will you end yet?

Clar. And this a miſtreſs for Albertus' ſon?
One that I ſhould call ſiſter?

Cef. Part not with
Your modeſty in this violent heat! The truth is,
(For you ſhall be my confeſſor) I love her;
But virtuouſly: Report, that gives her out
Only for fair, and adds not ſhe is chaſte,
Detracts much from her; for indeed ſhe is,
Tho' of a low condition, compos'd
Of all thoſe graces dames of higheſt birth,
Tho' rich in Nature's bounties, ſhould be proud of.
But leave her! and to you, my neareſt care,
My deareſt, beſt Clariſſa! Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wiſh you ſhould live
A barren virgin life? I rather aim at
A noble huſband, that may make you mother
Of many children; one that, when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may ſerve, and ſue to:
And therefore ſcorn not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man, you pleaſe to favour!

Clar. I ever purpos'd it; for I will like
With your allowance.

Cef. As a pawn of this,
Receive this ring; but, ere you part with it

[3] *And ſuch as* cry *meat for cats.*] The ſecond folio reads *want*; but we apprehend the text to be right. In Maſſinger's Maid of Honour, act iii. ſc. i. Gaſparo, in mentioning the moſt ignoble employments, ſays,

'I will *cry* brooms or *cats' meat* in Palermo,
'Turn porter, carry burdens, any thing,
'Rather than live a ſoldier!' *R.*

On

On any terms, be certain of your choice,
And make it known to me!

Enter Alberto, Baptiſta, Mariana, Mentivole, and Servants with lights.

Clar. You have my hand for't.

Ceſ. Which, were it not my ſiſter's, I ſhould kiſs
With too much heat.

Clar. My father and his gueſts, Sir!

Alb. Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptiſta!
Theſe days of reſt and feaſting ſuit not with
Our tougher natures; thoſe were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at ſea! that's our true mother;
The land's to us a ſtep-dame: There we ſought
Honour and wealth thro' dangers; yet thoſe dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, tho' great ones,
And worth the undertakers: Here we ſtudy
The kitchen arts, to ſharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance; and diſpute with Heav'n,
If that the leaſt puff of the rough North-wind
Blaſt our vine's burden [3], rendring to our palates
The charming juice leſs pleaſing; whereas there,
If we had biſcuit, powder'd fleſh, freſh water,
We thought them Perſian delicates; and for muſic,
If a ſtrong gale but made the main-yard crack,
We danc'd to the loud minſtrel.

Bapt. And fear'd leſs
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempeſt than a calm.

Alb. 'Tis true, Baptiſta:
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each other,
And virtuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true ſchool of friendſhip,
We learnt thoſe principles, which confirm'd us friends
Never to be forgot.

Bapt. Never, I hope.

Alb. We were married there: For bells, the roaring cannon
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize

[3] *Blaſt our* time's *burden.*] The correction by Seward.

Then

Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
Serv'd as a dowry to you, then ſtil'd my wife;
And did enable me to be a huſband
Fit to encounter ſo much wealth, tho' got
With blood and horror.

Mar. If ſo got, 'tis fit, Sir,
Now you poſſeſs it, that you ſhould enjoy it
In peace and quiet: I, your ſon, and daughter,
That reap the harveſt of your winter's labour,
Tho' debtors for it, yet have often trembled,
When, in way of diſcourſe, you have related
How you came by it.

Alb. Trembled? How the ſoftneſs
Of your ſex may excuſe you, I'll not argue;
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble,
I ſhould proclaim this boy ſome coward's baſtard,
And not the image of Albertus' youth,
If when ſome wiſh'd occaſion calls him forth
To a brave trial, one weak artery
Of his ſhould ſhew a fever, tho' grim death
Put on a thouſand dreadful ſhapes to fright him,
The elements, the ſea, and all the winds
We number on our compaſs, then conſpiring
To make the ſcene more ghaſtly! I muſt have thee,
Sirrah, I muſt, if once you grapple with
An enemy's ſhip, to board her, tho' you ſee
The deſperate gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up; or, like Cæſar's ſoldier,
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undaunted.

Mar. I even die to hear you!
My ſon, my lov'd Ceſario, run ſuch hazards?
Bleſs'd ſaints forbid it! You have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way.
I'll keep him ſafe at home, and train him up
A complete courtier: May I live to ſee him,
By ſweet diſcourſe and gracious demeanor,
Win and bring home a fair wife, and a rich,
'Tis all I reſt ambitious of.

Alb. A wife?
As if there were a courſe to purchaſe one
Prevailing more than honourable action!
Or any interceſſors move ſo far,
To take a miſtreſs of a noble ſpirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,
Atchiev'd by ſweat and blood! Oh, the brave dames
Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to ſee
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage, and conqueſts, the blind archer knew
To head his ſhafts, or light his quenched torch;
They were proof againſt them elſe: no carpet knight[4],
That

[4] *Carpet knight.*] *Carpet knights* are frequently mentioned with great contempt by our ancient writers. The learned Sir James Burrows gives the following account of them:

'There was an order of knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS 'of the CARPET, though few, or no perſons (at leaſt among thoſe 'whom I have conſulted) ſeem to know any thing about it, or even 'to have heard of it. I have taken ſome memoranda concerning 'the inſtitution, and know that William lord Burgh (of Starborough 'caſtle in the county of Surry, father to Thomas lord Burgh, deputy 'of Ireland, and to Sir John Burgh who took the great Caracca ſhip 'in 1592) was made a *knight of the carpet*, at Weſtminſter, on the '2d of October, 1553, the day after queen Mary's coronation: And 'I met with a liſt of all who were made ſo at the ſame time, in 'Strype's Memorials, vol. iii. Appendix, p. 11.

'See Anſtis's Obſervations on the Knighthood of the Bath, (Lond. '1725) p. 50, "Upon the acceſſion of Queen Mary to the throne, "a commiſſion was granted to the earl of Arundel, empowering "him to make knights, but WITHOUT *any additional title*, within "two days after the date of that patent: Which were the two days "preceding her coronation. In purſuance hereof, we find the "names of the knights created by him, according to the ſtated form "of creating knights of the Bath; and the variety of the cere-"monies uſed, ſo diſtinctly related, that it particularly deſerves to "be conſulted in the appendix."

'So that Mr. Anſtis plainly conſiders them as being only a ſpecies 'of knights of the Bath, though *without* any additional title.

'If ſo, the appellation of *knights of the carpet* might be only '*popular*; not their ſtrict or proper title. This, however, was ſuf-'ficient to induce Shakeſpeare (who wrote whilſt they were com-'monly ſpoken of by ſuch an appellation) to *uſe that term*, in *contraſt* 'to a knighthood *conferred* upon a real ſoldier, as a reward of 'military valour.'

In addition to this note, and in confirmation of it, Mr. Steevens produces

That ſpent his youth in groves or pleaſant bowers,
Or, ſtretching on a couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his lute ſuch ſoft and melting notes
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,
Could work on them; nor once bewitch'd their ſenſe,
Tho' he came ſo perfum'd as he had robb'd
Sabæa or Arabia of their wealth,
And ſtor'd it in one ſuit. I ſtill remember,
And ſtill remember it with joy, Baptiſta,
When from the reſcue of the Genoa fleet,
Almoſt ſurpriz'd by the Venetian gallies,
Thou didſt return, and wert receiv'd in triumph,
How lovely in thy honour'd wounds and ſcars
Thou didſt appear; what worlds of amorous glances
The beauties of the city, where they ſtood,
Fix'd like ſo many of the faireſt ſtars,
Shot from their windows at thee! How it fir'd
Their bloods to ſee the enemies' captive ſtreamers[a]
Borne thro' the ſtreets! nor could chaſte Juliana,
The duke's fair niece, tho' guarded with her greatneſs,
Reſiſt this gallant charge, but; laying by
Diſparity of fortune from the object,
Yielded herſelf thy priſoner.

Bapt. Pray you chuſe
Some other theme.

Mar. Can there be one more pleaſing?

Bapt. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
And 'tis in the remembrance little leſs,
Than ever captive ſuffer'd.

Mar. How! To gain
The favour of ſo great a lady?

---

produces the following example from The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601,

' ——— ſoldiers, come away;
' This *carpet knight* ſits carping at our ſcars.'

They are mentioned alſo by Taylor the Water Poet, in The Praiſe of Hempſeed:

' Caſtles for ladies, and for *carpet knights*,
' Unmercifully ſpoil'd at feaſting fights.' *R.*

[a] *Captive* ſtreames.] Corrected in 1750.

Bapt.

Bapt. Yes,
Since it prov'd fatal[6]: To have been happy, madam,
Adds to calamity; and the heavy loſs
Of her I durſt not hope for, once enjoy'd,
Turns what you think a bleſſing to a curſe,
Which grief would have forgotten,
Alb. I am ſorry
I touch'd upon it.
Mar. I burn rather, Sir,
With a deſire to hear the ſtory of
Your loves; and ſhall receive it as a favour,
Which you may grant.
Bapt. You muſt not be denied;
Yet with all brevity I muſt report it.
Tis true, fair Juliana, (Genoa's pride)
Enamour'd of my actions, lik'd my perſon;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection,
Since it was lawful; for, my firſt wife dead,
We were cloſely married, and for ſome few months
Taſted the fruits of't: But malicious Fate,
Envying our too-much happineſs, wrought upon
A faithleſs ſervant, privy to our plot,
And cabinet-counſellor to Juliana,
Who, either for hope, or reward, or fear,
Diſcover'd us to the incenſed duke,
Whoſe rage made her cloſe priſoner, and pronounc'd
On me perpetual baniſhment. Some three years
I wander'd on the ſeas, ſince entertain'd
By the great Duke of Florence; but what fate
Attended her, or Proſpero my friend,
That ſtay'd at Genoa to expect the iſſue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. From the Duke?

[6] *Yes, ſince it prov'd fatal.*] The particle inſerted in the text improving both ſenſe and meaſure was moſt probably in the original. *Seward.*

Seward reads,
Since it prov'd ſo *fatal*;
thereby *deſtroying* 'both ſenſe and meaſure.'

Bapt.

Bapt. He's welcome,
To end my forc'd relation!
Alb. Signor Baptiſta,
The great Duke's will commands your preſent care.
Gent. It points indeed at both of you.
Bapt. I wait it.
Alb. In, Mariana; to your reſt!
Bapt. Nay, leave us;
We muſt be private.
Mar. Stay not long, Ceſario.
[*Exeunt. Manent Ceſario & Mentivole.*
Ment. So! theſe old men vaniſh'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may ſpeak; and howſoe'er they take
Delight in the diſcourſe of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of preſent pleaſures.
Ceſ. Which, if well enjoy'd,
Will not alone continue, but encreaſe,
In us their friendſhip.
Ment. How ſhall we ſpend the night?
To ſnore it out, like drunken Dutchmen, would
Sort ill with us Italians: We are made
Of other metal, fiery, quick, and active.
Shall we take our fortune? and, while our cold fathers
(In whom long ſince their youthful heats were dead)
Talk much of Mars, ſerve under Venus' enſigns,
And ſeek a miſtreſs?
Ceſ. That's a game, dear friend,
That does admit no rival in chaſe of it;
And either to be undertook alone,
Or not to be attempted.
Ment. I'll not preſs you.
What other ſports to entertain the time with
The following morning?
Ceſ. Any that may become us.
Ment. Is the Neapolitan horſe the viceroy ſent you
In a fit plight to run?
Ceſ. So my groom tells me.
I car. boaſt little of my horſemanſhip;
Yet, upon his aſſurance, I dare wager
A thouſand

A thouſand crowns, 'gainſt any horſe in Florence,
For an eight-mile courſe.
Ment. I would not win of you,
In reſpect you are impatient of loſs;
Elſe I durſt match him with my Barbary
For twice the ſum.
Ceſ. You do well to excuſe it,
Being certain to be beaten.
Ment. Tuſh, you know
The contrary.
Ceſ. To end the controverſy,
Put it to trial; by my life, I'll meet you

Enter Clariſſa.

With the next riſing ſun.
Ment. A match! But here
Appears a Cynthia, that ſcorns to borrow
A beam of light from the great eye of Heav'n,
She being herſelf all brightneſs: How I envy
Thoſe amorous ſmiles, thoſe kiſſes, but ſure chaſte ones,
Which ſhe vouchſafes her brother!
Clar. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not Biancha; leave, I pray you!
My mother will not ſleep before ſhe ſee you;
And ſince you know her tenderneſs, nay fondneſs,
In every circumſtance that concerns your ſafety,
You are not equal[7] to her.
Ceſ. I muſt leave you;
But will not fail to meet you.
Ment. Soft ſleeps to you!
Mar. [*within.*] Ceſario!
Clar. You're call'd again.
Ceſ. Some ſons
Complain of too much rigour in their mothers;
I of too much indulgence. You will follow? [*Exit.*
Clar. You are her firſt care; therefore lead the way!
Ment. She ſtays; bleſt opportunity! ſhe ſtays
As ſhe invited conference! ſhe was ever.

[7] *Equal*] i. e. *Juſt.* The word frequently occurs in that ſenſe.

Noble and free; but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yielding in her; or, contempt
Of all that I dare offer. Stand I now
Conſulting? No; I'll put it home.
Clar. Who waits there?
More lights!
Ment. You need them not; they are as uſeleſs
As at noon-day: Can there be darkneſs where
Nature, then wiſely liberal, vouchſaf'd
To lend two ſuns?
Clar. Hyperboles!
Ment. No; truths,
Truths, beauteous virgin; ſo my love-ſick heart
Aſſures me, and my underſtanding tells me
I muſt approach them wiſely: Should I raſhly
Preſs near their ſcorching beams, they would conſume me;
And, on the contrary, ſhould your diſdain
Keep me at too much diſtance, and I want
Their comfortable heat, the froſt of death
Would ſeize on all my faculties.
Clar. Pray you pauſe, Sir!
This vehemency of diſcourſe muſt elſe needs tire you:
Theſe gay words take not me; 'tis ſimple faith,
Honeſt integrity, and lawful flames,
I am delighted with.
Ment. Such I bring with me;
And therefore, lady——
Clar. But that you took me off
Ere I came to a period, I had added
A long experience muſt be requir'd
Both of his faith and truſt, with whom a virgin
Trafficks for what is deareſt in this life,
Her liberty and honour. I confeſs
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour;
And, with your generous parts, the many tenders
Of doing me all fair offices, have won
A good opinion from me——
Ment. Oh, ſpeak ever!

I never

I never heard ſuch muſic.

Clar. A plain tune, Sir,
But 'tis a hearty one. When I perceive,
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,
And that you bring the engines of fair love,
Not of foul luſt, to ſhake and undermine
My maiden fortreſs, I may then make good
What now I dare not promiſe.

Ment. You already,
In taking notice of my poor deſervings,
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
A frontleſs impudence to aſk beyond this:
Yet qualify, tho' not excuſe, my error,
Tho' now I am ambitious to deſire
A confirmation of it!

Clar. So it wrong not
My modeſty to grant it.

Ment. 'Tis far from me;
I only am a ſuitor you would grace me
With ſome toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I uſurp not,
When I preſume to ſtile myſelf your ſervant!
A ribbon from your ſhoe.

Clar. You are too humble;
I'll think upon't, and ſomething of more value
Shall witneſs how I prize you. It grows late;
I'll bring you to the door.

Ment. You ſtill more bind me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Albertus, Baptiſta, Magiſtrates and Attendants.

Duke. You find, by this aſſur'd intelligence,
The preparation of the Turk againſt us.
We've met him oft and beat him; now to fear him
Would argue want of courage; and I hold it
A ſafer policy for us and our ſignories,
To charge him in his paſſage o'er the ſea,
Than to expect him here.

Alb. May it pleaſe your highneſs,

Since you vouchſafe to think me worthy of
This great employment, if I may deliver
My judgment freely, 'tis not flattery
Tho' I ſay my opinion waits on you[3];
Nor would I give my ſuffrage and conſent
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it
Worth the great ſpeaker, tho' that the denial
Call'd on your heavy anger. For myſelf
I do profeſs thus much, if a blunt ſoldier
May borrow ſo much from the oil'd-tongu'd courtier,
(That echoes whatſoe'er the prince allows of)
All that my long experience hath taught me,
That have ſpent three parts of my life at ſea,
(Let it not taſte of arrogance that I ſay it)
Could not have added reaſons of more weight
To fortify your affections, than ſuch
As your Grace out of obſervation merely
Already have propounded.

Bapt. With the honour
To give the daring enemy an affront
In being the firſt oppoſer, it will teach
Your ſoldiers boldneſs, and ſtrike fear in them
That durſt attempt you.

1 *Magiſ.* Victuals and ammunition,
And money too, the ſinews of the war,
Are ſtor'd up in the magazine.

2 *Magiſ.* And the gallies
New rigg'd and train'd up, and at two days' warning
Fit for the ſervice.

Duke. We commend your care;
Nor will we e'er be wanting in our counſels,
As we doubt not your action. You, Baptiſta,
Shall ſtay with us; that merchant is not wiſe,
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.
Albertus, be our admiral! ſpare your thanks;

[3] *My opinion waits on* you.] The ſmall change of *you* to *yours* takes all obſcurity from this expreſſion. *Seward.*

We think the old reading more ſuitable to the context, more in our Authors' ſtyle, and at leaſt as free from obſcurity.

'Tis

'Tis merit in you that invites this honour;
Preſerve it ſuch! Ere long you ſhall hear more.
Things raſhly undertaken end as ill;
But great acts thrive when reaſon guides the will. [*Exe.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* No queſtion, 'twas not well done in Ceſario
To croſs the horſe of young Mentivole
In the midſt of this courſe.

2 *Gent.* That was not all;
The ſwitching him dull'd him,

3 *Gent.* 'Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they firſt ſtarted! 'Slight,
We ſtand here prating; give them leave to whiſper,
And, when they have cut one another's throats,

Enter Mentivole and Ceſario,

Make in to part 'em!

2 *Gent.* There is no ſuch hazard;
Their fathers' friendſhip and their love forbid it:
See where they come!

1 *Gent.* With fury in their looks.

Ment. You have the wager; with what foul play got
I'll not diſpute.

Ceſ. Foul play?

Ment. I cannot ſpeak it
In a fairer language; and if ſome reſpects
Familiar to myſelf chain'd not my tongue,
I ſhould ſay—no more[9]!—I ſhould—but I'll ſit down
With this diſgrace; howe'er, preſs me no further!
For, if once more provok'd, you'll underſtand
I dare no more ſuffer an injury,
Than I dare do one.

Ceſ. Why, Sir, are you injur'd
In that I take my right, which I would force,
Should you detain it?

Ment. Put it to judgment!

9 *I ſhould ſay* no *more.*] Seward, tacitly and arbitrarily, reads, *I ſhould ſay more.* The preſent punctuation gives a ſpirit to the old text.

Ceſ. No; my will in this ſhall carry it.
Ment. Your will? Nay, farewell ſoftneſs then!
3 *Gent.* This I foreſaw. [*They ſuddenly draw.*
2 *Gent.* Hold, hold!
Ceſ. I'm hurt.
2 *Gent.* Shift for yourſelf; 'tis death.
Ment. As you reſpect me, bear him off with care!
If he miſcarry, ſince he did the wrong,
I'll ſtand the ſhock of't.
2 *Gent.* Gently! he will faint elſe——
[*Exeunt Gentlemen with Ceſario.*
Ment. And ſpeedily, I beſeech you! My rage over,
That pour'd upon my reaſon clouds of error,
I ſee my folly, and at what dear loſs
I have exchang'd a real innocence
To gain a mere fantaſtical report,
Tranſported only by vain popular wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy man.

Enter Baptiſta.

But, could I ſatisfy myſelf within here,
How ſhould I bear my father's frowns? They meet me;
My guilt conjures him hither.
Bapt. Sirrah!
Ment. Sir.
Bapt. I've met the trophies of your ruffian ſword;
Was there no other anvil to make trial
How far thou durſt be wicked, but the boſom
Of him, which under the adulterate name
Of friendſhip thou haſt murder'd?
Ment. Murder'd, Sir?
My dreams abhor ſo baſe a fact: True valour,
Employ'd to keep my reputation fair,
From the auſtereſt judge can never merit
To be branded with that title. You begot me
A man, no coward: And but call your youth
To memory! when injur'd, you could never
Boaſt of the aſs's fortitude, ſlave-like patience;
And you might juſtly doubt I were your ſon,

If

If I ſhould entertain it. If Ceſario
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,
A ſecond trial of what I dare do
In a juſt cauſe, ſhall give ſtrong witneſs for me
I am the true heir to Baptiſta's courage,
As to his other fortunes.

Bapt. Boy, to neither,
But on this ſtrict condition, which entreaties
From ſaints, nay angels, ſhall not make me alter,
A friendſhip ſo began, and ſo continu'd
Between me and Alberto my beſt friend,
Your brawls ſhall not diſſolve: It is my will,
And as I am thy father I command thee,
That inſtantly, on any terms, how poor
Soe'er it ſkills not, thou deſire his pardon,
And bring aſſurance to me he has ſign'd it,
Or by my father's ſoul I'll never know thee,
But as a ſtranger to my blood: Perform it,
And ſuddenly, without reply! I've ſaid it.

Ment. And in it given a heavier ſentence on me
Than the moſt cruel death: You are my father,
And your will to be ſerv'd, and not diſputed
By me, that am your ſon: But I'll obey,
And tho' my heart-ſtrings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own. [*Exe.*

ACT II.

Enter Albertus, Phyſician, and a Surgeon.

Phyſ. HAVE patience, noble Sir! your ſon Ceſario
Will recover, without queſtion.

Surg. A ſlight wound;
Though't pierc'd his body, it hath miſs'd the vitals.

Phyſ. My life for't, he ſhall take the air again
Within theſe ten days!

Alb. Oh, but from a friend!

To receive this bloody meaſure from a friend!
If that a man ſhould meet a violent death,
In a place where he had taken ſanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? Such all Florence held
Their friendſhip; and 'tis that which multiplies
The injury.

Phyſ. Have patience, worthy ſignor!

Alb. I do proteſt, as I am man and ſoldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at ſea,
(Loſt in ſome honourable action)
I would not to the ſaltneſs of his grave
Have added the leaſt tear: But theſe quarrels,

Enter Mariana and Clariſſa.

Bred out of game and wine! I had as lief
He ſhould have died of a ſurfeit.

Mar. Oh, what comfort?
How is it with our ſon, Sir?

Alb. His work-maſters
Bear me in hand here, (as my lawyer does,
When I've a crack'd title, or bad ſuit in law)
All ſhall go well.

Mar. I pray you, gentlemen,
What think you of his wound?

Phyſ. 'Tis but a ſcratch; nothing
To danger.

Clar. But he receiv'd it from a friend;
And the unkindneſs ta'en at that may kill him.

Mar. Let me ſee him.

Phyſ. By no means; he ſlumbers.

Mar. Then I cannot believe you, when you tell me
There is hope of him.

Alb. Yet many ladies
Do give more faith to their phyſician,
Than to their confeſſor.

Clar. Oh, my poor loſt brother!
And friend, more dear than brother!

Alb. More loud inſtruments
To diſturb his ſlumbers? Go, go, take caroch!

And,

And, as you love me, you and the girl retire
T' our ſummer-houſe i'th' country: I'll be with you
Within theſe two days.
Mar. I am yours in all things,
Tho' with much ſorrow to leave him.
Alb: I pray you, gentlemen, [*Exeunt Mar. & Clar.*
With beſt obſervance tend your patient:
The loſs of my heir male lies now a-bleeding;

Enter Mentivole.

And think what payment his recovery
Shall ſhower upon you.—Of all men breathing,
[*Exeunt Phyſician and Surgeon.*
Wherefore do you arrive here? are you mad?
My injury begins to bleed afreſh
At ſight of you. Why, this affront of yours
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my ſon; but
Your ſight to me is death! Why come you hither?
D' you come to view the wounds which you have made,
And glory in them?
Ment. Rather, worthy Sir,
To pour oil into them.
Alb. I am a ſoldier,
Sir, leaſt part of a courtier; and underſtand
By your ſmooth oil, your preſent flattery——
Ment. Sir, for my father's ſake, acknowledge me
To be born a gentleman, no ſlave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed: Do not miſconſtrue,
In your diſtaſte of me, the true intent
Of my coming hither, for I do proteſt
I do not come to tell you I am ſorry
For your ſon's hurt.
Alb. Not ſorry?
Ment. No, not ſorry:
I have to th' loweſt ebb loſt all my fury,
But I muſt not loſe my honeſty. 'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd,

Like

Like a petard [10] ill lighted, into th' boſom
Of him gave fire to't: Yet, I hope his hurt
Is not ſo dangerous but he may recover;
When, if it pleaſe him call me to account
For th' loſs of ſo much blood, I ſhall be ready
To do him noble reaſon.

Alb. You are arm'd
Methinks with wondrous confidence.

Ment. Oh, with the beſt, Sir;
For I bring penitence and ſatisfaction.

Alb. Satisfaction? Why, I heard you ſay but now,
You were not ſorry for his wounds.

Ment. Nor am I;
The ſatisfaction which I bring, Sir, is to you.
You are a gentleman ne'er injur'd me;
One ever lov'd my father, the right way,
And moſt approv'd of noble amity;
Yet I have run my ſword quite thro' your heart,
And ſlightly hurt your ſon; for't may be fear'd,
A grief ta'en at theſe years, for your ſon's loſs,
May hazard yours: And therefore I am ſent
By him that has moſt intereſt in your ſorrow,
Who having chid me almoſt to the ruin
Of a diſheritance [11], for violating
So continued and ſo ſacred a friendſhip
Of fifty winters' ſtanding [12]; ſuch a friendſhip,

[10] *Petar.*] A *petard* or *petarre*, an engine (made like a bell or mortar) wherewith ſtrong gates are burſt open. *Cotgrave's Dictionary.* *R.*

[11] *Who having chid me almoſt to* the *ruin*
Of *a diſheritance.*] Seward arbitrarily reads,
——— *to* my *ruin*,
To *a diſheritance*, &c.

[12] *So* continued *and ſo ſacred a friendſhip*
Of fifty winters ſtanding; ſuch a friendſhip,
That ever did continue, &c.] 'Here, ſays Seward, ſeems a reiterated tautology in theſe lines very unlike and unworthy of our Authors.' For *continued*, therefore, he ſubſtitutes *conſtant*, which, continues he, 'in the ſenſe of *firm* and *unſhaken* by accidents, keeps clear of the tautology complained of.' But changes ſhould not be arbitrarily made, only becauſe the critick *ſuppoſes* them for the better.

That

That ever did continue like the ſpring,
Ne'er ſaw the fall o'th' leaf; by him I am ſent
To ſay the wrong I've done, Sir, is to you,
And that I have quite loſt him for a father,
Until I find your pardon. Nay, there follows
A weightier deprivation: His eſtate
I could with a leſs number of ſighs part with;
Fortune might attend my youth and my deſerving
In any climate; but a father's bleſſing,
To ſettle and confirm that fortune, no where,
But only here. Your pardon! give me that;
And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that
Takes from me the effect of excommunication,
A father's heavy curſe.

Alb. Nay, may that curſe
Light on himſelf, for ſending thee in this minute,
When I am grown as deaf to all compaſſion,
As the cruelleſt ſea-fight, or moſt horrid tempeſt!
That I had drown'd i'th' ſea a thouſand ducats,
Thou hadſt not made this viſit! Raſh young man,
Thou tak'ſt me in an ill planet, and haſt cauſe
To curſe thy father; for I do proteſt,
If I had met thee in any part o'th' world,
But under my own roof, I would have kill'd thee.
Within there!—Look you! Here's a triumph ſent for

Enter Phyſician, Surgeon, and Servants.

The death of your young maſter.

Serv. Shall we kill him?

Alb. No;
I'll not be ſo unhoſpitable. But, Sir,
By my life, I vow to take aſſurance from you,
That right-hand never more ſhall ſtrike my ſon.

Ment. That will be eaſily proteſted.

Alb. Not eaſily,
When it muſt be exacted, and a bloody ſeal to't.
Bind him, and cut off's right-hand preſently:
Fair words ſhall never ſatisfy foul deeds.
Chop his hand off!

Ment. You cannot be ſo unrighteous

To

To your own honour.
Phyſ. Oh, Sir, collect yourſelf,
And recall your bloody purpoſe!
Alb. My intents
Of this nature do ever come to action.
Surg. Then I
Muſt fetch another ſtickler. [*Exit.*
Alb. Yet I do grieve at heart;
And I do curſe thy father heartily,
That's the cauſe of my diſhonour, ſending thee
In ſuch an hour, when I am apt for miſchief,
Apt as a Dutchman after a ſea-fight,
When his enemy kneels afore him. Come, diſpatch!
Phyſ. Entreat him, noble Sir.
Ment. You ſhall excuſe me;
Whatſoever he dares do, that I dare ſuffer.

Enter Ceſario and Surgeon.

Ceſ. Oh, Sir, for honour's ſake, ſtay your foul purpoſe;
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
There is no queſtion, in the wound you give him,
I ſhall bleed to death for't!
Alb. Thou art not of
My temper; what I purpoſe, can't be alter'd.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Duke with all ſpeed expects you: You muſt inſtantly
Ship all your followers, and to ſea.
Alb. My bleſſing
Stay with thee upon this condition,
Take away his uſe of fighting; as thou hop'ſt
To be accounted for my ſon, perform it! [*Exit.*
Ceſ. You hear what I'm enjoin'd to.
Ment. Pray thee, take it!
Only this ring, this beſt-eſteemed jewel,
I will not giv't to th' hangman chops it off;
It is too dear a relick: I'll remove it
Nearer my heart.

Ceſ.

Ceſ. Ha! that ring's my ſiſter's;
The ring I enjoin'd her never part withal
Without my knowledge.—Come, Sir, we are friends.
Pardon my father's heat, and melancholy;
Two violent fevers which he caught at ſea,
And cannot yet ſhake of: Only one promiſe
I muſt enjoin you to, and ſeriouſly;
Hereafter you ſhall never draw a ſword
To th' prejudice of my life.
Ment. By my beſt hopes,
I ſhall not!
Ceſ. I pray deliver me your ſword,
On that condition.
Ment. I ſhall, Sir: May it hereafter
Ever fight on your part!
Ceſ. Noble Sir, I thank you:
But, for performance of your vow, I entreat
Some gage from you.
Ment. Any, Sir.
Ceſ. Deliver me that ring.
Ment. Ha! this ring? indeed this jewel binds me,
If you knew the virtue of it, never more
To draw my ſword againſt you.
Ceſ. Therefore I
Will have it.
Ment. You may not.
Ceſ. Come, you muſt:
I that by violence could take your hand,
Can enforce this from you. This is a token, Sir,
That we may prove friends hereafter. Fare you well!
Phyſ. Why did you ſeize his ſword, Sir?
Ceſ. To perform
What my father bad me; I have for the preſent
Ta'en away his uſe of fighting.
Phyſ. Better ſo,
Than take that which your father meant! [*Exeunt.*

Manet Mentivole.

Ment. Was ever the like uſage? Oh, that ring,
Dearer

Dearer than life!' whither is honour fled?
Ceſario, thou'rt unmanly in each part,
To ſeize my ſword firſt, and then ſplit my heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Hoſt and Clown.

Hoſt. Thy maſter
That lodges here in my Oſteria,
Is a rare man of art; they ſay he's a witch.
Clown. A witch? nay, he's one ſtep of the ladder to Preferment higher; he's a conjurer.
Hoſt. Is that his higher title?
Clown. Yes, I aſſure you;
For a conjurer's th' devil's maſter, and commands him;
Whereas a witch is the devil's prentice,
And obeys him.
Hoſt. Bound prentice to the devil?
Clown. Bound and enroll'd I aſſure you, he can't ſtart;
And therefore I would never wiſh any gentleman
To turn witch.
Hoſt. Why, man?
Clown. Oh, he loſes his
Gentility by it; the devil in this caſe cannot help him;
He muſt go to the herald for new arms, believe it.
Hoſt. As I'm true innkeeper, yet a gentleman born,
I'll ne'er turn witch for that trick! And thou haſt
Been a great traveller?
Clown. No, indeed, not I, Sir.
Hoſt. Come, you are modeſt.
Clown. No, I am not modeſt;
For I told you a lie, that you might the better
Underſtand I have been a traveller.
Hoſt. So, Sir!
They ſay your maſter's a great phyſician too?
Clown. He was no fool told you that, I aſſure you.
Hoſt. And you have been in England? But they ſay,
Ladies in England take a great deal of phyſic.
Clown. Both ways, on my reputation.
Hoſt. So 'tis to be underſtood:

But

But they ſay ladies there take phyſic for faſhion.
Clown. Yes, Sir, and many times die to keep faſhion.
Hoſt. How!
Die to keep faſhion?
Clown. Yes; I have known a lady
Sick of the ſmall-pox, only to keep her face
From pit-holes, take cold, ſtrike them in again,
Kick up the heels, and vaniſh.
Hoſt. There was kicking up
The heels with a witneſs!
Clown. No, Sir; I confeſs
A good face has many times been the motive to
The kicking up of the heels with a witneſs; but this was not.

Enter Hoſteſs and Biancha.

Hoſt. Here come my wife and daughter.
Clown. You have
A pretty commodity of this nightworm.
Hoſt. Why, man?
Clown. She is a pretty lure to draw
Cuſtom to your ordinary.
Hoſt. Doſt think I keep her to that purpoſe?
Clown. When a dovehouſe is empty, there is cumin-ſeed
Uſed to purloin from the reſt of the neighbours;
In England you have ſeveral adamants [12],
To draw in ſpurs and rapiers [13]; one keeps ſilk-worms
In a gallery; a milliner has choice
O' monkies and paraketoes; another ſhews
Bawdy Eaſt-Indian pictures, worſe than ever
Were Aretine's; a goldſmith keeps his wife
Wedg'd into his ſhop like a mermaid, nothing of her
To be ſeen (that's woman) but her upper part.

[12] *Adamants.*] i. e. *Loadſtones.* See Skinner on the word. *Seward.*

[13] *To draw in* ſpurs *and* rapiers.] In Ben Jonſon's Alchemiſt is the ſame idea; Subtle ſays to Abel Drugger,
'Beneath your threſhold bury me a *loadſtone*,
'To draw in gallants that wear *ſpurs*.'

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Nothing but her upper part?

Clown. Nothing but her upper bodice,
And he lives at the more heart's eaſe.

Hoſt. What's the reaſon?

Clown. Becauſe her nether part can give no temptation.
By your leave, Sir, I'll tend my maſter, and inſtantly
Be with you for a cup of cherally this hot weather.
[*Exit.*

Hoſt. A nimble-pated raſcal! Come hither, daughter;
When was Ceſario here?

Bian. Sir, not this fortnight.

Hoſt. I do not like his viſits; commonly
He comes by owl-light; both the time and manner is
Suſpicious; I don't like it.

Bian. Sir, the gentleman
Is every way ſo noble, that you need not
Queſtion his intent of coming: Tho' you did
Pray, Sir, preſerve that good opinion of me,
That tho' the cuſtom of the place I was born in
Makes me familiar to every gueſt,
I ſhall in all things keep myſelf a ſtranger
To th' vices they bring with them!

Hoſteſs. Right, my daughter!
She has the right ſtrain of her mother.

Hoſt. Of her mother?
An I would ſpeak, I know from whence ſhe took it.
When I was as young, I was as honeſt.[14]——

Hoſteſs. Leave your prating,

---

[14] *When I was as young, I was as honeſt.*] This has been hitherto made the concluſion of the *Hoſt*'s ſpeech, by which it ſeems to have loſt all its humour. It evidently belongs to the *Hoſteſs*, who ſtops her huſband from giving further hints concerning Biancha; and this is artfully contriv'd with regard to the audience, whoſe curioſities are heightened by a glimmering of the plot, but not too ſoon ſatisfied by a full view of it. To do this judiciouſly, is one of the greateſt difficulties in almoſt every ſpecies of writing. *Seward.*

We think Seward totally miſtaken here, and that the *Hoſt* (inſtead of alluding to Biancha's real parentage) whimſically inſinuates that her virtuous principles are derived from him.

And

And ſtudy to be drunk, and abuſe your gueſts over and over!

Enter Forobofco and Clown.

Hoſt. Peace, wife; my honourable gueſt!

For. My endear'd landlord,
And the reſt of the compliments of the houſe!

Hoſt. Breakfaſt is ready, Sir; it waiteth only
The tide of your ſtomach.

Clown. And mine gapes for't,
Like a ſtale oyſter.

Hoſt. Ere you go to bed[15],
Fail not of that, I pray. [*Exe. all but For. and Clown.*

For. We'll inſtantly be with you.—
Now we're all fellows: Nine o' clock, and no clients come yet?
Sure thou doſt not ſet up bills enough.

Clown. I've ſet up
Bills in abundance.

For. What bills?

Clown. Marry,
For curing of all diſeaſes, recovery of ſtol'n goods,
And a thouſand ſuch impoſſibilities.

For. The place is unlucky.

Clown. No, certain 'tis ſcarcity of money;
Do not you hear the lawyers complain of it?
Men have as much malice as e'er they had to wrangle,
But they've no money.—Whither ſhould this money
Be travell'd?

For. To the devil, I think.

Clown. 'Tis with
His cofferer I'm certain, that's the uſurer.

For. Our cheating does not proſper ſo well as 'Twas wont to do.

Clown. No, ſure. Why, in England we

[15] *Ere you go to bed, fail not of that, I pray.*] Theſe words have hitherto been made a continuation of the *Clown*'s ſpeech; but from him they ſeem devoid of meaning. If ſpoken by the *Hoſt*, *aſide*, we may very well underſtand by them, that the Clown *gapes for his breakfaſt even before he goes to bed.*

Could cozen 'em as familiarly, as if
We'd travell'd with a brief, or a lottery.
For. In the Low-Countries we did pretty well.
Clown. So, ſo, as long as we kept the mop-headed
Butter-boxes ſober; marry, when they were drunk,
Then they grew buzzards: You ſhould have them reel
Their heads together, and deliberate!
Your Dutchman, indeed, when he's foxt, is like a fox;
For when he's ſunk in drink, quite earth to a man's thinking,
'Tis full exchange-time with him, then he's ſubtleſt.
But your Switzer, 'twas nothing to cheat him.
For. Nothing.
Clown. No, nor conſcience to be made of it; for ſince
Nature aforehand cozen'd him of his wit,
'Twas the leſs ſin for us to cozen him of his money.
For. But theſe Italians are more nimble-pated;
We muſt have ſome new trick for them. I proteſt,
But that our Hoſteſs' daughter's a ſweet laſs,
And draws great reſort to th' houſe, we were as good
Draw teeth a-horſeback.
Clown. I told 'em in the market-place you could conjure,
And nobody would believe me; but ere long
I'll make 'em believe you can conjure with ſuch a figuary!
For. What language ſhall's conjure in? High-Dutch
I think, that's full in the mouth.
Clown. No, no, Spaniſh;
That roareth beſt, and will appear more dreadful.
For. Prithee tell me thy conceit thou haſt to gull them.
Clown. No, no, I will not ſtale it[16]; but, my dear jews-trump,
For thou art but my inſtrument, I'm the plotter,
And when we have cozen'd 'em moſt tightly, thou
Shalt ſteal away the innkeeper's daughter, I'll
Provide myſelf of another moveable;

[16] *No, no, I will not* ſtael it.] Corrected in 1750.

And

And we will moſt purely retire ourſelves
To Geneva.

For. Thou art the compaſs I ſail by. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Baptiſta and Mentivole.

Bapt. Was ever expectation of ſo noble
A requital anſwered with ſuch contumely!
A wild Numidian, that had ſuck'd a tigreſs,
Would not have been ſo barbarous: Did he threat
To cut thy hand off?

Ment. Yes, Sir; and his ſlaves
Were ready to perform't.

Bapt. What hinder'd it?

Ment. Only his ſon's entreaty.

Bapt. Noble youth!
I wiſh thou wert not of his blood; thy pity
Gives me a hope thou art not.

Ment. You miſtake, Sir;
The injury that follow'd from the ſon
Was worſe than the father's: He did firſt diſarm,
And took from me a jewel, which I prize
Above my hand or life.

Bapt. Take thy ſword from thee?
He ſtole it like a thief rather; he could not
I' th' field deprive thee of it.

Ment. He took it from me,
And ſent me forth ſo thin, and ſo unmade-up,
As if I'd been a footboy.

Bapt. Oh, my fury!
I muſt now aſk thee forgiveneſs, that my raſhneſs,
Bred out of too much friendſhip, did expoſe thee
To ſo imminent a danger; which I vow
I will revenge on the whole family.
All the calamities of my whole life,
My baniſhment from Genoa, my wife's loſs,
Compar'd to this indignity, is nothing;
Their family ſhall repair't; it ſhall be to them
Like a plague, when the dog-ſtar reigns moſt hot!
An Italian's revenge may pauſe, but's ne'er forgot.
[*Exit.*

Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my father,
For my intereſt in Clariſſa! My care now
Muſt be to untangle this diviſion,
That our moſt equal flames may be united;
And from theſe various and perturbed ſtreams,
Riſe, like a ſweet morn, after terrible dreams. [*Exit.*

Enter Clariſſa and Ceſario.

Clar. Brother, I'm happy in your recovery.
Ceſ. And I, ſiſter,
Am ever beſt pleas'd in your happineſs.
But I miſs a toy ſhould be on your finger.
Clar. My ring!
This morning when I waſh'd I put it off;
'Tis in my window.
Ceſ. Where's your looking-glaſs?
Clar. Here, Sir.
Ceſ. 'Tis a fair one.
Clar. 'Tis pure cryſtal.
Ceſ. Can a diamond cut in cryſtal? Let me ſee;
I'll grave my name in't.
Clar. Oh, you'll ſpoil my glaſs [17].
Ceſ. Would you not have your brother in your eye?
I'd thought he had been planted in your heart.
Look you; the diamond cuts quaintly; you are cozen'd,
Your cryſtal is too brittle.
Clar. 'Tis the ring
I gave unto Mentivole! ſure, the ſame!—
You put me to amazement, Sir, and horror:
How came you by that ring?
Ceſ. Does the blood riſe?
Clar. Pray, Sir, reſolve me, (oh, for pity do)
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That elſe will kill me! for I too much fear
Nothing but death could raviſh it from his hand

[17] Clar. *Oh, you'll ſpoil my glaſs.*
Would you not have your brother in your eye?
Ceſ. *I'd thought, &c.*] This ſecond line evidently belongs to *Ceſario*, though given in the former editions to *Clariſſa*. Mr. Sympſon and Mr. Theobald concurred in this correction. *Seward.*

That

That wore it.

Cef. Was it given to Mentivole
On that condition?

Clar. Tell me of his health firſt,
And then I'll tell you any thing.

Cef. By my life, he's well;
In better health than I am.

Clar. Then, it was, Sir.

Cef. Then ſhall I ever hate thee, oh, thou falſe one!
Haſt thou a faith to give unto a friend,
And break it to a brother? Did I not,
By all the ties of blood, importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'ſt have given it to a muletteer,
And made a contract with him in a ſtable,
At as cheap a price of my vengeance! Never more
Shall a woman's truſt beguile me: You are all
Like relicks; you may well be look'd upon,
But come a man to th' handling of you once,
Your fall in pieces!

Clar. Dear Sir, I've no way
Look'd either beneath reaſon, or myſelf,
In my election: There's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes; ancient amity
Betwixt our parents; to which wants nothing, but
The fruit of bleſſed marriage between us,
To add to their poſterities. Nor does now
Any impeachment riſe, except the ſad
And unexpected quarrel, which divided
So noble and ſo excellent a friendſhip,
Which, as I ne'er had magick to foreſee,
So I could not prevent.

Cef. Well, you muſt give me leave
To have a hand in your diſpoſing; I ſhall,
In th' abſence of my father, be your guardian;
His ſuit muſt paſs thro' my office. Mentivole?
He has too much o' my blood already; he has,
And he gets no more of't.—Wherefore weep you, mother?

Enter Mariana and a Sailor.

Mar. 'Tis occaſion'd by a ſorrow
Wherein you have a child's part, and the maineſt;
Your father's dead.

Ceſ. Dead?

Mar. There is one can
Relate the reſt.

Sailor. I can, Sir; your father's drown'd,
Moſt unfortunately drown'd.

Ceſ. How? in a tempeſt?

Sailor. No, Sir, in a calm,
Calm as this evening: The gunner, being drunk,
Forgot to faſten the ordnance to their ports,
When came a ſudden guſt, which tumbled them
All to the ſtarboard ſide, o'erturn'd the ſhip,
And ſunk her in a moment; ſome ſix men
That were upon the deck were ſav'd; the reſt
Periſh'd wi' your father

Clar. Oh, my deareſt father!

Ceſ. I pray thee, leave us. [*Exit Sailor.*

Mar. I have a ſorrow of another nature
Equal to th' former.

Ceſ. And moſt commonly
They come together.

Mar. The family of the Baptiſti
Are grown to faction, and upon diſtaſte
Of th' injury late offer'd in my houſe,
Have vow'd a moſt ſevere and fell revenge
'Gainſt all our family, but eſpecially
'Gainſt you, my dear Ceſario.

Ceſ. Let them threat;
I am prepar'd t' oppoſe them.

Mar. And is your loſs then
Of ſo eaſy an eſtimation? What comfort
Have I but in your life? and your late danger
Preſents before me what I am to ſuffer,
Should you miſcarry: Therefore I'll adviſe you,
When th' funeral is over, you would travel;

Both

Both to prevent their fury, and wear out
The injury.

Cef. No, mother, I'll not travel—
So in my abſence he may marry my ſiſter—
I will not travel certain.

Mar. Oh, my Ceſario,
Whom I reſpect and love 'bove my own life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage! he ſhall never
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction
Will endanger his life; and then am I moſt wretched!
I'm thinking of a ſtrange prevention,
Which I ſhall witneſs with a bleeding eye;
Fondneſs ſometimes is worſe than cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Hoſt, Hoſteſs, and Biancha.

Hoſt. HAUNTED, my houſe is haunted wi' goblins! I ſhall
Be frighted out o' my wits, and ſet up a ſign
Only t' invite carriers and foot-poſts, ſcarecrows
To keep off th' cavalry, and gentry of the beſt rank.
I will nail up my doors, and wall up my girl,
Wife, like an anchoreſs; or ſhe will be raviſh'd
Before our faces by raſcals and cacafugo's,
Wife, cacafugo's!

Hoſteſs. Theſe are your incomes!
Remember your own proverb, The ſavour
Of every gain ſmelt ſweet: Thank nobody but yourſelf
For this trouble!

Hoſt. No galling, dear ſpouſe, no galling!
Every day's new vexation abates me
Two inches in the waiſt; terrible penance
For an Hoſt! Girl, girl, girl, which of all this
Gallimaufry of man's fleſh appears tolerable
To thy choice? ſpeak ſhortly, and ſpeak truly! I

Muſt and will know, muſt and will! hear you that?
Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty!
I am ſo far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Than any of ſuch coarſe contents as theſe are,
Could not betray mine eye to force mine heart
Conceive a wiſh, of any dearer happineſs
Than your direction warrants. I am yours, Sir.
Hoſteſs. What thinks the man now? Is not this ſtrange
At thirteen?
Hoſt. Very good words; there's a tang in 'em,
And a ſweet one; 'tis muſic, wife; and now
I come t'ye. Let us a little examine
The ſeveral conditions of our
Paragraphiſtical ſuitors! The firſt
A trav'ling taylor, who by the myſtery
Of's needle and thimble hath ſurvey'd the faſhions
Of th' French, and Engliſh; this ſignor Gingerbread,
Stitch'd up in the ſhreds of a gaudy outſide,
Sows linings with his croſs-leg'd compliment,
Like an ape doing tricks over a ſtaff,
Cringes, and crouches, and kiſſes his fore-finger.
Hoſteſs. Out upon him!
Hoſt. A ſecond, a lavoltere, a ſaltatory,
A dancer with a kit at's bum; one that,
By teaching great madonnas to foot it, has
Miraculouſly purchas'd a ribanded
Waiſtcoat, and four clean pair of ſocks; a fellow
That ſkippeth as he walketh, and inſtead
Of ſenſible diſcourſe, venteth the curious
Conceit of ſome new tune ſtol'n from a maſque,
Or a bawdy ditty, elevated for
The pole arctick of a lady's chamber;
In that file ſtands another of your inamoratoes.
Hoſteſs. Hang him and his fiddle together! he ne'er fiddles
Any child of ours.
Hoſt. The third, a mongrel,

Got

Got by a Switzer on an Italian; this puppy,
Being left well eſtated, comes to Florence,
That the world may take notice, how impoſſible
It is for experience to alter
The courſe of nature; a fool, wife! and, indeed,
A clown turn'd gallant ſeldom or never proves
Other than a gallant fool; this toy prates
To little purpoſe other than—*What's o'clock?*
Shall's go drink? D'ye forſooth? and *Thank ye heartily.*
I fear no art in him to catch thee; and
Yet we muſt be tormented with this buzzard
Amongſt the reſt.

Hoſteſs. 'Tis your own folly; forbid him the houſe.

Hoſt. The fourth, a mule-driver, a ſtubborn and a harſh knave;
The fifth, a ſchoolmaſter, a very amorous pedant,
Run almoſt mad with ſtudy of ſonnets [18], and
Compliments out of old play-ends; the laſt,
An advocate's clerk, that ſpeaks pure fuſtian in law-terms [19]:

[18] *Run almoſt mad with ſtudy of ſonnets.*] All the Hoſt's part in this ſcene, as the conjuror's in others, has been hitherto printed as proſe; but the reader will ſee that without any ſtrain (for I have ſcarce added or ſtruck out a ſingle expletive) it runs into an affected hobbling verſe; which to me ſeems to add great humour to almoſt every ſentiment, giving a comic dignity to the whole, which is of all drollery the moſt laudable. In this line a monoſyllable ſeems evidently dropt, for the epithet *new* not only fills the meaſure, but makes a proper antitheſis to the *old* in the next line, which is a proof of its having been originally a verſe. *Seward.*

Though this note is juſt in the main, yet there are two things in it which call for animadverſion. In the firſt place, the word *new* is not neceſſary to the meaſure, nor have we a right to CREATE *an antitheſis.* In the ſecond, though Mr. Seward ſays he has not uſed *any ſtrain*, he has here (as in all other parts of his Edition) *interpolated, omitted,* and *ſlaughtered* words (ſimilar inſtances ſee at the end of Wit Without Money) in a manner unprecedented and unparalleled.

[19] *An advocate's clerk, that ſpeaks pure fuſtian* in *law-terms.*] The particle *in*, here, equally hurts the ſenſe as the meaſure, which is another proof of the meaſure's being genuine. *Seward.*

The word *in* neither hurts the ſenſe, nor mars ſuch licentious meaſure.

Excellent

Excellent courtiers all, and all as neat.
As a magnifico's poſt new painted, at
His entrance to an office! Thou ſhalt have
None of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do! I ſay,
Thou ſhalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your command to me ſhall ſtand a law.

Hoſt. Now they throng like ſo many horſe-courſers
At a fair, in cluſters 'bout the man of art,
For love-powders, ingredients, potions, counſels,
Poſtures, compliments, philters, the devil
[*Clown cries within.*
And the—How now? tumults, batteries, noiſe?

For. [*within.*] Ha, get from my ſight[20]!

Enter Foroboſco, and Clown with his head bloody.

Clown. Murder me, do!
Pound me to mummy, do! ſee what will come on't.

For. Dog, leave thy ſnarling, or I'll cut thy tongue out!
Thou unlick'd bear, dar'ſt thou yet ſtand my fury,
My generous rage? yet? By the ſulphureous damps
That feed the hungry and inceſſant darkneſs,
Which curls around the grim Alaſtor's back,
Mutter again, and with one powerful word,
I'll call an hoſt up from the Stygian lakes,
Shall waft thee to the Acherontick fens;
Where, choak'd with miſts as black as thy impoſtures,
Thou ſhalt live ſtill a-dying!

Clown. Conjure me to
The devil, an you can! I live in hell
Upon earth already: An you had any mercy,
You would not practiſe upon a kind heart thus.

Hoſt. You have drawn blood from him;
Signor, is his offence unpardonable?

For. A lump of ignorance, (pray ſpeak not for him)
A drowſy groſſneſs! In all Chriſtian kingdoms,

[20] *Ha, get from my ſight.*] This has been made the concluſion of the *Hoſt*'s ſpeech, which evidently belongs to *Foroboſco* as he enters. *Seward.*

The

The mention of my art, my name, my practice,
Merit, and glory, hath begot at once
Delight and wonder.—I'll not be entreated;
Spare interceſſion for him!—Oh, thou ſcorn
Of learning, ſhame of duty, muſt thy ſloth
Draw my juſt fame in queſtion? I diſcharge thee
From my ſervice; ſee me no more henceforth!
Clown. Diſcharge me?
Is that my year's wages? I will not be ſo anſwer'd.
For. Not, camel? ſirrah, I am liberal to thee
Thou haſt thy life; be gone!
Clown. Vengeance, ſweet vengeance!
For. D'ye mumble?
Clown. I'll be reveng'd, monſtrouſly, ſuddenly, and
Inſatiably: My bulk begins to ſwell.
For. Homotolenton, pragmatophoros, helioſtycorax!
Clown. Call up your ſpirits! I defy 'em! Well,
I'll have law for my broken pate, (twelve ounces
Of pure blood, Troy-weight) in deſpite of thee
My maſter, and thy maſter the grand devil
Himſelf: *Vindicta, vindicta!* [*Exit.*
Hoſt. Signor, you are exceeding mov'd.
Hoſteſs. Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou talk'ſt!
For. A ſlave, a cur!—But be not you affrighted,
Young virgin! 'twere an injury to ſweetneſs,
Should any rougher ſound draw from your cheeks
The precious tincture[21], which makes Nature proud
Of her own workmanſhip.
Hoſt. Wife, mark; mark that, wife!
Bian. Shake then your anger off, Sir.
For. You command it,
Fair one. Mine Hoſt and Hoſteſs, with your leaves,

[21] *Should any* rough *ſound draw from your cheeks*
The precious tincture, &c.] Mr. Sympſon concurs with me in reading, *any* rougher *ſound*. 'Tis neceſſary to the verſe, and every man of the leaſt taſte knows how much more elegant the comparative degree renders the expreſſion. The compliment here is ſo extremely beautiful, that I could have wiſhed it had been put in the mouth of a Ceſario or Mentivole. *Seward.*

I have

I have a motion jointly to you all.

Hoſteſs. An honeſt one, I hope.

Hoſt. Well put in, wife!

For. A very neceſſary one: The meſs
And half of ſuitors, that attend to uſher
Their love's Sir-reverence to your daughter, wait
With one conſent, which can beſt pleaſe her eye
In offering at a dance: I have provided
Muſic; and 'twill be ſomething, I dare promiſe,
Worthy your laughter. Shall they have admittance?

Hoſt. By any means; for I'm perſuaded the manner
Will be ſo ridiculous, that it will confirm
The aſſurance of their miſerable fooleries: But
No longer trouble with 'em here, than they
Are in theſe may-games!

For. So I am reſolv'd.

Hoſteſs. Nor any wiſe word of ſenſeleſs love!

For. Not any; I have charm'd them. Did you ſee
How they prepar'd themſelves, how they ſtroke up
Their foretops, how they juſtle for the looking-glaſs,
To ſet their faces by it, (ſee, they muſter!)
You would look for ſome moſt impoſſible antic.

Enter Taylor, Dancer, Muleteer, Schoolmaſter, Clerk[22], *Coxcomb; all with ſeveral papers, and preſent them to Foroboſco.*

Hoſt. So, ſo, ſo, ſo! here flutter the neſt of hornets,
The hotch-potch of raſcality: Now, now, now, now!
The dunghill of corruption hath yawn'd forth
The burden of abomination. I am
Vex'd, vexed to the ſoul; will rid my houſe
Of this unchriſten'd fry, and never open

[22] *Schoolmaſter, Clerk.*] I have added the *Coxcomb* to the number, Mr. Sympſon having juſtly obſerv'd that the *meſs and a half of ſuitors* were evidently ſix, and as the Coxcomb is one of them in the next ſcene in which they appear, and is the ſecond in Foroboſco's liſt, he ought evidently to have a place here. The reader will ſee how much more humorous my Hoſt's next ſpeech is when printed in its true order, as verſe, than it was when the metre was diſregarded. *Seward.*

My

My doors again.

For. Some other time; I'll give no anſwer now,
But have preferr'd your ſuits; here ſhew your cunning.
Firſt, every one in order do his honour
To the fair mark you ſhoot at; courtly, courtly,
Convey your ſeveral loves in lively meaſure:
Come, let us take our ſeats. Some ſprightly muſic!

Hoſt. Dance all and part; 'tis a very neceſſary farewell.

They all make ridiculous congees to Biancha, rank themſelves and dance in ſeveral poſtures; during the dance, enter Ceſario, and ſtands off.

Hoſt. Well done, my luſty bloods, precioufly well done!
One luſty rouſe of wine, and take leave on all ſides!

Ceſ. Thanks for your revels, gentlemen! accept
This gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.

Hoſt. My noble lord Ceſario? Clear the rooms, Sirs!

For. Away; attend your anſwers. [*Exe. For. and ſuitors.*

Ceſ. With your favour,
Rolando, I would change a word or two
With your fair daughter.

Hoſt. At your lordſhip's pleaſure.
Come, wife, no muttering! Have a care, girl! My love,
Service, and duty to your good lordſhip!
[*Exeunt Hoſt and Hoſteſs.*

Ceſ. My often viſits, ſweet Biancha, cannot
But conſtantly inform thy judgment wherein
Thy happineſs conſiſts: For to ſteal minutes
From great employments, to converſe with beauty,
Lodg'd in ſo mean a fortune; to lay by
Conſideration of the unequal diſtance
Between my blood and thine; to ſhun occaſions
Of courtſhip with the ladies of the time,
Noble and fair, only for love to thee;
Muſt of neceſſity invite a tenderneſs,
As low as Nature could have ſtamp'd a bondwoman's,
To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude
For my uncommon favours.

Bian.

Bian. 'Deed, my lord,
As far as my ſimplicity can lead me,
I freely thank your courteſies.
Ceſ. To thank them
Is to reward them, pretty one.
Bian. Then teach me
How I may give them back again: In truth
I never yet receiv'd a pair of gloves,
A trifling ring, from any that expected
An equal ſatisfaction, but as willingly
I parted with the gift unto the owner,
As he beſtow'd it.
Ceſ. But I pour before thee
Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability
Of thy whole kindred to return proportionable
One for a thouſand.
Bian. You, my lord, conclude
For my inſtruction: To engage a debt
Beyond a poſſibility of payment,
I ever thought a ſin; and therefore juſtly,
Without conceit of ſcorn, or curious rudeneſs,
I muſt refuſe your bounty.
Ceſ. Canſt thou love?
Bian. Love? is there ſuch a word in any language
That carries honeſt ſenſe?
Ceſ. Never dwelt Ignorance
In ſo ſweet-ſhap'd a building!—Love, Biancha,
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:
Shall ours be tied ſo?
Bian. Uſe a plainer word,
My lord; inſtead of *ties*, ſay *marries* hearts;
Then I may underſtand.
Ceſ. Their hearts are married,
Whoſe interchange of pleaſures and embraces,
Soft kiſſes, and the privacies of ſweets,
Keeps conſtant league together; when temptation
Of great mens' oaths and gifts ſhall urge contempt,
Rather than batter reſolution: Novelty
Of ſights, or taſte of new delights in wantonneſs,

Breeds

Breeds ſurfeit more than appetite in any
Reſerv'd to noble vows: My excellent maid,
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may partake
The treaſure of thoſe ſweets thy youth yet glories in,
And I will raiſe thy lowneſs to abundance
Of all varieties; and more triumph
In ſuch a miſtreſs, than great princes doting
On truth-betraying wives.

Bian. Thus to yield up then
The cottage of my virtue, to be ſwallow'd
By ſome hard-neighbouring landlord, ſuch as you are,
Is in effect to love? A lord ſo vicious?
Oh, where ſhall Innocence find ſome poor dwelling,
Free from Temptation's tyranny?

Cef. Nay, prithee!

Bian. Gay cloaths, high feeding, eaſy beds of luſt,
Change of unſeemly ſights, with baſe diſcourſe,
Draw curſes on your palaces: For my part,
This I will be confirm'd in; I will eat
The bread of Labour, know no other reſt
Than what is earn'd from honeſt pains, ere once more
Lend ear to your vile toils[23]! Sir, 'would you were
As noble in deſires, as I could be
In knowing Virtue! Pray do not afflict
A poor ſoul thus.

Enter a Gentleman.

Cef. I ſwear——To me? [*Biancha ſteals off.*

Gent. The Duke, my lord, commands your ſpeedy preſence,
For anſwering aggrievances late urg'd
Againſt you by your mother.

Cef. By my mother?

Gent. The court is near on ſitting.

Cef. I wait on it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

[23] *To your vile* toils.] Mr. Sympſon would read *tales* for *toils*, which I cannot aſſent to; for ſmall inconſiſtencies in metaphor are too common with all nervous writers to be ſuppoſed corruptions of the preſs. *Seward.*

Duke,

Duke, Magiſtrates, Secretary, and Baptiſta, diſcovered ſitting, Mentivole ſtanding by, with attendants.

Duke. What waſte of blood, what tumults, what diviſions,
What outrages, what uproars in a ſtate,
Factions, tho' iſſuing from mean ſprings at firſt,
Have (not reſtrain'd) flow'd to, the ſad example
At Rome, between the Urſins and Colonnas,
Nay, here at home, in Florence, 'twixt the Neri
And the Bianchi, can too mainly witneſs.
I ſit not at the helm, my lords, of ſovereignty,
Deputed pilot for the commonwealth,
To ſleep while others ſteer, as their wild fancies
Shall counſel, by the compaſs of diſorders.
Baptiſta, this ſhort preface is directed
Chiefly to you: The petty brawls and quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' Alberti and your family,
Muſt (yes, and ſhall) like tender unknit joints,
Faſten again together of themſelves;
Or, like an angry ſurgeon, we will uſe
The roughneſs of our juſtice, to cut off
The ſtubborn rancour of the limbs offending!

Bapt. Moſt gracious Florence——

Duke. Our command was ſignified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appear here with weapons.

Bapt. 'Tis obey'd, Sir,
On my ſide.

Duke. We muſt leave the general cauſe
Of ſtate employments, to give ear to brawls
Of ſome particular grudges; politic government
For tutor'd princes! But no more! henceforth

Enter Mariana and Clariſſa at one door, Ceſario at the other.

Our frown ſhall check preſumption, not our clemency.

Mar. All bleſſings due unto impartial princes
Crown Florence with eternity of happineſs!

Ceſ. If double prayers can double bleſſings, great Sir,
Mine

Mine join for your proſperity with my mother's.
Duke. Riſe both! Now briefly, lady, without circumſtance,
Deliver thoſe aggrievances, which lately
Your importunity poſſeſs'd our counſel
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd
You might be heard without an advocate,
Which boon you find is granted.
Mar. Tho' divided
I ſtand between the laws of Truth and Modeſty [24],
Yet let my griefs have vent! yet the clearneſs
Of ſtrange neceſſity requires obedience
To Nature and your mercy! In my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too dear misfortunes,
Badges of griefs, and widowhood, the burden
Of my charg'd ſoul muſt be laid down before you;
Wherein, if ſtrict opinion cancel ſhame,
My frailty is my plea. Stand forth, young man,
And hear a ſtory that will ſtrike all reaſon
Into amazement!
Ceſ. I attend.
Mar. Alberto,
(Peace dwell upon his aſhes! ſtill the huſband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vows)
Has, by his death, left to his heir poſſeſſion
Of fair revenue, which this young man claims
As his inheritance. I urg'd him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage
Of this eſtate to her who owns it all,
This his ſuppoſed ſiſter.
Bapt. How! ſuppoſed?
Ceſ. Pray, madam, recollect yourſelf.
Mar. The reliſh
Of a ſtrange truth begins to work like phyſic
Already: I have bitterneſs to mingle

[24] Mar. *Though divided*, &c.] *Mariana*'s diſowning *Ceſario* for her ſon, and the *Duke*'s injunction to marry him, is related by Cauſin in his Holy Court, and is tranſcribed by Wanley in his Hiſtory of Man, fol. book iii. chap. 26. *Seward.*

With theſe preparatives, ſo deadly loathſome
It will quite choak digeſtion; ſhortly hear it:
Ceſario, (for I dare not rob unjuſtly
The poor ſoul of his name) this, this Ceſario,
Neither for father had Alberto, me
For mother, nor Clariſſa for his ſiſter.

Clar. Mother, oh, mother!

Ment. I am in a dream ſure!

Duke. No interruptions! Lady, on.

Mar. Miſtake not,
Great Duke of Tuſcany, or the beginning
Or proceſs of this novelty: My huſband,
The now deceas'd Alberto, from his youth
Inur'd to an impatiency and roughneſs
Of diſpoſition, when not many months
After our marriage were worn out, repin'd
At the unfruitful barrenneſs of youth,
Which, as he pleas'd to term it, cut our hopes off
From bleſſing of ſome iſſue: To prevent it,
I grew ambitious of no fairer honour
Than to preſerve his love; and as occaſions
Still call'd him from me, ſtudied in his abſence
How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.
At laſt I feign'd myſelf with-child; the meſſage
Of freedom, or relief, to one half ſtarv'd
In priſon, is not utter'd with ſuch greedineſs
Of expectation and delight, as this was to
My much-affected lord: His care, his goodneſs,
(Pardon me, that I uſe the word) exceeded
All former fears. The hour of my deliverance,
As I pretended, drawing near, I faſhion'd
My birth-rites[25] at a country garden houſe,
Where then my falconer's wife was brought a-bed
Of this Ceſario: Him I own'd for mine,
Preſented him unto a joyful father——

Duke. Can you prove this true?

Mar. Proofs I have moſt evident.
But oh, the curſe of my impatience! ſhortly,

[25] *My birth-rights.*] The ſpelling rectified by Seward.

Ere

Ere three new moons had ſpent their borrow'd lights,
I grew with-child indeed; ſo juſt is Heav'n!
The iſſue of which burden was this daughter.
Judge now, moſt gracious prince, my lords, and you,
What combats then, and ſince, I have endur'd,
Between a mother's piety, and weakneſs
Of a ſoul-trembling wife! To have reveal'd
This ſecret to Alberto, had been danger
Of ruin to my fame, beſides the conflict
Of his diſtractions; now to have ſuppreſs'd it,
Were to defeat my child, my only child,
Of her moſt lawful honours, and inheritance.
Ceſario, thou'rt a man ſtill; education
Hath moulded thee a gentleman; continue ſo!
Let not this fall from greatneſs ſink thee lower
Than worthy thoughts may warrant! yet diſclaim
All intereſt in Alberto's blood; thou haſt not
One drop of his or mine.

Duke. Produce your witneſs!

Mar. The falconer's wife his mother,
And ſuch women as waited then upon me,
Sworn to the privacy of this great ſecret.

Duke. Give them all their oaths.

Ceſ. Oh, let me crave forbearance, gracious Sir!
Vouchſafe me hearing!

Duke. Speak, Ceſario.

Ceſ. Thus long
I have ſtood ſilent, and with no unwillingneſs
Attended the relation of my fall
From a fair expectation: What I fear'd
(Since the firſt ſyllable this lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates
Have eas'd me of: For to be baſely born,
If not baſe-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of Nature's freedom, or an honeſt birth.
Nobility claimed by the right of blood
Shews chiefly, that our anceſtors deſerv'd [16]
What we inherit; but that man whoſe actions

[16] *That our anceſtors* deſir'd.] Amended in 1750.

Purchaſe a real merit to himſelf,
And ranks him in the file of Praiſe and Honour,
Creates his own advancement: Let me want
The fuel which beſt feeds the fires of greatneſs,
Lordly poſſeſſions! yet ſhall ſtill my gratitude,
By ſome attempts, of mention not unworthy,
Endeavour to return a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours, madam,
And great Alberto's memory and goodneſs.
Oh, that I could as gently ſhake off paſſion
For th' loſs of that great brave man [27], as I can ſhake off
Remembrance of what once I was reputed!
I have not much to ſay; this princely preſence
Needs not too ſtrictly to examine further
The truth of this acknowledgment: A mother
Dares never diſavow her only ſon;
And any woman muſt come ſhort of piety,
That can or diſinherit her own iſſue,
Or fears the voice of Rumour for a ſtranger.
Madam, you have confeſs'd my father was
A ſervant to your lord and you: By intereſt
Of being his ſon, I cannot but claim juſtly
The honour of continuing ſtill my ſervice
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be diſmiſs'd.

Duke. Bold ſpirit!

Bapt. I love thee now with pity.

Duke. Go not yet!—
A ſudden tempeſt that might ſhake a rock,
Yet he ſtands firm againſt it; much it moves me!—
He not Alberto's ſon, and ſhe a widow?
And ſhe a widow? Lords, your ear!

Omnes. Your pleaſure? [*Whiſper.*

Duke. So, lady; what you have avouch'd is truth?

Mar. Truth only, gracious Sir.

Duke. Hear then our ſentence:

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[27] ——— *of* what *great brave* ———
——— *of* that *once I* ———] Corrected by Seward.

Since

Since from his cradle you have fed and foſter'd
Ceſario as your ſon, and train'd him up
To hopes of greatneſs, which now in a moment
You utterly again have ruin'd, this way
We with our counſel are reſolv'd; you being
A widow, ſhall accept him for a huſband.

Mar. Huſband to me, Sir?

Duke. 'Tis in us to raiſe him
To honours; and his virtues will deſerve 'em.

Mar. But, Sir, 'tis in no prince, nor his prerogative,
To force a woman's choice againſt her heart.

Duke. True; if then you appeal to higher juſtice,
Our doom includes this clauſe upon refuſal:
Out of your lord's revenues ſhall Ceſario
Aſſure to any, whom he takes for wife,
Th' inheritance of three parts; the leſs remainder
Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
And we, by our prerogative, which you queſtion,
Will publicly adopt him into th' name
Of your deceas'd Alberto, that the memory
Of ſo approv'd a peer may live in him
That can preſerve his memory: 'Leſs you find out
Some other means, which may as amply ſatisfy
His wrong, our ſentence ſtands irrevocable.
What think you, lords?

Omnes. The Duke is juſt and honourable.

Bapt. Let me embrace Ceſario! henceforth ever
I vow a conſtant friendſhip.

Ment. I remit
All former difference.

Ceſ. I am too poor
In words to thank this juſtice.—Madam, always
My ſtudies ſhall be love to you, and duty.

Duke. Replies we admit none. Ceſario, wait on us!

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Mentivole, Baptiſta, Mariana, and Clariſſa.

Bapt. Mentivole!

Ment. My lord.

Bapt. Look on Clariſſa;
She's noble, rich, young, fair.
Ment. My lord, and virtuous.
Bapt. Mentivole, and virtuous.—Madam!
Mar. Tyranny
Of juſtice! I ſhall live Report's deriſion,
That am compell'd t' exchange a graceful widowhood
For a continual martyrdom in marriage,
With one ſo much beneath me.
Bapt. I'll plead for ye
Boldly and conſtantly, let your daughter only
Admit my ſon her ſervant: At next viſit,
Madam, I'll be a meſſenger of comfort!
Mentivole, be confident and earneſt! [*Exit.*
Mar. Married again? to him too? better it had been
The young man ſhould have ſtill retain'd the honours
Of old Alberto's ſon, than I the ſhame
Of making him ſucceſſor of his bed:
I was to blame.
Ment. Indeed, without offence,
Madam, I think you were.
Clar. You urge it fairly,
And like a worthy friend.
Mar. Can you ſay any thing
In commendation of a muſhroom, wither'd
As ſoon as ſtarted up?
Ment. You ſcorn an innocent
Of noble growth; for whiles your huſband liv'd
I've heard you boaſt, Ceſario in all actions
Gave matter of report, of imitation,
Wonder, and envy; let not diſcontinuance
Of ſome few days eſtrange a ſweet opinion
Of virtue, chiefly when in ſuch extremity!
Your pity, not contempt, will argue goodneſs.
Mar. Oh, Sir!
Clar. If you would uſe a thriving courtſhip,
You cannot utter a more powerful language,
That I ſhall liſten to with greater greedineſs,
Than th' argument you proſecute: This ſpeaks you
A man

A man complete and excellent.
Ment. I ſpeak not;
They are his own deſerts.
Mar. Good Sir, forbear!
I am now fully ſenſible of running
Into a violent lethargy, whoſe deadlineſs
Locks up all reaſon: I ſhall never henceforth
Remember my paſt happineſs!
Ment. Theſe clouds
May be diſpers'd.
Mar. I fear continual night
Will overſhroud me! Yet, poor youth, his treſpaſs
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the Duke's ſentence.
Clar. I dare think it does.
Mar. If all fail, I will learn then to conquer
Adverſity with ſufferance.
Ment. You reſolve nobly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Ceſario and a Servant.

Ceſ. LET any friend have entrance.
Serv. Sir, a' ſhall.
Ceſ. Any; I except none.
Serv. We know your mind, Sir. [*Exit.*
Ceſ. Pleaſures admit no bounds. I'm pitch'd ſo high,
To ſuch a growth of full proſperities,
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury
To gratefulneſs, and thoſe more liberal favours
By whom my glories proſper. He that flows
In gracious and ſwoln tides of bleſt abundance [28],
Yet will be ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deſerves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten:

[28] *Tides of* beſt *abundance.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympſon concurred with me in the correction. *Seward.*

The harveſt of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd; I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and ſupplies of comforts;
My fate ſprings in my own hand, and I'll uſe it.

Enter two Servants and Biancha.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis my place.

2 *Serv.* Yours? Here, fair one; I'll acquaint
My lord.

1 *Serv.* He's here; go to him boldly.

2 *Serv.* Pleaſe you
To let him underſtand how readily
I waited on your errand!

1 *Serv.* Saucy fellow!
You muſt excuſe his breeding.

Ceſ. What's the matter?
Biancha? my Biancha?—To your offices!—[*Exe. Serv.*
This viſit, ſweet, from thee, my pretty dear,
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: Witneſs this free welcome,
Whate'er occaſion led thee!

Bian. You may gueſs, Sir;
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.

Ceſ. Prithee ſpeak it,
My honeſt virtuous maid.

Bian. Sir, I have heard
Of your misfortunes; and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cauſe of joy or ſadneſs,
To know they are a truth.

Ceſ. What truth, Biancha?
Misfortunes? how? wherein?

Bian. You are diſclaim'd
For being the lord Alberto's ſon, and publicly
Acknowledg'd of as mean a birth as mine is:
It cannot chuſe but grieve you.

Ceſ. Grieve me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Is this all?

Bian. This all?

Ceſ. Thou art ſorry for't,

I warrant

I warrant thee: Alas, good ſoul, Biancha!
That which thou call'ſt misfortune is my happineſs;
My happineſs, Biancha!
Bian. If you love me,
It may prove mine too.
Cef. May it? I will love thee,
My good, good maid, if that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee.
Bian. Without breach then
Of modeſty, I come to claim the intereſt
Your proteſtations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: From the firſt hour
I ſaw you, I confeſs I wiſh'd I had been
Or not ſo much below your rank and greatneſs,
Or not ſo much above thoſe humble flames
That ſhould have warm'd my boſom with a temperate
Equality of deſires in equal fortunes.
Still as you utter'd language of affection,
I courted Time to paſs more ſlowly on,
That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I durſt not credit, nor yet hope for;
Yet ſtill as more I heard, I wiſh'd to hear more.
Cef. Didſt thou in troth, wench?
Bian. Willingly betray'd
Myſelf to hopeleſs bondage.
Cef. A good girl!
I thought I ſhould not miſs, whate'er thy anſwer was.
Bian. But as I am a maid, Sir, (and i'faith
You may believe me, for I am a maid)
So dearly I reſpected both your fame
And quality, that I would firſt have periſh'd
In my ſick thoughts, than e'er have given conſent
To have undone your fortunes, by inviting
A marriage with ſo mean a one as I am:
I ſhould have died ſure, and no creature known
The ſickneſs that had kill'd me.
Cef. Pretty heart!
Good ſoul, alas, alas!
Bian. Now ſince I know

There

There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our eſtates, (if any be,
The advantage is on my ſide) I come willingly
To tender you the firſt-fruits of my heart,
And am content t' accept you for my huſband,
Now when you are at loweſt.

Ceſ. For a huſband?
Speak ſadly[29]; doſt thou mean ſo?

Bian. In good deed, Sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.

Ceſ. I believe thee.
What counſel urg'd thee on? tell me; thy father?
My worſhipful ſmug Hoſt? Was't not he, wench?
Or mother Hoſteſs? ha?

Bian. D' you mock my parentage?
I do not ſcorn yours: Mean folks are as worthy
To be well ſpoken of, if they deſerve well,
As ſome whoſe only fame lies in their blood.
Oh, you're a proud poor man! all your oaths falſhood,
Your vows deceit, your letters forg'd and wicked!

Ceſ. Thoud'ſt be my wife, I dare ſwear.

Bian. Had your heart,
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed
This courteſy a benefit.

Ceſ. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'ſt me! Why, Biancha,
Report has cozen'd thee; I am not fallen
From my expected honours or poſſeſſions,
Tho' from the hope of birth-right.

Bian. Are you not?
Then I am loſt again! I have a ſuit too;
You'll grant it, if you be a good man.

Ceſ. Any thing.

Bian. Pray do not talk of aught what I have ſaid t'ye.

Ceſ. As I wiſh health, I will not!

[29] *Speak* ſadly;] i. e. *Seriouſly*. So in Much Ado about Nothing, act ii. ſcene iii. 'This can be no trick: The conference was *ſadly* 'borne.' Again, in Promos and Caſſandra, 1578, quoted by Mr. Steevens, 'The king feigneth to talk *ſadly* with ſome of his counſel.' R.

Bian.

Bian. Pity me;
But never love me more!
Cef. Nay, now you're cruel:
Why all theſe tears?—Thou ſhalt not go.
Bian. I'll pray for you,
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one;
And when I'm dead——
Cef. Fy, fy!
Bian. Think on me ſometimes,
With mercy for this treſpaſs!
Cef. Let us kiſs
At parting, as at coming!
Bian. This I have
As a free dower to a virgin's grave,
All goodneſs dwell with you! [*Exit.*
Cef. Harmleſs Biancha!
Unſkill'd! what handſome toys are maids to play with!

Enter Mariana and Clariſſa.

How innocent!—But I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.—My felicity,
Thou com'ſt as I could wiſh: Lend me a lip
As ſoft, as melting, as when old Alberto,
After his firſt night's trial, taking farewell
Of thy youth's conqueſt, taſted!
Mar. You're uncivil!
Cef. I will be lord of my own pleaſures, madam;
You're mine, mine freely: Come, no whimpering henceforth!
New con the leſſons of Love's beſt experience,
That our delights may meet in equal meaſure
Of reſolutions and deſires! this ſullenneſs
Is ſcurvy; I like it not.
Mar. Be modeſt;
And do not learn, Ceſario, how to proſtitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly.
Take a ſad woman's word! howe'er thou dot'ſt
Upon the preſent graces of thy greatneſs,
Yet I'm not fallen ſo below my conſtancy

To

To Virtue, nor the care which I once tender'd
For thy behoof, that I prefer a ſentence
Of cruelty before my honour.
Ceſ. Honour?
Mar. Hear me: Thou ſeeſt this girl, now the comfort
Of my laſt days! ſhe is the only pledge
Of a bed truly noble: She had a father
(I need not ſpeak him more than thou remember'ſt)
Whom to diſhonour by a meaner choice
Were injury and infamy.
Clar. To goodneſs,
To time, and virtuous mention.
Mar. I have vow'd,
(Obſerve me now, Ceſario!) that howe'er
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no tyranny,
Perſuaſions, flattery, gifts, entreats, or tortures,
Shall draw me to a ſecond bed.
Clar. 'Tis juſt too.
Mar. Yes, and 'tis juſt, Clariſſa. I allow
The Duke's late ſentence, am reſolv'd, young man,
To be thy wife; but when the ceremony
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I will be,
Tho' not in name, a widow.
Ceſ. Pray a word t' you!
Shall I in earneſt never be your bedfellow?
Mar. Never, oh, never! and 'tis for your good too.
Ceſ. Prove that.
Mar. Alas, too many years are number'd
In my account to entertain the benefit
Which youth in thee, Ceſario, and ability
Might hope for and require: It were injuſtice
To rob a gentleman deſerving memory,
Of iſſue to preſerve it.
Ceſ. No more! Herein
You are an excellent pattern of true piety.
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into
The order of the Duke enjoin'd; admit
I ſatisfy the ſentence, without marriage

With

With you! how then?

Mar. Ceſario!

Ceſ. If I know
How to acquit your fears, yet keep th' injunction
In every clauſe whole and entire, your charity
Will call me ſtill your ſervant?

Mar. Still my ſon.

Ceſ. Right, madam, now you have it, ſtill your ſon:
The genius of your bleſſings hath inſtructed
Your tongue oraculouſly: We'll forget
How once I and Clariſſa interchang'd
The ties of brother and of ſiſter; henceforth
New ſtile us man and wife.

Clar. By what authority?

Ceſ. Heav'n's great appointment. Yet in all my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought, Clariſſa,
We had been pledges of one womb, no looſe,
No wanton heat of youth deſir'd to claim
Priority in thy affections, other
Than Nature might commend; chaſtely I tender'd
Thy welfare as a brother ought: But ſince
Our bloods are ſtrangers, let our hearts contract
A long life-laſting unity! for this way
The ſentence is to be obſerv'd, or no way.

Mar. Then no way!

Ceſ. I expected other anſwer,
Madam, from you.

Mar. No; every age ſhall curſe me,
The monſter and the prodigy of Nature!
Horrors beyond extremity——

Clar. Pray, mother,
Confine the violence of grief!

Ceſ. Yes, mother,
Pray do!

Mar. Thus ſome catch at a matron's honour
By flying Luſt, to plot inceſtuous witchcrafts,
More terrible than whoredoms: Cruel mercy!
When to preſerve the body from a death

The

The ſoul is ſtrangled!
Ceſ. This is more than paſſion;
It comes near to diſtraction.
Mar. I am quieted.
Ceſario, thou mayſt tell the Duke ſecurely,
Alberto's titles, honours, and revenues,
The Duke may give away; enjoy them thou!
Clariſſa's birth-right, Mariana's dower,
Thou ſhalt be lord of; turn us to the world
Unpitied and unfriended; yet my bed
Thou never ſleep'ſt in. As for her, (ſhe hears me)
If ſhe as much as in a thought conſent,
That thou mayſt call her wife, a mother's curſe
Shall never leave her.
Clar. As a brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble friend yet honour you;
But for a huſband, Sir, I dare not own you:
My faith is giv'n already.
Ceſ. To a villain;
I'll cut his throat.
Mar. 'Why this is more than paſſion;
'It comes near a diſtraction.'
Clar. Call to mind, Sir,
How much you have abated of that goodneſs
Which once reign'd in you, which appear'd ſo lovely,
That ſuch as friendſhip led to obſervation,

Enter Baptiſta and Mentivole.

Courted the great example!
Ceſ. Left, and flatter'd
Into a broad deriſion?
Mar. Why d'ye think ſo?
My lord Baptiſta, is your ſon grown cold
In haſting on the marriage, which his vows
Have ſeal'd to my wrong'd daughter?
Bapt. We come, lady,
To conſummate the contract.
Ceſ. With Mentivole?
Is he the man?

Ment.

Ment. Clariſſa's troth and mine,
Ceſario, are recorded in a character
So plain and certain, that except the hand
Of Heav'n, which writ it firſt, would blot it out again,
No human power can raze it.
Cef. But ſay you
So too, young lady?
Clar. I ſhould elſe betray
My heart to falſhood, and my tongue to perjury.
Cef. Madam, you know the ſentence.
Bapt. From the Duke
I have particular comforts, which require
A private ear.
Mar. I ſhall approve it gladly.
We are reſolv'd, Ceſario.
Bapt. Be not inſolent
Upon a prince's favour!
Clar. Loſe no glory,
Your younger years have purchas'd!
Ment. And deſerv'd too;
You've many worthy friends.
Bapt. Preſerve and uſe them! [*Exeunt. Manet Cef.*
Cef. Good, very good! why here's a compliment
Of mirth in deſperation! I could curſe
My fate: Oh, with what ſpeed men tumble down
From hopes that ſoar too high! Biancha now
May ſcorn me juſtly too; Clariſſa married,
Alberto's widow reſolute, Biancha
Refus'd, and I forſaken. Let me ſtudy!
I can but die a batchelor, that's the worſt on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Hoſt, Taylor, Muletteer, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcomb.

Hoſt. Come, gentlemen;
This is the day that our great artiſt hath
Promis'd to give all your ſeveral ſuits ſatisfaction.
Dancer. Is he erring?
Hoſt. He hath been at his book
Theſe two hours.
Pedant. He's a rare phyſician.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Why, I'll tell you; were Paracelſus the German now
Living, he would take up his ſingle rapier
Againſt his terrible long ſword: He makes it
A matter o' nothing to cure the gout; ſore eyes
He takes out as familiarly, waſhes them,
And puts them in again, as you'd blanch almonds.

Taylor. They ſay he can make gold.

Hoſt. Ay, ay, he learnt it
Of Kelly in Germany[10]. There's not a chemiſt
In Chriſtendom can go beyond him
For multiplying.

Pedant. Take heed then he get not
Up your daughter's belly, my Hoſt!

Hoſt. You are
A merry gentleman, and the man of art
Will love you the better.

Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?

Hoſt. Oh, he's the moſt courteous phyſician! you
May drink or drab in's company freely; the better
He knows how your diſeaſe grows, the better he
Knows how to cure it.

Dancer. But I wonder, my Hoſt,
He has no more reſort of ladies to him.

Hoſt. Why, Sir?

Dancer. Oh, divers of 'em have great belief
In conjurors: Lechery is a great help
To th' quality.

Hoſt. He's ſcarce known to be
In town yet! ere long we ſhall have 'em come

[10] Kelly.] *Edward Kelly*, otherwiſe *Talbot*, an intimate friend of the famous Dr. John Dee, and concerned with him in his chemical proceſſes and experiments. It is ſaid they were in poſſeſſion of the elixir, and actually made projection upon ſeveral metals, and converted them into gold. His Hiſtory may be met with in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. i. p. 279, and in Weaver's Funeral Monuments, p. 45, where are ſome incredible ſtories abo[illegible]him. He is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in the Alchemiſt, act iv. ſc. i.

' ——— A man the emp'ror
' Has courted above *Kelly*; ſent his medals
' And chains t' invite him.' *R.*

Hurrying

Hurrying hither in feather-beds.

Dancer. How! bedridden?

Hoſt. No, Sir; in feather beds that move upon
Four wheels, in Spaniſh caroches.

Pedant. Pray acquaint him
We give attendance.

Hoſt. I ſhall, gentlemen.—
I'd fain be rid o' theſe raſcals, but that they
Raiſe profit to my wine-cellar. When I have
Made uſe of them ſufficiently, I'll entreat
The conjuror to tie crackers to their tails,
And ſend them packing.

Enter Forcboſco as in his ſtudy.

For. Come hither, mine Hoſt!
Look here.

Hoſt. What's that?

For. A challenge from my man.

Hoſt. For breaking's pate?

For. He writes here, if I meet him not i'th' field
Within this half-hour, I ſhall hear more from him.

Hoſt. Oh, Sir, mind your profit;
Ne'er think of the raſcal: Here are the gentlemen.

For. 'Morrow, my worthy clients!
What, are you all prepared of your queſtions,
That I may give my reſolution upon them?

Omnes. We are, Sir.

Pedant. And have brought our money.

For. Each then
In order! and differ not for precedency.

Dancer. I'm buying of an office, Sir, and to that purpoſe
I would faih learn to diſſemble cunningly.

For. Do you come to me for that? you ſhould rather have gone
To a cunning woman.

Dancer. Ay, Sir, but their inſtructions
Are but like women; pretty well, but not
To th' depth, as I would have it: You're a conjuror,
The devil's maſter, and I would learn it from

You ſo exactly——

For. That the devil himſelf
Might not go beyond you?

Dancer. You are i'th' right, Sir.

For. And ſo your money for your purchaſe might
Come in again within a twelvemonth?

Dancer. I
Would be a graduate, Sir, no freſh-man.

For. Here's my hand, Sir:
I'll make you diſſemble ſo methodically,
As if the devil ſhould be ſent from the
Great Turk, i'th' ſhape of an ambaſſador,
To ſet all the Chriſtian princes at variance.

Dancer. I can't with any modeſty deſire any more.
There's your money, Sir!

For. For the art of diſſembling.

Coxc. My ſuit, Sir, will be news to you when I tell it.

For. Pray, on!

Coxc. I would ſet up a preſs here in Italy,
To write all the coranto's for Chriſtendom.

For. That's news indeed;
And how would you employ me in it?

Coxc. Marry, Sir, from you I would gain my intelligence.

For. I conceive you: You would have me
Furniſh you with a ſpirit to inform you.

Coxc. But as quiet a devil as the woman
The firſt day and a half after ſhe's married;
I can by no means endure a terrible one.

For. No, no, I'll qualify him; he ſha'n't fright you;
It ſhall be the ghoſt of ſome lying ſtationer, a ſpirit
Shall look as if butter would not melt in's mouth;
A new *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*[31]!

Coxc. Oh, there was a captain was rare at it.

[31] *Mercurius Gallo Belgicus*] This was one of the firſt newspapers which appeared in England. It is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers; among others, by Thomas May, in act i. ſc. i. of his comedy of the Heir, 1633:

'——— 'Tis believ'd,
'And told for news, with as much confidence
'As if 'twere writ in *Gallo Belgicus*.' *R.*

For.

For. Ne'er think of him.
Tho' that captain writ a full hand-gallop, and
Waſted indeed more harmleſs paper than
Ever did laxative phyſic, yet will I
Make you t' out-ſcribble him; and ſet down what
You pleaſe, the world ſhall better believe you.
Coxc. Worthy Sir, I thank you; there is money!
For. A new office for writing pragmatical coranto's.
Pedant. I am a ſchoolmaſter, Sir, and would fain
Confer with you about erecting four
New ſects of religion at Amſterdam[32].
For. What the devil ſhould new ſects of religion
Do there?
Pedant. I aſſure you I'd get a great deal
Of money by it.
For. And what are the four
New ſects o' religion you would plant there?
Pedant. Why, that's it I come about, Sir; 'tis a devil
Of your raiſing muſt invent 'em; I confeſs
I am too weak to compaſs it.
For. So, Sir!
Then you make it a matter of no difficulty
To have them tolerated?
Pedant. Trouble not
Yourſelf for that; let but your devil ſet them
Afoot once, I have weavers, and gingerbread-makers,
And mighty aquavitæ-men, ſhall ſet them
A-going.
For. This is ſomewhat difficult;
And will aſk ſome conference with the devil.
Pedant. Take
Your own leiſure, Sir. I have another buſineſs too,
Becauſe I mean to leave Italy, and bury myſelf in
Thoſe nether parts the Low-Countries[33].

[32] *Amſterdam.*] At the time our Authors wrote, *Amſterdam* appears to have been the place of refuge for ſectaries of all denominations. See Ben Jonſon's Alchemiſt. *R.*

[33] *Thoſe nether parts* of *the Low-Countries.*] Former editions. The Poets meant to call the *Low-Countries* the nether parts of the world. *Seward.*

For. What's that, Sir?
Pedant. Marry, I would fain make nine days to th' week,
For the more ample benefit of the captain.
For. You have a ſhrewd pate, Sir!
Pedant. But how this might
Be compaſs'd——
For. Compaſs'd eaſily; it is but making
A new almanack, and dividing the compaſs
Of the year into larger penny-worths,
As a chandler with his compaſs makes
A geometric proportion of the Holland cheeſe
He retails by ſtivers. But for getting of it licens'd?
Pedant. Trouble not yourſelf with that, Sir; there's your money.
For. For four new ſects of religions,
And nine days to the week.
Pedant. To be brought in
At general pay-days, write, I beſeech you.
For. At general pay-days.
Taylor. I am by profeſſion
A taylor; you have heard of me.
For. Yes, Sir,
And will not ſteal from you the leaſt part of
That commendation I've heard utter'd.
Taylor. I
Take meaſure of your worth, Sir; and becauſe
I will not afflict you with any large bill
Of circumſtances, I'll ſnip off particulars:
I'd fain invent ſome ſtrange and exquiſite
New faſhions.
For. Are you not travell'd, Sir?
Taylor. Yes, Sir,
But have obſerv'd all we can ſee, or invent,
Are but old ones with new names to 'em; now
I would ſome way or other grow more curious.
For. Let me ſee; to deviſe new faſhions!—Were you
Ne'er in the moon?
Taylor. In the Moon-tavern? Yes, Sir,
Often.

For. No, I do mean in the new world,
In th' world that's in the moon yonder.
Taylor. How!
A new world i'th' moon?
For. Yes, I aſſure you.
Taylor. And peopled?
For. Oh, moſt fantaſtically peopled.
Taylor. Nay, certain then there's work for taylors?
For. That.
There is, I aſſure you.
Taylor. Yet I have talked
With a Scotch taylor that never diſcover'd
So much to me, tho' he has travell'd far,
And was a pedlar in Poland.
For. That
Was out of his way; this lies beyond China.
You'd ſtudy new faſhions, you ſay? Take
My counſel, make a voyage, and
Diſcover that new world.
Taylor. Shall I be a moon-man?
For. I'm of opinion, the people of that world,
If they be like the nature of that climate
They live in, do vary the faſhion of their cloaths
Oft'ner than any quick-ſilver'd nation
In Europe.
Taylor. Not unlikely; but what ſhould that be
We call the man i' th' moon then?
For. Why, it is
Nothing but an Engliſhman that ſtands there
Stark-naked, with a pair of ſheers in one hand,
And a great bundle of broad-cloth in t'other,
(Which reſembles the buſh of thorns) cutting out of
New faſhions[34].

[34] *An Engliſhman that ſtandeth there ſtark naked, with,* &c.] Andrew Borde, a phyſician, in the reign of Henry VIII. publiſhed a book intitled, 'The Introduction of Knowledge, the whiche doth 'teache a Man to Speake Part of all Maner of Languages, and to 'know the Uſage and Faſhion of all Maner of Countries. Dedycated 'to the Right Honourable and Gracious Lady Mary, Daughter of 'King Henry the Eyght.' B. L. printed by W. Coplande. No date.

Taylor. I have heard ſomewhat like
This; but how ſhall I get thither?
For. I will
Make a new compaſs ſhall direct you.
Taylor. Certain?
For. Count me elſe for no man of direction.
Taylor. There's twenty ducats in hand; at my return
I'll give you a hundred.
For. A new voyage to diſcover
New faſhions.
Mulet. I've been a traveller too, Sir;
That have ſhew'd ſtrange beaſts in Chriſtendom,
And got money by them; but I find the trade to decay:
Your camelion, or Eaſt-Indian hedgehog,
Gets very little money; and your elephant
Devours ſo much bread, brings in ſo little profit,
His keeper were better every morning
Cram fifteen taylors with white manchet:
I would have ſome new ſpectacle, and one
That might be more attractive.
For. Let me ſee!
Were you ever in Spain?
Mulet. Not yet, Sir.
For. I would have you
Go to Madrid; and againſt ſome great feſtival,
When the court lieth there, provide a great
And ſpacious Engliſh ox, and roaſt him whole,
Wi' a pudding in's belly; that would be the eighth
Wonder of the world in thoſe parts, I aſſure you.
Mulet. A rare project without queſtion!
For. Go beyond all their garlick *olla podridas*,

Before the firſt chapter, in which he has characterized an Engliſhman, is a wooden print of a naked man, with a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of ſheers in his left-hand: Under the print is an inſcription in verſe, of which the following are the firſt four lines:

'I am an Engliſhman, and naked I ſtand here,
'Muſyng in my mynde what rayment I ſhall were;
'For now I were thys, and now I will were that,
'And now I will were I cannot tell what, &c.'

This is evidently the print alluded to by our Author. *R.*

Tho'

Tho' you ſod one in Garguantua's cauldron[35]!
Bring in more money than all the monſters of Africk!
Hoſt. Good Sir, do your beſt for him; he's o' my acquaintance,
And one if you knew him——
For. What is he?
Hoſt. He was once
A man of infinite letters.
For. A ſcholar?
Hoſt. No, Sir,
A packet-carrier, which is always a man
Of many letters, you know; then he was
A mule-driver; now he's a gentleman,
And feeds monſters.
For. A moſt ungrateful calling!
Mulet. There's money for your direction! The price of the ox, Sir?
For. A hundred French crowns, for it muſt be
A Lincolnſhire ox, and a prime one. For
A rare and monſtrous ſpectacle, to be ſeen
At Madrid.

Enter Clown, Hoſteſs, and Biancha.

Hoſteſs. Pray forbear, Sir! We ſhall have a new quarrel.
Clown. You durſt not
Meet me in the field! I am therefore come
To ſpoil your market.
For. What's the news with you, Sir?
Clown. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be
Moſt abominably cheated, liſten, and be as wiſe
As your planet will ſuffer you: Keep your money,
Be not gull'd, be not laugh'd at!
Pedant. What means this?
'Would I had my money again in my pocket!
Hoſt. The fellow's full of malice; do not mind him.
Clown. This profeſs'd cheating rogue was my maſter, and I confeſs myſelf

[35] *In Garguantua's cauldron.*] See Rabelais.

A more preternotorious rogue than himſelf,
In ſo long keeping his villainous counſel.
For. Come, come, I'll not hear you.
Clown. No, coz'ner, thou'ſt not hear me; I do but
Dare thee to ſuffer me to ſpeak, and then thou
And all thy devils ſpit fire, and ſpout aquafortis!
For. Speak on; I freely permit thee.
Clown. Why then,
Know, all you ſimple animals, you whoſe purſes
Are ready to caſt the calf, if they have not
Caſt it already, if you give any credit
To this juggling raſcal, you are worſe
Than ſimple widgeons, and will be drawn into
The net by this decoy-duck, this tame cheater.
For. Ha, ha, ha! Pray mark him!
Clown. He does profeſs phyſic, and conjuring;
For his phyſic, he has but two medicines
For all manner of diſeaſes; when he was
In the Low-Countries, he us'd nothing
But butter'd beer, colour'd with allegant,
For all kind of maladies, and that he call'd
His Catholic med'cine: Sure the Dutch ſmelt out
'Twas butter'd beer[36], elſe they would never have
Endur'd it for the name's ſake! Then does he miniſter
A grated dog's turd 'ſtead of rhubarb, many times
Of unicorn's horn, which working ſtrongly with
The conceit of the patient, would make them beſcummer
To th' height of a mighty purgation.
For. The rogue has ſtudied this invective:
Clown. Now
For his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are

[36] ——— *ſmelt out*
'Twas butter'd beer.] Mr. Sympſon ſeems to have miſtaken the drollery of this paſſage. He ſays, that the reaſon given requires us to read ——*ſmelt not out.* But the true intent of the paſſage ſeems plainly this. The Dutch would never have endur'd a medicine called *Catholick*, for the antipathy they bore to the moſt *Catholick King*, as well as the religion falſly ſo call'd, had not they by ſome inſtinct ſmelt out the *butter'd beer* which they are ſo fond of. *Seward.*

The

The devil's chairwomen to him, for they
Will ſell a man a wind to ſome purpoſe; he
Sells wind, and tells you forty lies over
And over.

Hoſteſs. I thought what we ſhould find of him.

Hoſt. Hold your prating; be not you an heretick!

Clown. Conjure? I'll tell you; all th' devils' names he calls upon are
But fuſtian names, gather'd out of Welch heraldry;
In brief, he is a rogue of ſix reprieves,
Four pardons o' courſe, thrice pilloried, twice ſung *Lacrymæ*
To th' virginals of a cart's tail, h' has five times
Been in the gallies, and will never truly
Run himſelf out of breath, 'till he comes to th' gallows.

For. You have heard, worthy gentlemen, what this
Lying, detracting raſcal has vomited.

Taylor. Yes, certain; but we've a better truſt in you;
For you have ta'en our money.

For. I have ſo.
Truth is, he was my ſervant, and for ſome chaſtiſement
I gave him, he does practiſe thus upon me.
Speak truly, ſirrah, are you certain I can't conjure?

Clown. Conjure? Ha, ha, ha!

For. Nay, nay, but be very ſure of it.

Clown. Sure of it? why, I'll make a bargain with thee,
Before all theſe gentlemen, uſe all thy art
All thy roguery, and make me do any thing
Before all this company I've not a mind to,
I'll firſt give thee leave to claim me for thy bond-ſlave,
And when thou haſt done hang me!

For. 'Tis a match;
Sirrah, I'll make you caper i'th' air preſently.

Clown. I have too ſolid a body; and my belief
Is like a Puritan's on Good-Friday, too high-fed
With capon.

For. I will firſt ſend thee to Greenland
For a haunch of veniſon, juſt of the thickneſs
Of thine own tallow.

Clown.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I'll not ſtir an inch for thee!
For. Thence to Amboyna i'th' Eaſt-Indies, for pepper
To bake it.
Clown. To Amboyna? ſo I might
Be pepper'd [37].
For. Then will I convey thee ſtark
Naked to Dev'ling to beg a pair of brogs,
To hide thy mountainous buttocks.
Clown. And no doublet
To 'em?
For. No, Sir; I intend to ſend you of
A ſleeveleſs errand: But before you vaniſh,
In regard you ſay I cannot conjure, and are
So ſtupid and opinionated a ſlave,
That neither I nor my art can compel you to
Do any thing that is beyond your own pleaſure,
The gentlemen ſhall have ſome ſport: You cannot
Endure a cat, firrah [38]!
Clown. What's that to thee,
Juggler?
For. Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?
Clown. I'll be hang'd firſt.
For. Sit, gentlemen;
And whatſoever you ſee, be not frighted.
Hoſteſs. Alas, I can endure no conjuring.
Hoſt. Stir not, wife!
Bian. Pray let me go, Sir;
I'm not fit for theſe fooleries.
Hoſt. Move not, daughter!

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[37] *To* Amboyna? *ſo I might be pepper'd.*] Alluding to the maſſacre of the Engliſh in the ſettlement of *Amboyna* in the Eaſt-Indies, in the year 1622, by the Dutch. See 'A True Relation of the unjuſt, cruel, and 'barbarous Proceedings againſt the Engliſh at *Amboyna* in the Eaſt-'Indies, by the Netherlandiſh Governor there;' 4to. Mr. Dryden has written a play upon this event. *R.*

[38] ——— *cannot*
Endure a cat, *firrah?*] One would think from the ſequel that *cat* here ſhould have been *frog*: I have known ſeveral changes as great as this. *Seward.*

For.

For. I will make you dance a new dance call'd leap-frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha!

For. And as naked as a frog.

Clown. Ha, ha, ha! I defy thee!

[*For. looks in a book, ſtrikes with his wand, muſick plays.*

Enter four boys ſhaped like frogs, and dance.

Pedant. Spirits of the water in the likeneſs of frogs!

Taylor. He has fiſh'd fair, believe me.

Mulet. See, ſee! he ſweats and trembles.

For. Are you come to your quavers.

Clown. Oh, ho, ho!

For. I'll make you run diviſion on thoſe O's,
Ere I leave you[39]! Look you, here are the play-fellows
That are ſo endear'd to you: Come, Sir; firſt uncaſe,
And then dance; nay, I'll make him dance ſtark naked.

Hoſt. Oh, let him have his ſhirt on, and his mogul's
Breeches; here are women i'th' houſe.

For. Well, for their ſakes he ſhall.

[*Clown tears off his doublet, making ſtrange faces as if compelled to it, falls into the dance.*

Taylor. He dances! what a lying rogue was this
To ſay the gentleman could not conjure!

For. He does
Prettily well; but it is voluntary, I aſſure you,
I've no hand in't.

Clown. As you are a conjurer,
And a rare artiſt, free me from theſe couplets!
Of all creatures I cannot endure a frog.

For. But your dancing's voluntary; I can compel you
To nothing.

---

[39] *I'll make you run diviſion on* that or *e'er I leave you.*] The neglect of meaſure here has made the Editors drop a monoſyllable equally neceſſary to the ſenſe. What is —*run diviſion on* that or *e'er*—It is an anſwer to the Clown's roar, *Oh, ho, ho,* one of which ſhould be inſerted, which juſt completes the verſe.

I'll make you run diviſion on that oh,
Or e'er I leave you.—— *Seward.*

Firſt folio exhibits, *that* o's *ere I leave you*; we have therefore altered *that* to *thoſe*.

Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. Oh, me, daughter, let's take heed of
This fellow! he'll make us dance naked, an we vex
him. [*Exeunt Hoſteſs and Bian.*
For. Now cut capers, ſirrah; I'll plague that chine
of yours.
Clown. Ho, ho, ho! my kidnies are roaſted!
I drop away like a pound of butter roaſted!
Taylor. He'll dance himſelf to death.
For. No matter;
I'll ſell his fat to the apothecaries,
And repair my injury that way.
Hoſt. Enough in conſcience!
For. Well, at your entreaty—Vaniſh! And now I'll
only [*Exeunt boys.*
Make him break his neck in doing a ſomerſault,
And that's all the revenge I mean to take of him.
Clown. Oh, gentlemen,
What a rogue was I to belie ſo an approv'd maſter
In th' noble dark ſcience! You can witneſs,
This I did only to ſpoil his practice, and
Deprive you of the happineſs of enjoying
His worthy labours: Rogue that I was to do it!
Pray, Sir, forgive me!
For. With what face canſt thou
Aſk it?
Clown. With ſuch a face as I deſerve,
With a hanging look, as all here can teſtify.
For. Well, gentlemen, that you may perceive
The goodneſs of my temper, I will entertain
This rogue again, in hope of amendment;
For ſhould I turn him off, he would be hang'd.
Clown. You may read that in this foul copy.
For. Only with this promiſe;
You ſhall ne'er cozen any of my patients.
Clown. Never.
For. And remember henceforward,
That tho' I cannot conjure, I can make you
Dance, ſirrah. Go, get yourſelf into
The cottage again.

Enter

Enter Ceſario.

Clown. I will ne'er more dance leap-frog.—Now
I have got you into credit, hold it up,
And cozen them in abundance.

For. Oh, rare raſcal! [*Exit Clown.*

Ceſ. How now? a Frankford mart here [39]? a mountebank
And his worſhipful auditory?

Hoſt. They are my gueſts, Sir.

Ceſ. A pox upon them! ſhew your juggling tricks in
Some other room.

Hoſt. And why not here, Sir?

Ceſ. Hence,
Or, ſirrah, I ſhall ſpoil your figure-flinging,
And all their radical queſtions!

Omnes. Sir, we vaniſh. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Hoſt and Ceſario.

Hoſt. Signor Ceſario, you make bold with me,
And ſomewhat I muſt tell you to a degree of
Ill-manners: They're my gueſts, and men I live by,
And I would know by what authority you
Command thus far.

Ceſ. By my intereſt in
Your daughter.

Hoſt. Intereſt, do you call't? As I remember,
I never put her out to uſury
On that condition.

Ceſ. Pray thee be not angry;

Enter Biancha and Hoſteſs.

I'm come to make thee happy, and her happy.
She's here: Alas, my pretty ſoul! I'm come

39 *A Frankford mart.*] At *Frankford*, in Germany, two famous *marts* or fairs were held every year, which uſed to be reſorted to by trading people and others, from every part of Europe: One was kept in the month of March, the other in September, and they each continued fourteen days. It happened that the famous Thomas Coriat was there at the autumnal fair, in 1608, and he has very particularly deſcribed it in his Crudities, p. 561. *R.*

To

To give aſſurance that's beyond thy hope,
Or thy belief; I bring repentance 'bout me,
And ſatisfaction: I will marry thee.
Bian. Ha!
Ceſ. As I live, I will; but do not entertain't
With too quick an apprehenſion of joy,
For that may hurt thee; I have heard ſome die of't.
Bian. Don't fear me.
Ceſ. Then thou think'ſt I feign
This proteſtation? I will inſtantly
Before theſe teſtify my new alliance,
Contract myſelf unto thee; then I hope
We may be more private.
Hoſt. But thou ſhalt not, Sir;
For ſo has many a maidenhead been loſt,
And many a baſtard gotten.
Ceſ. Then to give you
The beſt of any aſſurance in the world,
Entreat thy father to go fetch a prieſt,
We will inſtantly to bed, and there be married.
Bian. Pride hath not yet forſaken you I ſee,
Tho' proſperity has.
Hoſt. Sir, you're too confident
To faſhion to yourſelf a dream of purchaſe,
When you're a beggar.
Ceſ. You are bold with me!
Hoſteſs. Do we not know your value is cried down
Fourſcore i' th' hundred?
Bian. Oh, Sir, I did love you
With ſuch a fix'd heart, that in that minute
Wherein you ſlighted, or contemn'd me rather,
I took a vow to obey your laſt decree,
And never more look up at any hope
Should bring me comfort that way; and tho' ſince
Your foſter-mother, and the fair Clariſſa
Have in the way of marriage deſpis'd you,
That hath not any way bred my revenge,
But compaſſion rather. I have found ſo much
Sorrow in the way to a chaſte wedlock,

That

That here I will ſit down and never wiſh
To come to th' journey's end: Your ſuit to me
Henceforth be ever ſilenc'd!

Ceſ. My Biancha!

Hoſteſs. Henceforward pray forbear her and my houſe!
She's a poor virtuous wench; yet her eſtate
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

Hoſt. Yes, and her birth in any herald's office
In Chriſtendom.

Hoſteſs. It may prove ſo; when you'll ſay,
You've leap'd a whiting. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Ceſario. Enter Baptiſta and Mentivole.

Ceſ. How far am I
Grown behind-hand with fortune!

Bapt. Here's Ceſario!
My ſon, Sir, is tomorrow to be married
Unto the fair Clariſſa.

Ceſ. So!

Ment. We hope
You'll be a gueſt there.

Ceſ. No; I will not grace
Your triumph ſo much.

Bapt. I'll not tax your breeding,
But it alters not your birth, Sir; fare you well!

Ment. Oh, Sir, do not grieve him;
He has too much affliction already. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Sailor.

Ceſ. Every way ſcorn'd and loſt! Shame follow you!
For I am grown moſt miſerable.

Sailor. Sir, do you know
A lady's ſon in town here they call Ceſario?

Ceſ. There's none ſuch, I aſſure thee.

Sailor. I was told
You were the man.

Ceſ. What's that to thee?

Sailor. A pox on't!
You're melancholy; will you drink, Sir?

Ceſ.

Cef. With whom?

Sailor. With me, Sir; deſpiſe not this pitch'd canvas! The time was, we have know them lin'd with Spaniſh Ducats. I've news for you.

Cef. For me?

Sailor. Not unleſs
You'll drink: We are like our ſea proviſion,
Once out of pickle, we require abundance
Of drink. I've news to tell you, that were you prince,
Would make you ſend your mandate
To have a thouſand bonfires made i' th' city,
And piſs'd out again with nothing but Greek wine.

Cef. Come, I will drink with thee howſoever.

Sailor. And upon theſe terms I will utter my mind to you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Albertus, Proſpero, Juliana, and Sailors.

Sailor. SHALL we bring your neceſſaries aſhore, my lord?

Alb. Do what you pleaſe; I'm land-ſick worſe by far
Than e'er I was at ſea.

Proſ. Collect yourſelf.

Alb. Oh, my moſt worthy Proſpero, my beſt friend,
The noble favour I receiv'd from thee,
In freeing me from the Turks, I now account
Worſe than my death; for I ſhall never live
To make requital.—What do you attend for?

Sailor. To underſtand your pleaſure.

Alb. They do mock me!—
I do proteſt I have no kind of pleaſure
In any thing i'th' world, but in thy friendſhip;
I muſt ever except that.

Proſ. Pray leave him, leave him! [*Exe. Sailors.*

Alb. The news I heard related ſince my landing,

Of

Of the diviſion of my family,
How is it poſſible for any man
To bear't with a ſet patience?
Proſ. You have ſuffer'd,
Since your impriſonment, more weighty ſorrows.
Alb. Ay, then I was a man of fleſh and blood;
Now I'm made up of fire, to the full height
Of a deadly calenture: Oh, theſe vile women,
That are ſo ill preſervers of mens' honours,
They cannot govern their own honeſties!
That I ſhould thirty and odd winters feed
My expectation of a noble heir,
And by a woman's falſhood find him now
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was!
And yet I love him ſtill.
Proſ. In my opinion,
The ſentence, on this trial, from the Duke
Was noble, to repair Ceſario's loſs
With th' marriage of your wife, had you been dead.
Alb. By your favour, but it was not! I conceive 'twas
Diſparagement to my name, to have my widow
Match with a falconer's ſon: And yet, believ't,
I love the youth ſtill, and much pity him.
I do remember, at my going to ſea,
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt receiv'd
From young Mentivole, my rage ſo far
O'er-topt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off; which ſince I heard,
And to my comfort, brave Ceſario
Worthily prevented.
Proſ. And 'twas nobly done.
Alb. Yet the revenge for this intent of mine
Hath bred much ſlaughter in our families;
And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me[41])
Intends to marry my ſole heir, Clariſſa,

[41] *(Which infinitely* moans *me).*] *Moans* here is uſed actively, *cauſes me to moan*, as *grieves*, a word of the like import, often is; but perhaps this is a ſingle inſtance of uſing *moans* in this manner; for which reaſon Mr. Sympſon propoſes to read, *moves me. Seward.*

To the head branch of the other faction.

Prof. It is the mean to work reconcilement.

Alb. 'Tween whom?

Prof. Yourſelf and the worthy Baptiſta.

Alb. Never.

Prof. Oh, you have been of a noble and remarkable friendſhip;
And by this match 'tis generally in Florence
Hop'd, will fully be reconcil'd; to me
'Twould be abſolute content.

Jul. And to myſelf;
I have main intereſt in it.

Alb. Noble Sir,
You may command my heart to break for you,
But never to bend that way. Poor Ceſario,
When thou put'ſt on thy mournful willow garland,
Thy enemy ſhall be ſuited, I do vow,
In the ſame livery! My Ceſario,
Lov'd as my foſter-child, tho' not my ſon,
Which in ſome countries formerly not barbarous[42],
Was a name held moſt affectionate; thou art loſt,
Unfortunate young man! not only ſlighted
Where thou receiv'dſt thy breeding, but ſince ſcorn'd
I'th' way of marriage, by the poor Biancha,
The innkeeper's daughter.

Prof. I have heard of that too;
But let not that afflict you! for this lady
May happily deliver at more leiſure
A circumſtance may draw a fair event,
Better than you can hope for. For this preſent,
We muſt leave you, and ſhall viſit you again
Within theſe two hours.

[42] *Which in ſome countries formerly* were *barbarous,*
Was a name held moſt affectionate.] It would be a poor reaſon for Alberto's love of Ceſario as a *foſter child*, becauſe barbarous nations held adopted children in the moſt affectionate eſteem. Neither is the fact true. The adoption of children was a thing extremely uſual in ancient Rome, but I don't at leaſt remember any inſtance of it recorded amongſt barbarians. *Seward.*

Enter.

Enter Ceſario.

Alb. Ever to me moſt welcome!—
Oh, my Ceſario!
Ceſ. I am none of yours, Sir,
So 'tis proteſted; and I humbly beg,
Since 'tis not in your power to preſerve me
Any longer in a noble courſe of life,
Give me a worthy death!
Alb. The youth is mad.
Ceſ. Nay, Sir, I will inſtruct you in a way
To kill me honourably.
Alb. That were moſt ſtrange.
Ceſ. I'm turning pirate; you may be employ'd
By th' Duke to fetch me in, and in a ſea-fight
Give me a noble grave.
Alb. Queſtionleſs he's mad!
I would give any doctor a thouſand crowns
To free him from this ſorrow.
Ceſ. Here's the phyſician. [*Shews a poniard.*
Alb. Hold, Sir; I did ſay
To free you from the ſorrow, not from life.
Ceſ. Why, life and ſorrow are unſeparable.
Alb. Be comforted, Ceſario! Mentivole ſhall not
Marry Clariſſa.
Ceſ. No, Sir; ere he ſhall,
I'll kill him.
Alb. But you forfeit your own life then.
Ceſ. That's worth nothing.
Alb. Ceſario, be thyſelf; be mine, Ceſario!
Make not thyſelf uncapable of that portion
I have full purpoſe to confer upon thee,
By falling into madneſs; bear thy wrongs
With noble Patience, the afflicted's friend,
Which ever in all actions crowns the end!
Ceſ. You've well awak'd me, nay, recover'd me
Both to ſenſe and full life. Oh, moſt noble Sir,
Tho' I have loſt my fortune, and loſt you
For a worthy father; yet I will not loſe

My former virtue; my integrity
Shall not yet forſake me: But as the wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in ſome piteous ruin
Of tower, or defac'd temple, than it does
Planted by a new building, ſo ſhall I
Make my adverſity my inſtrument
To wind me up into a full content.

Alb. 'Tis worthily reſolv'd! Our firſt adventure's
To ſtop the marriage: For thy other loſſes,
Practis'd by a woman's malice, but account them
Like conjurers' winds, rais'd to a fearful blaſt,
And do ſome miſchief, but do never laſt! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Foroboſco and Clown.

Clown. Now, Sir, won't you acknowledge that I have
Mightily advanc'd your practice?

For. 'Tis confeſs'd;
And I will make thee a great man for it.

Clown. I take a courſe to do that myſelf, for
I drink ſack in abundance.

For. Oh, my rare raſcal!
We muſt remove.

Clown. Whither?

For. Any whither;
Europe's too little to be cozen'd by us:
I am ambitious to go to the Eaſt-Indies,
Thou and I to ride upon our brace of elephants.

Clown. And for my part I long to be in England again;
You'll ne'er get ſo much as in England; we
Have ſhifted many countries, and many names,
But trace the world o'er you ſhall never purſe
Up ſo much gold as when you were in England,
And call'd yourſelf doctor Lambſtones.

For. It was
An attractive name, I confeſs; women were then
My only admirers.

Clown. And all their viſits

Were

Were either to further their luſt, or revenge injuries.
For. You ſhould have forty in a morning beleaguer
My cloſet, and ſtrive who ſhould be cozen'd firſt:
'Mongſt fourſcore love-ſick waiting-women that have come
To me in a morning to learn what fortune ſhould
Betide 'em in their firſt marriage, I have found
'Bove ninety-four to've loſt their maidenheads.
Clown. By their own confeſſion;
But I was fain to be your male-midwife,
And work it out of them by circumſtance.
For. Thou waſt; and yet for all this frequent reſort
Of women, and thy handling of their urinals
And their caſes, thou'rt not given to lechery;
What ſhould be th' reaſon of it? Th'haſt wholſome fleſh
Enough about thee; and methinks the devil
Should tempt thee to it.
Clown. What need he do that?
When he makes me his inſtrument to tempt others.
For. Thou canſt not chuſe but utter thy rare good parts?
Thou waſt an excellent bawd, I acknowledge.
Clown. Well,
And what I have done that way—I'll ſpare to ſpeak
Of all you and I have done, Sir; and tho' we ſhould—
For. We will for England, that's for certain.
Clown. We
Shall never want there.
For. Want? their Court of Wards
Shall want money firſt; for I profeſs myſelf
Lord paramount o'er fools and mad folks.
Clown. Do,
But ſtore yourſelf with lies enough againſt
You come thither.
For. Why, that is all
The familiarity I ever had with the devil,
My gift of lying; they ſay he's the father of lies;
And tho' I cannot conjure, yet I profeſs

Myſelf to be one of his poor goſſips. I will
Now reveal to thee a rare piece of ſervice.
Clown. What is it, my moſt worſhipful doctor Lambſtones?
For. There is a captain come lately from ſea,
They call Proſper; I ſaw him this morning,
Thro' a chink of wainſcot that divides my lodging
And the Hoſt of the houſe, withdraw my Hoſt and Hoſteſs,
The fair Biancha, and an ancient gentlewoman,
Into their bedchamber:
I could not over-hear their conference,
But I ſaw ſuch a maſs of gold and jewels!
And when he had done he lock'd it up into a caſket.
Great joy there was amongſt them, and forth they're gone
Into the city, and my Hoſt told me
At's going forth he thought he ſhould not return
'Till after ſupper: Now, Sir, in their abſence
Will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber,
Seize the jewels, make an eſcape from Florence,
And we are made for ever!
Clown. But if they
Should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us
Back in a whirlwind?
For. Don't believe there is
Any ſuch fetch in aſtrology! And this may be
A means to make us live honeſt hereafter.
Clown. 'Tis
But an ill road to't, that lies thro'
The highway of thieving.
For. For indeed I'm weary of
This trade of fortune-telling, and mean to give
All over, when I come into England; for
It is a very tickliſh quality.
Clown. And in the end will hang by a twine thread.
For. Beſides, the iſland has too many of the profeſſion;
They hinder one another's market.
Clown. No, no,

The

The pillory hinders their market.
For. You know there
The juggling captain.
Clown. Ay; there's a ſure card!
For. Only
The foreman of their jury's dead; but he
Died like a Roman.
Clown. Elſe 'tis thought he had
Made work for the hangman.
For. And the very Ball[42]
Of your falſe prophets, he's quaſh'd too.
Clown. He did
Meaſure the ſtars with a falſe yard, and may now
Travel to Rome, with a mortar on's head, to ſee
If he can recover his money that way.
For. Come, come,
Let's fiſh for this caſket, and to ſea preſently!
Clown. We ſhall never reach London, I fear; my mind
Runs ſo much of hanging, landing at Wapping.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mariana.

Mar. This well may be a day of joy long-wiſh'd-for
To my Clariſſa; ſhe is innocent,
Nor can her youth but with an open boſom
Meet Hymen's pleaſing bounties: But to me,
That am environ'd with black guilt and horror,
It does appear a funeral[43]: Tho' promiſing much
In the conception were hard to manage,

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[42] *Ball.*] i. e. *Baal.* The juggling captain ſo much ſpoke of in this play, as a news-writer and conjurer, Mr. Sympſon takes to be one Banks, whom Ben Jonſon ludicrouſly calls the Engliſh Pythagoras. *Seward.*

[43] *It does appear a funeral; though promiſing much*
In the conception were hard to manage
But ſad in the event.] A who'e line ſeems to have been loſt here; the intention of the paſſage may be eaſi y gathered. 'Her 'ſcheme, which promis'd much in the conception, proved hard to 'manage, and ſad in the event.' I ſhall not venture my conjecture into the text, but propoſe it as the beſt that yet occurs:

But ſad in the event. It was not hate,
But fond indulgence in me, to preſerve
Ceſario's threaten'd life, in open court
That forc'd me to diſclaim him, chuſing rather
To rob him of his birth-right, and honour,
Than ſuffer him to run the hazard of
Enrag'd Baptiſta's fury: While he lives,
I know I have a ſon; and the Duke's ſentence
Awhile deluded, and this tempeſt over,
When he aſſures himſelf deſpair hath ſeiz'd him,
[*Knock within.*

Enter Baptiſta.

I can relieve and raiſe him.—Speak, who is it
That preſſes on my privacies?—Sir, your pardon!
You cannot come unwelcome, tho' it were
To read my ſecret thoughts.

Bapt. Lady, to you
Mine ſhall be ever open: *Lady*, ſaid I?
That name keeps too much diſtance! *ſiſter* rather
I ſhould have ſtil'd you; and I now may claim it,
Since our divided families are made one
By this bleſs'd marriage; to whoſe honour comes
The Duke in perſon, waited on by all
The braveries of his court, to witneſs it,
And then to be our gueſts. Is the bride ready
To meet and entertain him?

Mar. She attends
The coming of your ſon.

Bapt. Pray you bring her forth.
The Duke's at hand: Muſic, in her loud voice,
Speaks his arrival.

Mar. She's prepar'd to meet it. [*Exit.*

It does appear a funeral. My deſign
Tho' promiſing much in the conception
Was far too *hard to manage*, and doth prove
But ſad in the event; It was not hate, &c. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Mariana, Clariſſa led by two maids; at the other door, Baptiſta meets with Mentivole led by two courtiers; the Duke, Biſhop, and divers attendants. A ſong, whilſt they ſalute.

Duke. It were impertinent to wiſh you joy,
Since all joys dwell about you; Hymen's torch
Was never lighted with a luckier omen,
Nor burnt with ſo much ſplendor. To defer
With fruitleſs compliment the means to make
Your certain pleaſures lawful to the world,
(Since in the union of your hearts they are
Confirm'd already) would but argue us
A boaſter of our favours: To the temple!
And there the ſacred knot once tied, all triumphs
Our dukedom can afford ſhall grace your nuptials.

Enter Albertus and Ceſario.

Bapt. On there!
Ment. I hope it is not in the power
Of any to croſs us now.
Alb. But, in the breath
Of a wrong'd father, I forbid the bans!
Ceſ. What, do you ſtand at gaze?
Bapt. Ris'n from the dead?
Mar. Altho' the ſea had vomited up the figure
In which thy better part liv'd long impriſon'd,
True love, deſpiſing fear, runs thus to meet it,
Clar. In duty I kneel to it.
Alb. Hence, vile wretches!
To you I am a ſubſtance incorporeal,
And not to be profan'd with your vile touch,
That could ſo ſoon forget me; but ſuch things
Are neither worth my anger, nor reproof.
To you, great Sir, I turn myſelf, and theſe
Immediate miniſters of your government;
And if in my rude language I tranſgreſs,
Aſcribe it to the cold remembrance of
My ſervices, and not my rugged temper!

Duke,

Duke. Speak freely; be thy language ne'er ſo bitter,
To ſee thee ſafe, Alberto, ſigns thy pardon.

Alb. My pardon? I can need none, if it be not
Receiv'd for an offence; I tamely bear
Wrongs, which a ſlave-born Muſcovite would check at.
Why, if for treaſon I had been deliver'd
Up to the hangman's axe, and this dead trunk,
Unworthy of a Chriſtian ſepulchre,
Expos'd a prey to feed the ravenous vulture,
The memory of the much I oft did for you,
(Had you but any touch of gratitude,
Or thought of my deſervings) would have ſtopp'd you
From theſe unjuſt proceedings.

Duke. Hear the motives,
That did induce us.

Alb. I have heard them all;
Your highneſs' ſentence, the whole court abus'd,
By th' perjuries and practice of this woman;
(Weepeſt thou[44], crocodile?) my hopeful ſon,
Whom I dare ſwear mine own, degraded of
The honours that deſcend to him from me;
And from that, in his love ſcorn'd by a creature
Whoſe baſe birth, tho' made eminent by her beauty,
Might well have mark'd her out Ceſario's ſervant!
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot:
But that my daughter, with my whole eſtate
(So hardly purchas'd), is aſſign'd a dower,
To one whoſe father and whoſe family
I ſo deteſt that I would loſe my eſſence,
And be transformed to a baſiliſk
To look them dead, to me's an injury
Admits no ſatisfaction!

Bapt. There's none offer'd.

Alb. Nor would it be accepted, tho' upon
Thy knees 'twere tender'd.

Mar. Now the ſtorm grows high.

Bapt. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death
The briny ocean had entomb'd thy name,

[44] Wee peil *thou.*] Corrected by Seward.

I would

I would have ſought a wife in a bordello
For my Mentivole, and gladly hugg'd
Her ſpurious iſſue as my lawful nephews,
Before his blood ſhould e'er have mix'd with thine;
So much I ſcorn it.
Alb. I'll not bandy words;
But thus diſſolve the contract.
Bapt. There I meet thee;
And ſeize on what's mine own.
Alb. For all my ſervice,
Great Sir, grant me the combat with this wretch,
That I may ſcourge his inſolence!
Bapt. I kneel for it.
Ceſ. And to approve myſelf Alberto's ſon,
I'll be his ſecond upon any odds,
'Gainſt him that dare moſt of Baptiſta's race.
Ment. Already, upon honourable terms,
In me th' haſt met thy better; for her ſake
I'll add no more.
Alb. Sir, let our ſwords decide it!
Mar. Oh, ſtay, Sir; and as you would hold the title
Of a juſt prince, ere you grant licence to
Theſe madmens' fury, lend your private ear
To the moſt diſtreſs'd of women!
Duke. Speak; 'tis granted. [*He takes Mar. aſide.*
Clar. In the mean time, let not Clariſſa be
A patient looker-on! Tho' as yet doubtful
To whom to bend her knee firſt, yet to all
I ſtoop thus low in duty, and would waſh
The duſt of fury, with my virgin tears,
From his bleſs'd feet[45], and make them beautiful,
That would move to conditions of peace,
Tho' with a ſnail-like pace; they all are wing'd
To bear you to deſtruction! Reverend Sirs,
Think on your ancient friendſhip, cemented

[45] *From his bleſs'd feet, and make them beautiful, &c.*] The image in this line ſeems built on a paſſage in ſcripture: 'How *beautiful* are 'the *feet* of him that bringeth glad tidings!' The ſimilarity of *expreſſion*, as well as ſentiment, ſtrongly denotes imitation.

With

With ſo much blood, but ſhed in noble action,
Divided now in paſſion for a brawl
The makers bluſh to own! Much-lov'd Ceſario,
Brother, or friend, (each title may prevail)
Remember with what tenderneſs from our childhood
We lov'd together, you preferring me
Before yourſelf, and I ſo fond of you
That it begot ſuſpicion in ill minds,
That our affection was inceſtuous:
Think of that happy time, in which I know
That with your deareſt blood you had prevented
This ſhower of tears from me! Mentivole,
My huſband, regiſter'd in that bright ſtar-chamber,
Tho' now on earth made ſtrangers, be the example!
And offer in one hand the peaceful olive
Of concord; or, if that can be denied,
By powerful interceſſion, in the other
Carry the Hermian rod, and force atonement!
Now we will not be all marble; death's the worſt then,
And he ſhall be my bridegroom. [*Offers to kill herſelf.*

Ment. Hold, Clariſſa!
This loving violence I needs muſt offer:
In ſpite of honour [46]——

[*He ſnatches away her knife, and ſets it to his own breaſt; ſhe ſtays his hand.*

Duke. Was it to that end then?
On your religion?

Mar. And my hope in Heaven, Sir!

Duke. We then will leave entreaties, and make uſe
Of our authority. Muſt I cry aim [47]
To this unheard-of inſolence? in my preſence
To draw your ſwords, and, as all reverence
That's due to majeſty were forfeited,
Cheriſh this wildneſs? Sheath them inſtantly,
And ſhew an alteration in your looks;
Or, by my power——

[46] Ment. *Hold, Clariſſa, his loving violence needs muſt Offer in ſpite of honour.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[47] *Muſt I cry aim.*] See note 71 on the Falſe One.

Alb.

Alb. Cut off my head!
Bapt. And mine!
Rather than hear of peace with this bad man,
I'll not alone give up my throat, but ſuffer
Your rage to reach my family.

Enter Proſpero, Juliana, and Biancha.

Alb. And my name
To be no more remember'd.
Duke. What are theſe?
Caſ. Biancha? 'tis Biancha, ſtill Biancha!
But ſtrangely alter'd.
Bapt. If that thirteen years
Of abſence could raze from my memory
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;
But if thy image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my Proſpero.
Proſ. Thou my Baptiſta.
Duke. A ſudden change!
Bapt. I dare not aſk, dear friend,
If Juliana live; for that's a bleſſing
I am unworthy of! but yet deny not
To let me know the place ſhe hath made happy,
By having there her ſepulchre.
Proſ. If your highneſs
Pleaſe to vouchſafe a patient ear, we ſhall
Make a true relation of a ſtory
That ſhall call on your wonder.
Duke. Speak; we hear you.
Proſ. Baptiſta's fortune in the Genoa court,
His baniſhment, with his fair wife's reſtraint,
You are acquainted with; what ſince hath follow'd
I faithfully will deliver. Ere eight moons
After Baptiſta's abſence were complete,
Fair Juliana found the pleaſures, that
They had enjoy'd together, were not barren,
And, bluſhing at the burden of her womb,
No father near to own it, it drew on
A violent ſickneſs, which call'd down compaſſion

From

From the angry Duke; then, careful of her health,
Phyſicians were enquir'd of, and their judgment
Preſcrib'd the baths of Lucca as a means
For her recovery: To my charge it pleas'd her
To be committed; but as on the way
We journied, thoſe throes, only known to women,
Came thick upon her: In a private village——

Bapt. She died?

Prof. Have patience! She brought to the world
A hopeful daughter: For her body's ſickneſs,
It ſoon decay'd; but the grief of her mind
Hourly encreas'd, and life grew tedious to her;
And, deſperate e'er to ſee you, ſhe enjoin'd me
To place her in a Greekiſh monaſtery,
And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.

Bapt. What monaſtery? as a pilgrim bare-foot,
I'll ſearch it out.

Prof. Pray you interrupt me not.
Now to my fortunes! The girl well diſpos'd of
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate
Made me a priſoner to the Turkiſh gallies,
Where for twelve years theſe hands tugg'd at the oar;
But Fortune tir'd at length with my afflictions,
Some ſhips of Malta met the Ottoman fleet,
Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.
With my deliverers I ſerv'd, and got
Such reputation with the Great-Maſter,
That he gave me command over a tall
And luſty ſhip, where my firſt happy ſervice
Was to redeem Alberto, rumour'd dead,
But was, like me, ſurpriz'd by Cortugogly.

Alb. I would I had died there!

Prof. And from him learning
Baptiſta liv'd, and their diſſolved friendſhip,
I hois'd up ſails for Greece, found Juliana
A votary at her beads: Having made known
Both that you liv'd, and where you were, ſhe borrow'd
So much from her devotion, as to wiſh me
To bring her to you. If the object pleaſe you,

With

With joy receive her!

Bapt. Rage, and fury, leave me!

[*Throws away his ſword.*

I am ſo full of happineſs, there's no room left
To entertain you. Oh, my long-loſt jewel,
Light of mine eyes, my ſoul's ſtrength!

Jul. My beſt lord!
Having embrac'd you thus, death cannot fright me.

Bapt. Live long to do ſo, tho' I ſhould fix here!—
Pardon me[48], Proſpero, tho' I enquire
My daughter's fortune!

Prof. That your happineſs
May be at all parts perfect, here ſhe is!

Cef. Biancha daughter to a princeſs?

Prof. True.
Wi' my faithful Hoſt I left her, and with him
'Till now ſhe hath reſided, ignorant
Both of her birth and greatneſs.

Bapt. Oh, my bleſt one!
Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me!

Duke. Above wonder!

Alb. I do begin to melt too; this ſtrange ſtory
Works much upon me.

Duke. Since it hath pleas'd Heav'n
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heav'n's inſtrument here, determine thus: Alberto,
Be not unthankful for the bleſſings ſhewn you,
Nor you, Baptiſta! Diſcord was yet never
A welcome ſacrifice; therefore, rage laid by,
Embrace as friends, and let paſs'd difference

[48] *Pardon me, Proſpero, tho' I enquire.*] I ſee no reaſon for aſking Proſpero's pardon for enquiring after his daughter; he might think Juliana might expect to engroſs his whole thoughts, and would therefore naturally aſk her pardon for taking them from her; eſpecially as he had juſt before ſaid, that he could even fix himſelf for ever to the ſpot where ſhe ſtood. I therefore put into the text what ſeems a more natural reading. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

But *pardon me*, tho' of Proſpero *I enquire*;

but ſurely there is no impropriety in *civilly* deſiring *pardon* for the requeſt of encreaſing ſo long a ſtory.

Be

Be as a dream forgotten!
Bapt. 'Tis to me.
Alb. And me; I thus confirm it.
Duke. And to tie it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young Mentivole and fair Clariſſa,
So you conſent, great lady, your Biancha
Shall call Ceſario huſband.
Jul. 'Tis a motion
I gladly yield to.
Ceſ. One in which you make
A ſad man happy. [*Offers to kneel.*
Bian. Kneel not! all forgiven.
Duke. Wi'th' duke your uncle I will make atonement,
And will have no denial.

Enter Hoſt, Foroboſco, Clown, and officers.

Mar. Let this day
Be ſtill held ſacred!
Hoſt. Now if you can conjure,
Let the devil unbind you.
For. We are both undone!
Clown. Already we feel it.
Hoſt. Juſtice, Sir!
Duke. What are they?
Proſ. I can reſolve you; ſlaves freed from the gallies
By the viceroy of Sicilia.
Duke. What's their offence?
Hoſt. The robbing me of all my plate and jewels;
I mean, the attempting of it.
Clown. Pleaſe your Grace,
I'll now diſcover this varlet in earneſt;
This honeſt peſtilent rogue profeſs'd the art
Of conjuring; but all the ſkill that e'er
He had in the black art, was in making
A ſea-coal fire; only with wearing
Strange ſhapes, he begot admiration
'Mongſt fools and women.
For. Wilt thou peach, thou varlet?

Duke.

Duke. Why does he goggle with his eyes, and ſtalk ſo?

Clown. This is one of his magical raptures.

For. I do vilify [49]
Your cenſure! You demand, if I am guilty;
Whir—ſays my cloak, by a trick of legerdemain!
Now I'm not guilty; I am guarded with
Innocence, pure ſilver lace, I aſſure you.

Clown. Thus have I read to you your virtues, which
Notwithſtanding I would not have you proud of.

For. Out, thou concealment of tallow, and counterfeit mummy!

Duke. To th' gallies with them both!

Clown. The only ſea-phyſic
For a knave, is to be baſted in a galley,
With the oil of a bull's pizzle.

For. And will not you
Make a ſour face at the ſame ſauce, ſirrah? I hope
To find thee ſo lean in one fortnight, thou
Mayſt be drawn by the ears thro' the hoop of a firkin.

Duke. Divide them, and away with them to the gallies!

Clown. This will take down your pride, juggler.

Duke. This day,
That hath giv'n birth to bleſſings beyond hope,
Admits no criminal ſentence. To the temple,
And there with humbleneſs, praiſe Heaven's bounties!
For bleſſings ne'er deſcend from thence, but when
A ſacrifice in thanks aſcends from men.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[49] *Vilify;*] i. e. *Hold cheap.*

Published, as the Act directs, Dec.r 1.st 1777, by J. Sherlock, Bow Street.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

This Play ſeems to be the acknowledged production of both Writers. It was firſt printed in quarto, 1625; but has not been altered, that we can diſcover, or acted, many years.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Cupid.
Leontius, *the old duke of Lycia.*
Leucippus, *ſon to the duke.*
Iſmenus, *nephew to the duke.*
Telamon, *a Lycian lord.*
Dorialus, Agenor, Niſus, } *courtiers.*
Timantus, *a villainous ſycophant.*
Zoilus, *Leucippus's dwarf.*
Nilo, *ſent in commiſſion to pull down Cupid's images.*
Prieſt *to Cupid.*
Four young Men *and* Maids.
Four Citizens.

WOMEN.

Hidaſpes, *daughter to the duke.*
Cleophila, Hero, } *her attendants.*
Bacha, *a ſtrumpet.*
Urania, *her daughter.*
Bacha's Maid.
Urania's Maid.

Servants and Attendants.

CUPID'S

CUPID'S REVENGE.

ACT I.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Niſus.

Agenor. TRUST me, my lord Dorialus, I had miſs'd of this, if you had not call'd me; I thought the princeſs's birth-day had been tomorrow.

Niſus. Why, did your lordſhip ſleep out the day?

Dor. I marvel what the duke meant to make ſuch an idle vow.

Niſus. Idle? why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to ſwear to grant his daughter any thing ſhe ſhall aſk on her birth-day? ſhe may aſk an impoſſible thing; and I pray I leav'n ſhe do not aſk an unfit thing, at one time or other: 'Tis dangerous truſting a man's vow upon the diſcretion of his daughter.

Age. I wonder moſt at the marquis her brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her deſires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. She's doubtleſs very chaſte and virtuous.

Dor. So is Leucippus her brother.

Niſus. She's twenty years old; I wonder
She aſk not a huſband.

Dor. That were a folly in her, having refus'd
All the great princes in one part of the world;

She'll die a maid.

Age. She may aſk but once, may ſhe?

Niſus. A hundred times this day, if ſhe will:
And, indeed, every day is ſuch a day; for tho'
The duke has vow'd it only on this day,
He keeps it every day; he can deny
Her nothing.

Cornets. Enter Hidaſpes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantus, and Telamon.

Leon. Come, fair Hidaſpes! thou art ducheſs to-day.
Art thou prepar'd to aſk? thou know'ſt my oath
Will force performance. And, Leucippus, if
She now aſk aught that ſhall or would have performance
After my death, when by the help of Heav'n
This land is thine, accurſed be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my ſon,
And ſo their own obedience——

Leuc. Mighty Sir,
I do not wiſh to know that fatal hour,
That is to make me king: But if I do,
I ſhall moſt heartily, (and like a ſon)
Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her.—
Remember that you aſk what we agreed upon.

Leon. Are you prepar'd? then ſpeak.

Hid. Moſt royal Sir,
I am prepar'd, nor ſhall my will exceed
A virgin's bounds; what I requeſt ſhall both
At once bring me a full content[1].

Leon. So't ever does.
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good deſire! for I dare ſwear
Thou lov'ſt me.

Hid. This is it I beg,
And on my knees: The people of your land,

[1] ——*What I requeſt ſhall both*
At once bring me a full content.] From the anſwer of Leontius, it is plain ſome words are dropt here, ſignifying that her requeſt ſhall *content her father* as well as herſelf.

The

The Lycians, are, thro' all the nations
That know their name, noted to have in uſe
A vain and fruitleſs ſuperſtition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the ſhow
Of true religion, and is nothing elſe
But a ſelf-pleaſing bold laſciviouſneſs.
Leon. What is it?
Hid. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himſelf a trade,
And was laborious in that choſen courſe,
Hating an idle life far worſe than death,
Some one that gave himſelf to wine and ſloth,
Which breed laſcivious thoughts, and found himſelf
Contemn'd for that by every painful man[2],
To take his ſtain away, fram'd to himſelf
A god, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus diſhoneſt; for a name
He call'd him Cupid. This created god
(Man's nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood)
Had ready followers enow; and ſince
In every age they grew, eſpecially
Amongſt your ſubjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowſy deity,
Which drink invented; and the winged boy
(For ſo they call him) has his ſacrifices[3],

[2] *And found himſelf* conjoin'd
For that by every painful man.] I know no meaning of the word *conjoin'd* that will ſuit the context, *condemn'd* is the natural word. Our Poet's ſcheme in this Play (which has many excellent things in it) ſeems to me quite amazing. That this juſt ſpeech ſhould be eſteemed ſuch an act of real impiety, as to receive the moſt ſhocking puniſhment ending in the murder and utter extirpation of the whole family, is ſurely a ſtrange outrage on poetical juſtice, as well as on all the circle of moral virtues. I find Mr. Theobald has prevented me in the correction above, and Mr. Sympſon has ſince ſent me his reading, *contemn'd.* *Steward.*
The next line rather warrants *contemn'd* than *condemn'd.*

[3] *——and the winged boy,*
(For ſo they call him) has his ſacrifices,
Theſe looſe naked ſtatues through the land,
And in every village, nay the palace

And theſe looſe naked ſtatues thro' the land,
In every village; nay the palace' ſelf
Is not free from 'em. This is my requeſt,
That theſe erected obſcene images
May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every man
That offers to 'em any ſacrifice
May loſe his life.
Leon. But be adviſ'd,
My faireſt daughter! if he be a god,
He will expreſs it upon thee, my child;
Which Heaven avert!
Leuc. There is no ſuch power;
But the opinion of him fills the land
With luſtful ſins: Every young man and maid,
That feel the leaſt deſire to one another,
Dare not ſuppreſs it, for they think it is
Blind Cupid's motion; and he is a god!
Leon. This makes our youth unchaſte: I am reſolv'd,
Nephew Iſmenus, break the ſtatues down
Here in the palace, and command the city
To do the like: Let proclamations
Be drawn, and haſtily ſent thro' the land,
To the ſame purpoſe!
Iſm. Sir, I'll break down none
Myſelf, but I'll deliver your command:
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.
Leon. Go, and command it.—Pleaſure of my life,
Wouldſt thou aught elſe? Make many thouſand ſuits;
They muſt and ſhall be granted.
Hid. Nothing elſe. [*Exit Iſmenus.*
Leon. But go and meditate on other ſuits:
Some ſix days hence I'll give thee audience again,
And, by a new oath, bind myſelf to keep it.
Aſk largely for thyſelf: Dearer than life,

Is not free from 'em.—] Here are certainly deficiencies both in meaſure and ſenſe: The change of points, the removal of the *and* from the beginning of one line to the line above it, and the addition of a particle that adds ſtrength to the ſentiment ſeems the moſt probable method of reſtoring the original. *Seward*

In

In whom I may be bold to call myſelf
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing!
Leuc. 'Twas well done, ſiſter.
[*Exeunt all but the three lords.*
Niſus. How like you this requeſt, my lord?
Dor. I know not yet, I am ſo full of wonder!
We ſhall be gods ourſelves ſhortly,
An we pull 'em out of Heav'n o' this faſhion.
Age. We ſhall have wenches now when we can catch 'em,
An we tranſgreſs thus.
Niſus. An we abuſe the gods once,
'Tis a juſtice we ſhould be held at hard meat. For my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection;
I know the god incens'd muſt ſend a hardneſs
Thro' all good womens' hearts, and then we have
Brought our eggs and muſcadine to a fair market:
'Would I had given an hundred pound for a toleration,
That I might but uſe my conſcience in mine own houſe!
Dor. The duke, he's old and paſt it; he would never
Have brought ſuch a plague upon the land elſe; 'tis worſe
Than ſword and famine! Yet, to ſay truth,
We have deſerv'd it, we have liv'd ſo wickedly,
Every man at his livery; and 'would that
Would have ſufficed us! we murmur'd at
This bleſſing, that was nothing; and cried out
To th' god for endleſs pleaſures: He heard us, and
Supplied us, and our women were new ſtill,
As we needed 'em; yet we, like beaſts,
Still cried, 'Poor men can number their whores[4]; give us

[4] *Poor men can number their* woers.] *Woers* for *miſtreſſes* is uncommon, but a word very near it is quite ſuitable to the character of the ſpeaker, *wehres*. After I had inſerted this in the text, I found in Mr. Theobald's margin another conjecture, *wenthers* for *woers*, with a Latin quotation, *Pauperis eſt numerare pecus*, as a proof of it. But my conjecture is much nearer the trace of the letters, as well as a more

'Abundance!' we had it, and this curſe withal.
Age. By'rlady, we are like to have a long Lent on't;
Fleſh ſhall be fleſh now! Gentlemen, I had rather
Have anger'd all the gods than that blind gunner.
I remember, once the people did but ſlight him
In a ſacrifice, and what follow'd: Women kept
Their houſes, and grew good huſwives, honeſt forſooth!
Was not that fine? wore their own faces [5], nay,
They let us wear gay cloaths without ſurveying; and,
Which was moſt lamentable, they lov'd their huſbands.
Niſus. I do remember it to my grief, young maids
Were as cold as cucumbers, and much of that
Complexion; bawds were aboliſh'd; and (to which
Miſery it muſt come again) there were no cuckolds.
Well, we'd need pray to keep theſe devils from us;
The times grow miſchievous.—There he goes! Lord!

Enter one with an image.

This is a ſacrilege I have not heard of!
'Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows!
Age. And I too. You ſhall ſee within theſe few years,
A fine confuſion i' th' country; mark it!
Nay, an we grow for to depoſe the powers,
And ſet up Chaſtity again—Well, I have done!
A fine new goddeſs certainly, whoſe bleſſings
Are hunger and hard beds!
Niſus. This comes of fullneſs,
A ſin too frequent with us; I believe now
We ſhall find ſhorter commons.

---

a more natural expreſſion; for *weathers* being of the maſculine gender will never ſuit this place, though *pecus* might. *Seward.*

[5] *Wore their own faces,*
Tho' they wear gay cloaths without ſurveying,
And which was moſt lamentable,
They lov'd their huſbands.] The reader will find the metre here eaſily reſtored, but the ſenſe, which ſeems quite loſt in the ſecond line, is not ſo readily recovered. The only conjecture that ſeems tolerable is what I venture into the text with great diffidence, but the reader had better have even a falſe reading with ſenſe, than one without it. *Seward.*

Dor.

Dor. 'Would I were married! ſomewhat has ſome
favour;
The race of gentry will quite run out now,
'Tis only left to huſbands; if younger ſiſters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.
Age. Well, let come what will come, I am but one,
And as the plague falls, I will ſhape myſelf:
If women will be honeſt, I'll be found.
If the god be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little ſtill, where I can get it,
And thank him, and ſay nothing.
Niſus. This ill wind yet may blow the city good,
And let them (if they can) get their own children,
They have hung long enough in doubt: But, howſoever,
The old way was the ſurer; then they had 'em.
Dor. Farewell, my lords! I'll e'en take up what rent
I can before the day; I fear the year
Will fall out ill.
Age. We'll with you, Sir. And, Love, ſo favour us,
As we are ſtill thy ſervants! Come, my lords;
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt of Cupid, with four young men and maids.

Prieſt. Come, my children, let your feet
In an even meaſure meet!
And your chearful voices riſe,
To preſent this ſacrifice
To great Cupid! in whoſe name,
I his prieſt begin the ſame.
Young men, take your loves and kiſs;
Thus our Cupid honour'd is.
Kiſs again, and in your kiſſing
Let no promiſes be miſſing!
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear,
Unto the whiſper of her love;
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,

As

As a token to her ſweeting,
Of an after ſecret meeting!
Now, boy, ſing, to ſtick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts!

SONG.

Lovers, rejoice! your pains ſhall be rewarded,
The god of love himſelf grieves at your crying:
No more ſhall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid denying[6].
No more ſhall virgins ſigh, and ſay 'We dare not,
'For men are falſe, and what they do they care not.'
All ſhall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men ſhall be true, and women ſhall believe.

Lovers, rejoice! what you ſhall ſay henceforth,
When you have caught your ſweethearts in your arms;
It ſhall be accounted oracle, and worth:
No more faint-hearted girls ſhall dream of harms,
And cry 'They are too young:' The god hath ſaid,
Fifteen ſhall make a mother of a maid:
Then, wiſe men, pull your roſes yet unblown!
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.

After a meaſure, enter Nilo and others.

Nilo. No more of this! here break your rites for ever;
The duke commands it ſo. Prieſt, do not ſtare!
I muſt deface your temple, tho' unwilling,
And your god Cupid here muſt make a ſcarecrow,
For any thing I know, or, at the beſt,
Adorn a chimney-piece.

Prieſt. Oh, ſacrilege unheard-of!

Nilo. This will not help it. Take down their images,
And away with 'em!
Prieſt, change your coat, you had beſt; all ſervice now
Is given to men; prayers above their hearing
Will prove but babblings; learn to lie and thrive,

6 *Nor the coy faces of a* maids *denying.*] Mr. Sympſon has improved this line by ſtriking off the *s* from *maids*. *Seward.*

'Twill

'Twill prove your beſt profeſſion: For the gods,
He that lives by 'em now muſt be a beggar.
There's better holineſs on earth, they ſay;
Pray God it aſk not greater ſacrifice! Go home;
And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,
He will make ſome ſmoke for it.

Gent. Sir——

Nilo. Gentlemen,
There is no talking; this muſt be done and ſpeedily:
I have commiſſion that I muſt not break.

Gent. We're gone, to wonder what ſhall follow.

Nilo. On
To the next temple! [*Exeunt.*

Cornets. Cupid deſcends.

Cupid. Am I then ſcorn'd? is my all-doing will
And power, that knows no limit, nor admits none,
Now look'd into by leſs than gods, and weaken'd?
Am I, whoſe bow ſtruck terror thro' the earth
No leſs than thunder, and in this exceeding
Even gods themſelves, whoſe knees before my altars,
Now ſhook off[7]? and contemn'd by ſuch, whoſe lives
Are but my recreation? Anger, riſe!
My ſufferance and myſelf are made the ſubject
Of ſins againſt us. Go thou out, diſpleaſure!
Diſpleaſure of a great god[8], fly thyſelf
Thro' all this kingdom; ſow whatever evils
Proud fleſh is taking of, amongſt theſe rebels;
And on the firſt hearts that deſpiſe my greatneſs
Lay a ſtrange miſery, that all may know
Cupid's Revenge is mighty! With this arrow,

7 —— *whoſe knees before my altars*
Now ſhook off] There is, as Seward obſerves, 'a great defi-
'ciency here both in grammar and ſenſe, and reaſon to ſuſpect a
'whole line to have been loſt;' which he ſuppoſes might have been like the following;

—— *whoſe knees before my altars*
In zealous ſupplication oft have bent.

8 *Diſpleaſure of a great god, fly thyſelf.*] So quarto; other copies, *flying*; and Seward, from Theobald's conjecture, reads *fling*.

Hotter

Hotter than plagues of mine own anger, will I
Now nobly right myſelf; nor ſhall the prayers,
Nor ſweet ſmokes on my altars, hold my hand,
'Till I have left this a moſt wretched land. [*Aſcends.*

Enter Hidaſpes and Cleophila.

Hid. Cleophila, what was he that went hence?
Cleo. What
Means your Grace now?
Hid. I mean that handſome man,
That ſomething more than man, I met at door.
Cleo. Here was no handſome man.
Hid. Come, he's ſome one
You would preſerve in private; but you want
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are ſharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance
See all the graces of a man. Who was it?
Cleo. That went hence now?
Hid. That went hence now? ay, he!
Cleo. Faith, here was no ſuch one as your Grace thinks:
Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but now.
Hid. I think 'twas he: How bravely he paſs'd by!
Is he not grown a goodly gentleman?
Cleo. A goodly gentleman, madam?
He's the moſt deformed fellow in the land.
Hid. Oh, blaſphemy! he may perhaps to thee
Appear deformed, for he is indeed
Unlike a man: His ſhape and colours are
Beyond the art of painting; he is like
Nothing that we have ſeen, yet doth reſemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
When riſing from his bed he ſtirs himſelf,
And ſhakes day from his hair[9].

[9] *When riſing from his bed, &c.*] Similar to this nobly-poetical paſſage is the following, in the Marriage-Night, by Lord Falkland:

'So breaks the morning forth of a cryſtal cloud,
'And ſo the ſun aſcends his glittering chair,
'And from his *burniſh'd locks ſhakes day about.*' *R.*

Cleo.

Cleo. He reſembles Apollo's recorder.

Hid. Cleophila, go ſend a page for him,
And thou ſhalt ſee thy error, and repent. [*Exit Cleo.*
Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,
And I am one of thoſe I us'd to ſcorn:
My maiden-thoughts are fled,[10]; againſt myſelf
I harbour traitors; my virginity,
That from my childhood kept me company,
Is heavier than I can endure to bear.
Forgive me, Cupid! for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature: I have ſinn'd;
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love[11]!

Enter Cleophila and Zoilus.

Cleo. Zoilus is here, madam.

Hid. He's there indeed.
Now be thine own judge! ſee, thou worſe than mad,
Is he deformed? Look upon thoſe eyes,
That let all pleaſure out into the world,
Unhappy that they cannot ſee themſelves!
Look on his hair, that like ſo many beams,
Streaking the Eaſt, ſhoot light o'er half the world!
Look on him altogether, who is made
As if two natures had contention
About their ſkill, and one had brought forth him!

Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
Madam, tho' Nature hath not given me
So much as others in my outward ſhow,
I bear a heart as loyal unto you
In this unſightly body (which you pleaſe
To make your mirth) as many others do
That are far more befriended in their births.

[10] *My maiden-thoughts are fled againſt myſelf;*
I harbour traitors in *my virginity.*] Corrected by Seward.

[11] *I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.*] As the addreſs is to *Love*, a comma and a great letter was a material corruption here: To aſk Cupid to let her enjoy what he would have her enjoy was a ridiculous requeſt, but to let her enjoy what he would have her love is the common prayer of all worſhippers of Cupid. *Seward*

Yet

Yet I could wiſh myſelf much more deform'd
Than yet I am, ſo I might make your Grace
More merry than you are.—Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Beſhrew me then
If I be merry! but I am content
Whilſt thou art with me; thou that art my ſaint;
By hope of whoſe mild favour I do live
To tell thee ſo: I pray thee, ſcorn me not!
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth
To triumph over me, that am a maid
Without deceit? whoſe heart doth guide her tongue?
Drown'd in my paſſions? Yet I will take leave
To call it reaſon, that I dote on thee.
Cleo. The princeſs is beſide her Grace, I think,
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i'th' dark when one is drunk.
Hid. What anſwer wilt thou give me?
Zoilus. If it pleaſe your Grace to jeſt on, I can abide it.
Hid. If it be jeſt[12], not to eſteem my life
Compar'd with thee; if it be jeſt in me,
To hang a thouſand kiſſes in an hour
Upon thoſe lips, and take 'em off again;
If it be jeſt for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilſt I live;
Then all I ſay is jeſt:
For every part of this, I ſwear by thoſe
That ſee my thoughts, I am reſolv'd to do!
And I beſeech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which, pardon me that I am bold to kiſs
With ſo unworthy lips) that thou wilt ſwear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of Heaven!
Zoilus. Marry you? Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Kill me, or grant! Wilt thou not ſpeak at all?
Zoilus. Why, I will do your will for ever.
Hid. I aſk no more: But let me kiſs that mouth

[12] If it be *jeſt*, &c.] This is very like the turn of a ſpeech in Philaſter, *If it be love*, &c.

That

That is ſo merciful! that is my will:
Next, go with me before the king in haſte,
That is my will; where I will make our peers
Know, that thou art their better.

Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
That is fine! ha, ha, ha!

Cleo. Madam, what means your Grace?
Conſider, for the love of Heaven, to what
You run madly! will you take this viper
Into your bed?

Hid. Away! hold off thy hands!
Strike her, ſweet Zoilus; for it is my will,
Which thou haſt ſworn to do.

Zoilus. Away, for ſhame!
Know you no manners?—Ha, ha, ha! [*Ex. with Hid.*

Cleo. Thou know'ſt none, I fear.
This is juſt Cupid's anger: Venus, look
Down mildly on us! and command thy ſon
To ſpare this lady once, and let me be
In love with all; and none in love with me[13]! [*Exit.*

Enter Iſmenus and Timantus.

Tim. Is your lordſhip for the wars this ſummer?

Iſm. Timantus;
Wilt thou go with me?

Tim. If I had a company;
My lord.

Iſm. Of fidlers? Thou a company?
No, no; keep thy company at home, and cauſe cuckolds;
The wars will hurt thy face: There are no ſemſters,
Shoemakers, nor taylors, nor almond-milk i'th'morning;
Nor poach'd eggs to keep your worſhip ſoluble;

[13] *And let me be in love with all; and none in love with me.*] The meaſure in this, as in all other plays, has been greatly neglected: It is generally reſtor'd here as well as in the reſt; and the reader will find even rhime as well as meaſure had been overlook'd in this paſſage. *Seward.*

The ſenſe is ſurely corrupt; the concluſion of this prayer is very ſtrange; it is rhime without reaſon.

No man to warm your ſhirt, and blow your roſes
Nor none to reverence your round lace breeches.
If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a caſe
For thy captainſhip! a ſhower will ſpoil thee elſe.
Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your lordſhip's wondrous witty;
Very pleaſant, believe't.

Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Niſus, and Leontius.

Leon. No news yet of my ſon?

Tel. Sir, there be divers out in ſearch; no doubt,
They'll bring the truth where he is, or the occaſion
That led him hence.

Tim. They muſt have good eyes then.

Leon. The gods go with them!—Who are thoſe that wait there?

Tel. The lord Iſmenus, your general, for his diſpatch.

Leon. Oh, nephew, we've no uſe to employ your virtue
In our war; now the province is well ſettled.
Hear you aught of the marquis?

Iſm. No, Sir.

Leon. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould be gone thus;
Theſe five days he was not ſeen.

Tim. I'll hold my life,
I could boult him in an hour.

Leon. Where is my daughter?

Dor. About the purging of the temples, Sir.

Leon. She's chaſte and virtuous. Fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her laſt requeſt, without repenting me, [*Exit Niſus.*
Be it what it will. She's wiſe, Dorialus,
And will not preſs me further than a father.

Dor. I pray the beſt may follow! yet, if your Grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At leaſt of ſuch whoſe wiſdoms ever wake
About your ſafety, I may ſay it, Sir,

14 *Roſes.*] *Ribands*, in the form of *roſes*, were formerly worn in the ſhoes of both gentlemen and ladies. *R.*

Under

Under your noble pardon, that this change
Either had been more honour to the gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the princeſs.

Enter Hidaſpes, Niſus, and Zoilus.

Leon. Oh, my daughter, my health!
And, did I ſay my ſoul, I lied not,
Thou art ſo near me! Speak, and have whatever
Thy wiſe will leads thee to! Had I a Heaven,
It were too poor a place for ſuch a goodneſs!
Dor. What's here?
Age. An ape's ſkin ſtuff'd I think,
It is ſo plump.
Hid. Sir, you have paſt your word;
Still be a prince, and hold you to it. Wonder
Not I preſs you; my life lies in your word;
If you break that, you've broke my heart! I muſt
Aſk that's my ſhame, and your will muſt not deny me;
Now, for Heaven, be not forſworn!
Leon. By th' gods,
I will not! I cannot, were there no other
Pow'r than my love call'd to a witneſs of it.
Dor. They have much reaſon to truſt; you have forſworn
One of 'em out o'th' country already.
Hid. Then this is my requeſt: This gentleman—
Be not aſham'd, Sir; you are worth a kingdom.
Leon. In what?
Hid. In the way of marriage.
Leon. How?
Hid. In the way of marriage; it muſt be ſo!
Your oath is tied to Heaven, as my love
To him.
Leon. I know thou doſt but try my age;
Come, aſk again!
Hid. If I ſhould aſk all
My life-time, this is all ſtill. Sir, I'm ſerious; I
Muſt have this worthy man, without enquiring why;
And ſuddenly, and freely: Do not look

For reaſon or obedience in my words;
My love admits no wiſdom; only haſte
And hope hangs on my fury. Speak, Sir, ſpeak!
But not as a father; I'm deaf and dull to counſel;
Inflamed blood hears nothing but my will.
For God's ſake, ſpeak!
Dor. Here's a brave alteration!
Niſus. This comes of chaſtity.
Hid. Will you not ſpeak, Sir?
Age. The god begins his vengeance: What a ſweet
Youth he has ſent us here, with a pudding in's belly!
Leon. Oh, let me never ſpeak,
Or with my words let me ſpeak out my life!
Thou pow'r abus'd, great Love, whoſe vengeance now
We feel and fear, have mercy on this land!
Niſus. How does your Grace?
Leon. Sick; very ſick, I hope.
Dor. Gods comfort you!
Hid. Will not you ſpeak? is this your royal word?
Do not pull perjury upon your ſoul!
Sir, you are old, and near your puniſhment;
Remember!
Leon. Away, baſe woman!
Hid. Then be no more my father, but a plague
I'm bound to pray againſt! be any ſin
May force me to deſpair, and hang myſelf!
Be thy name never more remember'd, king,
But in example of a broken faith,
And curs'd ev'n to forgetfulneſs! may thy land
Bring forth ſuch monſters as thy daughter is!—
I'm weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him! will you, noble Sir?
Leon. Mercy, mercy, Heav'n!
Thou heir of all diſhonour, ſham'ſt thou not
To draw this little moiſture left for life,
Thus rudely from me?—Carry that ſlave to death!
Zoilus. For Heav'n's ſake, Sir! it is no fault of mine
That ſhe will love me.
Leon. To death with him, I ſay!

Hid.

Hid. Then make haſte, tyrant, or I'll be before him [15]!
This is the way to Hell.
Leon. Hold faſt, I charge you!
Away with him!
Hid. Alas, old man, death hath more doors than one,
And I will meet him. [*Exit.*
Leon. Dorialus, pray
See her i' her chamber, and lay a guard about her.
The greateſt curſe the gods lay on our frailties
Is will [16] and diſobedience in our iſſues,
Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us,
With our fond loves. Beaſts, you are only bleſt
That have that happy dulneſs to forget
What you have made! your young ones grieve not you;
They wander where they liſt, and have their ways
Without diſhonour to you; and their ends
Fall on 'em without ſorrow of their parents,
Or after ill remembrance [17]. Oh, this woman!
'Would I had made myſelf a ſepulchre,
When I made her!—Nephew, where is the prince?
Pray God he have not more part of her baſeneſs
Than of her blood about him! Gentlemen,
Where is he?
Iſm. I know not, Sir. H'has his ways by himſelf,
'Is too wiſe for my company.
Leon. I don't like
This hiding of himſelf, from ſuch ſociety

[15] *Or Ile* be for *him.*] The princeſs here attempts to kill herſelf, and the natural reading is equally neceſſary to the meaſure. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in this correction, as does Mr. Sympſon too. *Seward.*

We have adopted the alteration, though perhaps the original ran (which ſeems more in our Authors' ſtile),

——*or* I will BEFORE *him!*

[16] *Will.*] i. e. *Wilfulneſs, perverſeneſs.*

[17] *Or* after ill *remembrance.*] Sewards reads, *after-ill*; but the hyphen makes it very very hard, and the paſſage is clear enough without it.

As fits his perſon [18]; ſome of you needs muſt know.
Iſm. I'm ſure not I, nor have known twice theſe ten days;
Which, if I were as proud as ſome of 'em,
I ſhould take ſcurvily: But he's a young man,
Let him have his ſwinge! 'twill make him——
[*Timantus whiſpers to the duke.*
There's ſome good matter now in hand:
How the ſlave jeers and grins! the duke is pleas'd;
There's a new pair of ſcarlet hoſe now, and as much
Money to ſpare, as will fetch the old from pawn,
A hat and a cloak to go out tomorrow!
Garters and ſtockings come by nature.
Leon. Be ſure of this!
Tim. I durſt not ſpeak elſe, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Cornets. Cupid deſcends.

Cupid. LEUCIPPUS, thou art ſhot thro' with a ſhaſt
That will not rankle long, yet ſharp enough
To ſow a world of helpleſs miſery
In this unhappy kingdom: Doſt thou think,
Becauſe thou art a prince, to make a part [19]
Againſt my power? But it is all the fault
Of thy old father, who believes his age
Is cold enough to quench my burning darts;
But he ſhall know ere long, that my dart looſe

[18] *From ſuch ſociety as his perſon,*
Some of it *ye needs muſt know.*] Former editions. The changes now introduced render both the ſenſe and meaſure tolerably eaſy. I find Mr. Theobald's conjecture on the paſſage ſo near mine, that it is of no conſequence which is inſerted: He reads,
——— *as* fits *his perſon.* *Seward.*

[19] *To make a* part.] Sympſon reads *party*; but the old reading is much more in our Poets' ſtile.

Can

Can thaw ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
Of Neſtor: Thou thyſelf art lightly ſtruck;
But his mad love ſhall publiſh, that the rage
Of Cupid has the power to conquer age. [*Aſcends.*

Enter Leucippus and Bacha.

Leuc. Why, what's the matter?
Bacha. Have you got the ſpoil
You thirſted for? Oh, tyranny of men!
Leuc. I pray thee leave!
Bacha. Your envy is, Heav'n knows,
Beyond the reach of all our feeble ſex:
What pain, alas, could it have been to you,
If I had kept mine honour? You might ſtill
Have been a prince, and ſtill this country's heir.
That innocent guard which I till now had kept,
For my defence, my virtue, did it ſeem
So dangerous in a ſtate, that you yourſelf
Came to ſuppreſs it?
Leuc. Dry thine eyes again;
I'll kiſs thy tears away: This is but folly;
'Tis paſt all help.
Bacha. Now you have won the treaſure,
'Tis my requeſt that you would leave me thus,
And never ſee theſe empty walls again:
I know you will do ſo; and well you may,
For there is nothing in 'em that is worth
A glance: I loath myſelf, and am become
Another woman! one, methinks, with whom
I want acquaintance.
Leuc. If I do offend thee,
I can be gone: And tho' I love thy ſight,
So highly do I prize thine own content,
That I will leave thee.
Bacha. Nay, you may ſtay now;
You ſhould have gone before: I know not now
Why I ſhould fear you: All I ſhould have kept
Is ſtol'n; nor is it in the power of man
To rob me further. If you can invent,

Spare not! No naked man fears robbing leſs
Than I do; now you may for ever ſtay.
Leuc. Why, I could do thee further wrong.
Bacha. You have
A deeper reach in evil than I; 'tis paſt
My thoughts.
Leuc. And paſt my will to act;
But truſt me I could do it.
Bacha. Good Sir, do;
That I may know there is a wrong beyond
What you have done me.
Leuc. I could tell all the world
What thou haſt done.
Bacha. Yes, you may tell the world;
And do you think I am ſo vain to hope
You will not? You can tell the world but this,
That I'm a widow, full of tears in ſhow,
(My huſband dead, and one that lov'd me ſo,
Hardly a week) forgot my modeſty,
And, caught with youth and greatneſs, gave myſelf
To live in ſin with you: This you may tell;
And this I do deſerve!
Leuc. Why, doſt thou think me
So baſe to tell? Theſe limbs of mine ſhall part
From one another on a rack,
Ere I diſcloſe. But thou doſt utter words
That much afflict me; you did ſeem as ready,
Sweet Bacha, as myſelf.
Bacha. You are right a man;
When they have 'witch'd us into miſery,
Poor innocent ſouls, they lay the fault on us.
But, be it ſo! for prince Leucippus' ſake,
I will bear any thing.
Leuc. Come, weep no more!
I wrought thee to it; it was my fault.
Nay, ſee if thou wilt leave! Here, take this pearl!
Kiſs me, ſweet Bacha, and receive this purſe.
Bacha. What ſhould I do with theſe? they will
not deck

My

My mind.
Leuc. Why, keep 'em to remember me.
I muſt be gone; I have been abſent long;
I know the duke my father is in rage,
But I will ſee thee ſuddenly again.
Farewell, my Bacha!
Bacha. Gods keep you!—Do you hear, Sir?
Pray give me a point to wear.
Leuc. Alas, good Bacha,
Take one, I pray thee, where thou wilt.
Bacha. Coming
From you, this point is of as high eſteem
With me, as all pearl and gold. Nothing but good
Be ever with or near you!
Leuc. Fare thee well,
Mine own good Bacha! I will make all haſte. [*Exit.*
Bacha. Juſt as you are a dozen I eſteem you;
No more: Does he think I would proſtitute
Myſelf for love? It was the love of theſe pearls
And gold that won me. I confeſs I luſt
More after him than any other,
And would at any rate, if I had ſtore,
Purchaſe his fellowſhip; but being poor,
I'll both enjoy his body and his purſe,
And, he a prince, ne'er think myſelf the worſe.

Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Iſmenus, and Timantus.

Leon. Nay, you muſt back and ſhew us what it is
That 'witches you out of your honour thus.
Bacha. Who's that?
Tim. Look there, Sir!
Leon. Lady, never fly;
You are betray'd.
Bacha. Leave me, my tears, a while,
And to my juſt rage give a little place!—
What ſaucy man are you, that without leave
Enter upon a widow's mournful houſe?
You hinder a dead man from many tears,
Who did deſerve more than the world can ſhed,

Tho'

Tho' they ſhould weep themſelves to images.
If not for love of me, yet of yourſelf,
Away, for you can bring no comfort to me!
But you may carry hence, you know not what:
Nay, ſorrow is infectious.
Leon. Thou thyſelf
Art grown infectious! Wouldſt thou know my name?
I am the duke, father to this young man
Whom thou corrupt'ſt.
Bacha [*aſide*]. Has he then told him all?
Leuc. You do her wrong, Sir!
Bacha. Oh, he has not told.—
Sir, I beſeech you pardon my wild tongue,
Directed by a weak diſtemper'd head,
Madded with grief! Alas, I did not know
You were my ſovereign; but now you may
Command my poor unworthy life, which will
Be none, I hope, ere long.
Leon. All thy diſſembling
Will never hide thy ſhame: And wer't not more
Reſpecting woman-hood in general,
Than any thing in thee, thou ſhouldſt be made
Such an example, that poſterity,
When they would ſpeak moſt bitterly, ſhould ſay,
'Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.'
Bacha. Sir, tho' you be my king, whom I will ſerve
In all juſt cauſes, yet when wrongfully
You ſeek to take my honour, I will riſe
Thus, and deſy you; for it is a jewel
Dearer than you can give, which whilſt I keep,
(Tho' in this lowly houſe) I ſhall eſteem
Myſelf above the princes of the earth
That are without it. If the prince your ſon,
Whom you accuſe me with, know how to ſpeak
Diſhonour of me, if he do not do it,
The plagues of Hell light on him, may he never
Govern this kingdom! Here I challenge him,
Before the face of Heav'n, my liege, and theſe,
To ſpeak the worſt he can! If he will lie,

To

To loſe a woman's fame, I'll ſay he is
Like you (I think I cannot call him worſe).
He's dead, that with his life would have defended
My reputation, and I forc'd to play
(That which I am) the fooliſh woman, and uſe
My liberal tongue.
Leuc. Is't poſſible?
We men are children in our carriages,
Compar'd with women. Wake thyſelf, for ſhame,
And leave not her whoſe honour thou ſhouldſt keep
Safe as thine own, alone to free herſelf!
But I am preſs'd, I know not how, with guilt,
And feel my conſcience (never us'd to lie)
Loath to allow my tongue to add a lie
To that too much I did: But it is lawful
To defend her, that only for my love
Lov'd evil.
Leon. Tell me, why did you, Leucippus,
Stay here ſo long?
Leuc. If I can urge aught from me
But a truth, Hell take me!
Leon. What's the matter?
Why ſpeak you not?
Tim. Alas, good Sir, forbear
To urge the prince; you ſee his ſhameface'dneſs.
Bacha. What does he ſay, Sir? If thou be a prince,
Shew it, and tell the truth!
Iſm. If you've lain with her,
Tell your father; no doubt but he has done as ill
Before now: The gentlewoman will be proud on't.
Bacha. For God's ſake, ſpeak!
Leuc. Have you done prating yet?
Iſm. Who prates?
Leuc. Thou know'ſt I do not ſpeak
To thee, Iſmenus: But what ſaid you,
Timantus, concerning my ſhameface'dneſs?
Tim. Nothing, I hope, that might diſpleaſe your highneſs.
Leuc. If any of thy great-great-grandmothers,
This thouſand years, had been as chaſte as ſhe,

It

It would have made thee honeſter: I ſtay'd
To hear what you would ſay. She is, by Heav'n,
Of the moſt ſtrict and blameleſs chaſtity
That ever woman was:—Good gods, forgive me!—
Had Tarquin met with her, ſhe had been kill'd
With a ſlave by her, ere ſhe had agreed.
I lie with her? 'would I might periſh then!
Our mothers, whom we all muſt reverence,
Could ne'er exceed her for her chaſtity,
Upon my ſoul! for, by this light, ſhe is
A moſt obſtinate modeſt creature!

Leon. What did you with her then ſo long, Leucippus?

Leuc. I'll tell you, Sir; You ſee ſhe's beautiful.

Leon. I ſee it well.

Leuc. Mov'd by her face, I came
With luſtful thoughts (which was a fault in me;
But, telling truth, ſomething more pardonable,
And for the world I will not lie to you):
Proud of myſelf, I thought a prince's name
Had power to blow 'em down flat o' their backs;
But here I found a rock not to be ſhook:
For, as I hope for good, Sir, all the battery
That I could lay to her, or of my perſon,
My greatneſs, or gold, could nothing move her.

Leon. 'Tis very ſtrange, being ſo young and fair.

Leuc. She's almoſt thirty, Sir.

Leon. How do you know
Her age ſo juſt?

Leuc. She told it me herſelf
Once when ſhe went about to ſhew by reaſon
I ſhould leave wooing her.

Leon. She ſtains the ripeſt virgins of her age.

Leuc. If I had ſin'd with her, I would be loath
To publiſh her diſgrace; but, by my life,
I would have told it you, becauſe I think
You would have pardon'd me the rather.
And I will tell you, father[20]: By this light, Sir,

[20] *And I will tell* you father.] Edition 17,c,—*will tell* you FARTHER.

(But

(But that I never will beſtow myſelf
But to your liking) if ſhe now would have me,
I now would marry her.
Leon. How's that, Leucippus?
Leuc. Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet
I have not done, but had a will to do,
And I will tell it?
Leon. Be it what it will,
I pardon thee.
Leuc. I offer'd marriage to her.
Leon. Did ſhe refuſe it?
Leuc. With that earneſtneſs,
And almoſt ſcorn to think of any other
After her loſt mate, that ſhe made me think
Myſelf unworthy of her.
Leon. You have ſtay'd
Too long, Leucippus.
Leuc. Yes, Sir.—Forgive me, Heav'n,
What multitude of oaths have I beſtow'd
On lies! and yet they were officious lies,
There was no malice in 'em.
Leon. She's the faireſt
Creature that ever I beheld; and then
So chaſte, 'tis wonderful: The more I look
On her the more I am amaz'd. I've long
Thought of a wife, and one I would have had,
But that I was afraid to meet a woman
That might abuſe my age; but here ſhe is
Whom I may truſt to: Of a chaſtity
Impregnable, and approv'd ſo by my ſon;
The meanneſs of her birth will ſtill preſerve her
In due obedience; and her beauty is
Of force enough to pull me back to youth.
My ſon once ſent away, whoſe rivalſhip
I have juſt cauſe to fear, if power, or gold,
Or wit, can win her to me, ſhe is mine.—
Nephew Iſmenus, I have new intelligence
Your province is unquiet ſtill.
Iſm. I'm glad on't.

Leon.

Leon. And
So dangerouſly, that I muſt ſend the prince
In perſon with you.

Iſm. I'm glad of that too, Sir:
Will you diſpatch us? we ſhall wither here
For ever.

Leon. You ſhall be diſpatch'd within
This hour: Leucippus, never wonder, nor aſk;
It muſt be thus.—Lady, I aſk your pardon,
Whoſe virtue I have ſlubber'd with my tongue;
And you ſhall ever be
Chaſte in my memory hereafter; but
We old men often dote. To make amends
For my great fault, receive that ring! I'm ſorry for
Your grief; may it ſoon leave you!—Come, my lords;
Let us be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Bacha. Heaven bleſs your Grace!
One that had but ſo much modeſty left as to bluſh,
Or ſhrink a little at his firſt encounter,
Had been undone; where I come off with honour,
And gain too: They that never would be track'd
In any courſe, by the moſt ſubtle ſenſe,
Muſt bear it thro' with frontleſs impudence. [*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Niſus.

Dor. Gentlemen, this is a ſtrange piece of juſtice,
To put the wretched dwarf to death becauſe
She doted on him: Is ſhe not a woman,
And ſubject to thoſe mad figaries her whole
Sex is infected with? Had ſhe lov'd you, or you,
Or I, or all on's, (as indeed the more
The merrier ſtill with them) muſt we therefore
Have our heads par'd with a hatchet? So ſhe may love
All the nobility out o'th' dukedom in
A month, and let the raſcals in.

Niſus. You will not, or you do not, ſee the need
That makes this juſt to the world?

Dor. I cannot tell; I would be loth to feel it:
But, the beſt is, ſhe loves not proper men;

We

We three were in wiſe caſes elſe. But make me know
This need.

Niſus. Why, yes: He being taken away,
This baſe incontinence dies preſently,
And ſhe muſt ſee her ſhame and ſorrow for it.

Dor. Pray God ſhe do! But was the ſprat beheaded?
Or did they ſwing him about like a chicken, and
So break his neck?

Agen. Yes, he was beheaded,
And a ſolemn juſtice made of it.

Dor. That might
Have been deducted.

Age. Why, how would you have had him die?

Dor. Faith, I would have had him roaſted like a warden [21],
In a brown paper, and no more talk on't; or
A feather ſtuck in's head like a quail; or hang'd him
In a dog-collar: What, ſhould he be beheaded?
We ſhall ha' it grow ſo baſe ſhortly, gentlemen
Will be out of love with it.

Niſus. I wonder
From whence this love of the dwarf firſt ſprung?

Dor. From an old lecherous pair of breeches, that
Lay upon a wench to keep her warm; for certainly
They are no man's work; and I'm ſure a monkey
Would get one of the guard to this fellow!
He was no bigger than a ſmall portmanteau,
And much about that making, if't had legs.

Age. But, gentlemen, what ſay you to the prince?

Niſus. Ay, concerning his being ſent I know not whither.

Dor. Why then, he will come home I know not when.
You ſhall pardon me; I will talk no more
Of this ſubject, but ſay, Gods be with him,
Where-e'er he is, and ſend him well home again!
For why he is gone, or when he will return,
Let them know that directed him! Only this,

[21] *Like a* warden.] A *warden* is a *pear*, which is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. *R.*

There's

There's mad moriſcoes in the ſtate;
But what they are, I'll tell you when I know.
Come, let's go, hear all, and ſay nothing!
Age. Content. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timantus and Telamon.

Tel. Timantus, is the duke ready yet?
Tim. Almoſt.
Tel. What ails him?
Tim. Faith, I know not; I think he has dream'd
He's but eighteen; has been worſe ſince he ſent you
Forth for the frizzling-iron.
Tel. That can't be;
He lay in gloves all night, and this morning I
Brought him a new perriwig, with a lock at it[22], and
Knock'd up a ſwing in's chamber.
Tim. Oh, but ſince,
His taylor came, and they have fallen out
About the faſhion of his cloaths; and yonder's
A fellow come, has bor'd a hole in's ear[23];
And h' has beſpake a vaulting-horſe. You ſhall ſee him
Come forth preſently: He looks like Winter,
Stuck here and there with freſh flowers.
Tel. Will he not
Tilt, think you?
Tim. I think he will.
Tel. What does he mean to do?
Tim. I know not;
But, by this light, I think he is in love!
He would ha' been ſhaved but for me.
Tel. In love?
With whom?

[22] *With a* lock *at it*;] i. e. *A love-lock.* The alluſion is (as Dr. Warburton obſerves in a note on Much Ado About Nothing) to the fantaſtical cuſtom in our Poets' days, of men wearing 'a favourite 'lock of hair, which was brought before, tied with ribands, and 'called a *love-lock.* Againſt this faſhion, Prynne wrote his treatiſe, 'called the Unlovelineſs of Love-Locks.'

[23] *A hole in's ear*;] i. e. For an *ear-ring*, by means of which the love-lock was *brought before.*

Tim.

Tim. I could gueſs, but you ſhall pardon me;
He will take me along with him ſome whither.
Tel. I over-heard him aſk your opinion of
Somebody's beauty.
Tim. Yes; there it goes, that makes him
So youthful. And he has laid by his crutch,
And halts now with a leading ſtaff.

Enter Leontius, with a ſtaff and a looking-glaſs.

Leon. Timantus!
Tim. Sir.
Leon. This feather is not large enough.
Tim. Yes, faith,
'Tis ſuch an one as the reſt of the young gallants wear.
Leon. Telamon, does it do well?
Tel. Sir, it becomes you,
Or you become it, the rarelieſt——
Leon. Away! doſt think ſo?
Tel. Think, Sir? I know it.—
Sir, the princeſs is paſt all hope of life
Since the dwarf was put to death.
Leon. Let her be ſo;
I have other matters in hand. But this ſame taylor
Angers me; he has made my doublet ſo wide!
And ſee, the knave has put no points at my arm!
Tim. Thoſe will be put-to quickly, Sir,
Upon any occaſion.
Leon. Telamon,
Have you bid this dancer come a-mornings?
Tel. Yes, Sir.
Leon. Timantus, let me ſee the glaſs again;
Look you how careleſs you are grown! is this tooth
Well put in?
Tim. Which, Sir?
Leon. This, Sir.
Tim. It ſhall be.
Tel. Methinks that tooth ſhould put him
In mind on's years! and Timantus ſtands, as if
(Seeing the duke in ſuch a youthful habit)
He were looking in his mouth how old he were.

Leon. So, ſo!
Tel. Will you have your gown, Sir?
Leon. My gown?
Why, am I ſick? Bring me my ſword! let a couple
Of the great horſes he brought out for us. [*Exit Tel.*
Tim. He'll kill himſelf.—Why, will you ride, Sir?
Leon. Ride?
Doſt thou think I cannot ride?
Tim. Oh, yes, Sir,
I know it: But, as I conceive your journey,
You'd have it private; and then you were better take
A coach.
Leon. Theſe coaches make me ſick: Yet, 'tis
No matter; let it be ſo.

Enter Telamon with a ſword.

Tel. Sir, here's your ſword.
Leon. Oh, well ſaid; let me ſee it! I could,
methinks—
Why, Telamon, bring me another! what, think'ſt thou
I'll wear a ſword in vain?
Tel. He has not ſtrength
Enough to draw it:
A yoke of fleas tied to a hair would have drawn it.
'Tis out, Sir, now; the ſcabbard is broke.
Leon. Oh, put it up again, and on with it!
Methinks, I'm not dreſs'd 'till I feel my ſword on.
Telamon, if any of my council aſk for me,
Say I am gone to take the air.
Tim. He has not
Been dreſs'd this twenty years thus [21]. If this vein
Hold but a week, he'll learn to play o'th' baſe viol,
And ſing to't: He's poetical already;
For I have ſpied a ſonnet of his making
Lie by his bed's ſide: I'll be ſo unmannerly
To read it. [*Exeunt.*

Cleophila, Hero, and Hidaſpes in a bed, diſcovered.
Hid. He's dead, he's dead, and I am following!

[21] *This twenty years* then] Former editions. *Seward.*

Cleo.

Cleo. Aſk Cupid mercy, madam!
Hid. Oh, my heart!
Cleo. Help!
Hero. Stir her!
Hid. Oh, oh!
Cleo. She's going; wretched women that we are!
Look to her, and I'll pray the while. [*She kneels.*
Hero. Why, madam——
Cleo. Cupid, pardon what is paſt,
And forgive our ſins at laſt;
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy deity adore:
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a dance at night,
In the fields, or by the fire,
With the youths that have deſire—
How does ſhe yet?
Hero. Oh, ill!
Cleo. Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lovers' hair,
Which they on our arms ſhall twiſt,
With their names carv'd, on our wriſt;
All the money that we owe,
We in tokens will beſtow;
And learn to write, that, when 'tis ſent,
Only our loves know what is meant.
Oh, then pardon what is paſt,
And forgive our ſins at laſt!
What, mends ſhe?
Hero. Nothing; you do it not wantonly; you ſhould ſing.
Cleo. Why——
Hero. Leave, leave! 'tis now too late: She's dead,
Her laſt is breath'd.
Cleo. What ſhall we do?
Hero. Go run, [*Exit Cleo.*
And tell the duke; and, whilſt, I'll cloſe her eyes.
Thus I ſhut thy faded light,
And put it in eternal night.

Where is ſhe can boldly ſay,
Tho' ſhe be as freſh as May,
She ſhall not by this corpſe be laid,
Ere tomorrow's light do fade?
Let us all now living be
Warn'd by thy ſtrict chaſtity,
And marry all faſt as we can!
'Till then we keep a piece of man
Wrongfully from them that owe it:
Soon may every maid beſtow it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha and her Maid.

Bacha. Who is it?

Maid. Forſooth, there's a gallant coach at the door,
And the brave old man in't, that you ſaid was the duke.

Bacha. Cupid, grant he may be taken!

Maid. He's coming up, and looks the ſwaggering'ſt,
And has ſuch glorious cloaths!

Bacha. Let all the houſe ſeem ſad[24], and ſee all handſome!

Enter Leontius and Timantus.

Leon. Nay, widow, fly not back; we come not now
To chide; ſtand up, and bid me welcome.

Bacha. To a poor widow's houſe, that knows no end
Of her ill fortune, your highneſs is moſt welcome.

Leon. Come, kiſs me then! this is but manners, widow:
Ne'er fling your head aſide! I have more cauſe
Of grief than you; my daughter's dead: But what?
'Tis nothing.—Is the rough French horſe brought to th' door?
They ſay he is a high goer; I ſhall ſoon try
His mettle.

Tim. He will be, Sir, and the grey
Barbary; they're fiery both.

Leon. They are the better:

[24] *Let all the houſe ſee me ſad.*] Both the ſenſe and meaſure confirm a very juſt emendation of Mr. Theobald's here; *ſeem* for *ſee me*. Mr. Sympſon has ſince ſent me the ſame correction. *Seward.*

Before

Before the gods, I'm lightſome, very lightſome!
How doſt thou like me, widow?
Bacha. As a perſon
In whom all graces are.
Leon. Come, come, you flatter!
I'll clap your cheek for that; and you ſhall not
Be angry. Haſt no muſic? Now could I cut
Three times with eaſe, and do a croſs point, ſhould
Shame all your gallants!
Bacha. I do believe you;—and yourſelf too:
Lord, what a fine old zany my love has made him!
He's mine, I'm ſure: Heav'n make me thankful for him!
Leon. Tell me how old thou art, my pretty ſweet-heart?
Tim. Your Grace will not buy her? ſhe may trip, Sir!
Bacha. My ſorrow ſhews me elder than I am
By many years.
Leon. Thou art ſo witty I
Muſt kiſs again.
Tim. Indeed her age lies not
In her mouth; ne'er look it there, Sir: She has
A better regiſter, if it be not burnt.
Leon. I will kiſs thee:—I am afire, Timantus!
Tim. Can you chuſe, Sir, having ſuch heav'nly fire
Before you?
Leon. Widow, gueſs why I come; I prithee do.
Bacha. I cannot, Sir, unleſs you be pleas'd to make
A mirth out of my rudeneſs; and that I hope
Your pity will not let you, the ſubject is
So barren.—Bite, king, bite! I'll let you play a while.
Leon. Now, as I'm an honeſt man, I'll tell thee truly.
How many foot did I jump yeſterday,
Timantus?
Tim. Fourteen of your own, and ſome
Three fingers.
Bacha. This fellow lies as lightly,
As if he were in cut taffata:
Alas, good almanack, get thee to bed,
And tell what weather we ſhall have tomorrow!

Leon. Widow, I'm come, in ſhort, to be a ſuitor.
Bacha. For whom?
Leon. Why, by my troth, I come to wooe thee, wench,
And win thee, for myſelf: Nay, look upon me!
I have about me that will do it.
Bacha. Now Heaven defend me! Your whore[25]?
You ſhall never—I thank the gods, I have
A little left me to keep me warm and honeſt:
If your Grace take not that, I ſeek no more.
Leon. I am ſo far from taking any thing,
I'll add unto thee.
Bacha. Such additions may
Be for your eaſe, Sir, not my honeſty;
I'm well in being ſingle; good Sir, ſeek another;
I am no meat for money.
Leon. Shall I fight for thee?
This ſword ſhall cut his throat that dares lay claim
But to a finger of thee, but to a look;
I would ſee ſuch a fellow!
Bacha. It would be
But a cold fight to you! This is the father of
St. George a-footback: Can ſuch dry mummy talk?
Tim. Before the gods, your Grace looks like Æneas.
Bacha. He looks like his old father upon his back,
Crying to get aboard.
Leon. How ſhall I win thy love? I pray thee tell me,
I'll marry thee, if thou deſireſt that:
That is an honeſt courſe, (I'm in good earneſt)
And preſently within this hour (I am mad for thee):
Prithee deny me not; for as I live
I'll pine for thee, but I'll have thee!
Bacha. Now he is in the toil, I'll hold him faſt.
Tim. You do not know what 'tis to be a queen:

[25] *Your whore ſhall never.*] The ſenſe and meaſure being both defective, I have put in the natural words that ſupply both. *Seward.*
Seward reads, *Your whore I ſhall be never.*—The quarto of 1635 ſays, *Your whore you ſhall never*; which words, with the help of a point of *interrogation*, and marking it as a broken ſentence, make much the beſt reading.

Go to[26]; you're made! What the old man falls ſhort of,
There's others can eek out, when you pleaſe to call on'em.

Bacha. I underſtand you not.—Love, I adore thee!—
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks,
For ſo much honouring your humble handmaid
Above her birth, far more her weak deſervings.
I dare not truſt the envious tongues of all
That muſt repine at my unworthy riſing;
Beſide, you've many fair ones in your kingdom,
Born to ſuch worth: Oh, turn yourſelf about,
And make a noble choice!

Leon. If I do, let me famiſh! I will have thee
Or break up houſe, and board here.

Bacha. Sir, you may ..
Command an unwilling woman to obey you:
But Heaven knows——

Leon. No more! theſe half-a-dozen kiſſes,
And this jewel, and every thing I have,
And away with me, and clap it up; and have
A boy by morning!—Timantus, let one be ſent
Poſt for my ſon again; and for Iſmenus!
They are ſcarce twenty miles on their way yet:
By that time, we'll be married.

Tim. There ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Niſus.

Niſus. IS not this a fine marriage?

Age. Yes, yes; let it alone.

Dor. Ay, ay, the king may marry whom he liſt.

[26] *Go too* you mayd, *what*, &c.] The Editors of 1750 read, *Go to*, you're mad, ELSE *what*, &c. which Seward believes 'will 'be aſſented to by every Reader.' As the word *elſe* is not in the copy of 1635, we ſuppoſe it interpolated; and *mayd* ſurely is only an orthographical error. So, in the Winter's Tale,

'—— You're a *made* old man.' *R.*

Let's talk of other matters.

Niſus. Is the prince
Coming home certainly?

Dor. Yes, yes; he was
Sent poſt for yeſterday: Let's make haſte! we'll ſee
How his new mother-in-law will entertain him.

Niſus. Why, well, I warrant you: Did you not mark
How humbly ſhe carried herſelf to us on
Her marriage-day, acknowledging her own
Unworthineſs, and that ſhe would be our ſervant?

Dor. But mark what's done!

Niſus. Regard not ſhow!

Age. Oh, God!
I knew her when I have been offer'd her
To be brought to my bed for five pounds; whether
It could have been perform'd or no, I know not.

Niſus. Her daughter is a pretty lady.

Dor. Yes;
And having had but mean bringing up,
It talks the prettilieſt and innocentlieſt!
The queen will be ſo angry to hear her betray
Her breeding by her language! But I'm perſuaded
She's well diſpos'd.

Age. I think better than her mother.

Niſus. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leucippus and Iſmenus.

Iſm. How now, man? ſtruck dead with a tale?

Leuc. No,
But with a truth.

Iſm. Stand of yourſelf: Can you endure blows,
And ſhrink at words?

Leuc. Thou know'ſt I've told thee all.

Iſm. But that's all nothing to make you thus; your
ſiſter
Is dead.

Leuc. That's much; but not the moſt.

Iſm. Why, for the other,
Let her marry and hang; it is no purpos'd fault

Of

Of yours! and if your father will needs have
Your caſt whore, you ſhall ſhew the duty of
A child better in being contented, and
Bidding much good do his good old heart with her,
Than in repining thus at it: Let her go! what!
There are more wenches, man; we'll have another.
Leuc. Oh, thou art vain; thou know'ſt I do not love her.
What ſhall I do? I would my tongue had led me
To any other thing, but blaſphemy,
So I had miſs'd commending of this woman,
Whom I muſt reverence, now ſhe is my mother!
My ſin, Iſmenus, has wrought all this ill:
And I beſeech thee to be warn'd by me,
And do not lie! If any man ſhould aſk thee
But *How thou doſt*, or *What o'clock 'tis now*,
Be ſure thou do not lie! Make no excuſe
For him that is moſt near thee! never let
The moſt officious falſhood[27] 'ſcape thy tongue!
For they above (that are entirely truth)
Will make that ſeed which thou haſt ſown of lies,
Yield miſeries a thouſand-fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your highneſs is welcome home! the king
And queen will preſently come forth to you.
Leuc. I'll wait on them.
Tim. Worthy Iſmenus, I pray you,
How have you ſped in your wars?
Iſm. This rogue mocks me!—
Well, Timantus. Pray how have you ſped here
At home at ſhuffleboard?
Tim. Faith, reaſonable.
How many towns have you taken in this ſummer?
Iſm. How many ſtags have you been at the death of this graſs?

[27] Officious *falſhood.*] *Officious* ſeems here to relate to *duty, office.* It is ſimilarly uſed by the ſame ſpeaker in p. 461.

Tim.

Tim. A number. Pray how is the province ſettled?
Iſm. Prithee how does the dun nag?
Tim. I think you mock me,
My lord.
Iſm. Mock thee? Yes, by my troth do I;
Why, what wouldſt thou have me do with thee?
Art good for any thing elſe?

Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Niſus, and Telamon.

Leuc. My good Iſmenus, hold me by the wriſt!
And if thou ſee'ſt me fainting, wring me hard,
For I ſhall ſwoon again elſe! [*Kneels.*
Leon. Welcome, my ſon! Riſe. I did ſend for thee
Back from the province, by thy mother's counſel,
Thy good mother here, who loves thee well:
She would not let me venture all my joy
Amongſt my enemies. I thank thee for her,
And none but thee: I took her on thy word.
Leuc. Pinch harder!
Leon. And ſhe ſhall bid thee welcome. I have now
Some near affairs, but I will drink a health
To thee anon. Come, Telamon! I'm grown
Luſtier, I thank thee for it, ſince I married;
Why, Telamon, I can ſtand now alone,
And never ſtagger. [*Exeunt Leon. and Tel.*
Bacha. Welcome, moſt noble Sir, whoſe fame is come
Hither before you!—Out, alas! you ſcorn me,
And teach me what to do.
Leuc. No; you are
My mother.
Bacha. Far unworthy of that name,
God knows! But truſt me, here before theſe lords,
I am no more but nurſe unto the duke;
Nor will I breed a faction in the ſtate:
It is too much for me that I am rais'd
Unto his bed, and will remain the ſervant
Of you that did it.
Leuc. Madam, I will ſerve you

As ſhall become me.—Oh, diſſembling woman!
Whom I muſt reverence tho'. Take from thy quiver,
Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy ſwift darts,
Headed with thy conſuming golden beams,
And let it melt this body into miſt,
That none may find it!

Bacha. Shall I beg, my lords,
This room in private for the prince and me?

[*Exeunt all but Leuc. and Bacha.*

Leuc. What will ſhe ſay now?

Bacha. I muſt ſtill enjoy him:
Yet there is ſtill left in me a ſpark of woman,
That wiſhes he would move it; but he ſtands
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth.—
Sir, you and I, when we were laſt together,
Kept not this diſtance, as we were afraid
Of blaſting by ourſelves.

Leuc. Madam, 'tis true;
Heav'n pardon it!

Bacha. Amen! Sir, you may think
That I have done you wrong in this ſtrange marriage.

Leuc. It is paſt now.

Bacha. But 'twas no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The king; nor laid I any train to catch him,
'Twas your own oaths that did it.

Leuc. 'Tis a truth,
That takes my ſleep away! But 'would to Heav'n,
If it had ſo been pleas'd, you had refus'd him,
Tho' I had gratified that courteſy
With having you myſelf! But ſince 'tis thus,
I do beſeech you that you will be honeſt
From henceforth; and not abuſe his credulous age,
Which you may eaſily do. As for myſelf,
What I can ſay, you know, alas, too well,
Is tied within me; here it will ſit like lead,
But ſhall offend no other; it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a ſervant came, and whiſper'd with me

Of

Of ſome friend's death! But I will bear myſelf,
To you, with all the due obedience
A ſon owes to a mother: More than this
Is not in me, but I muſt leave the reſt
To the juſt gods, who, in their bleſſed time,
When they have given me puniſhment enough
For my raſh ſin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to eaſe my grief,
As they did now to bring it.

Bacha. Grown ſo godly?
This muſt not be. And I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought;
And for my honeſty, ſo you will ſwear
Never to urge me, I ſhall keep it ſafe
From any other.

Leuc. Bleſs me! I ſhould urge you?

Bacha. Nay, but ſwear then that I may be at peace!
For I do feel a weakneſs in myſelf,
That can deny you nothing: If you tempt me,
I ſhall embrace ſin as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.

Leuc. If you knew how far
If were from me, you would not urge an oath;
But for your ſatisfaction, When I tempt you——

Bacha. Swear not.—I cannot move him.—This ſad talk,
Of things paſt help, does not become us well:
Shall I ſend one for my muſicians, and we'll dance?

Leuc. Dance, madam?

Bacha. Yes, a *lavalta.*

Leuc. I cannot dance, madam.

Bacha. Then let's be merry!

Leuc. I am as my fortunes bid me;
Do not you ſee me ſowr?

Bacha. Yes.
And why think you I ſmile?

Leuc. I am ſo far
From any joy myſelf, I cannot fancy
A cauſe of mirth.

Bacha.

Bacha. I'll tell you; we're alone.
Leuc. Alone?
Bacha. Yes.
Leuc. 'Tis true; what then?
Bacha. What then? you make my ſmiling now
Break into laughter! What think you is
To be done then?
Leuc. We ſhould pray to Heaven
For mercy.
Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeed
To paſs the time! But I will make you bluſh,
To ſee a baſhful woman teach a man
What we ſhould do alone; try again
If you can find it out.
Leuc. I dare not think
I underſtand you!
Bacha. I muſt teach you then:
Come, kiſs me.
Leuc. Kiſs you?
Bacha. Yes; be not aſham'd!
You did it not yourſelf; I will forgive you.
Leuc. Keep, you diſpleaſed gods, the due reſpect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As ſhe is now my mother! haſte within me,
Leſt I add ſins to ſins, 'till no repentance
Will cure me.
Bacha. Leave theſe melancholy moods,
That I may ſwear thee welcome on thy lips
A thouſand times!
Leuc. Pray leave this wicked talk:
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.
Bacha. I am careleſs, and do weigh,
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy love: Miſtake me not;
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within itſelf: What ſay you?
Leuc. Nothing.
Bacha. Pity me! behold a ducheſs

Kneels

Kneels for thy mercy; and I ſwear to you,
Tho' I ſhould lie with you, it is no luſt;
For it deſires no change: I could with you
Content myſelf. What anſwer will you give?
Leuc. They that can anſwer muſt be leſs amaz'd
Than I am now! You ſee my tears deliver
My meaning to you.
Bacha. Shall I be contemn'd?
Thou art a beaſt, worſe than a ſavage beaſt,
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.
Leuc. 'Tis your will, Heav'n;
But let me bear me like myſelf, however
She does!
Bacha. Were you made an eunuch, ſince you went hence?
Yet they have more deſire than I can find
In you. How fond was I to beg thy love!
I'll force thee to my will: Doſt thou not know
That I can make the king dote at my liſt?
Yield quickly, or by Heav'n I'll have thee kept
In priſon for my purpoſe!
Where I will make thee ſerve my turn, and have thee
Fed with ſuch meats as beſt ſhall fit my ends,
And not thy health.—Why doſt not ſpeak to me?—
And when thou doſt diſpleaſe me, and art grown
Leſs able to perform, then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten!—Are you ſtricken dumb?
Leuc. All you have nam'd, but making of me ſin
With you, you may command, but never that,
Say what you will: I'll hear you as becomes me,
If you ſpeak; I will not follow your counſel,
Neither will I tell the world to your diſgrace,
But give you the juſt honour that is due
From me to my father's wife.
Bacha. Lord, how full
Of wiſe formality are you grown of late!—
But you were telling me you could have wiſh'd
That I had married you: If you will ſwear ſo yet,

I'll

I'll make away the king.

Leuc. You are a ſtrumpet——

Bacha. Nay, I care not
For all your railings; they will batter walls
And take in towns, as ſoon as trouble me:
Tell him! I care not; I ſhall undo you only,
Which is no matter.

Leuc. I appeal to you
Still, and for ever, that are and cannot
Be other!—Madam, I ſee 'tis in your power
To work your will on him; and I deſire you
To lay what trains you will for my wiſh'd death,
But ſuffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace: Alas, he never did you wrong.
And further, I beſeech you pardon me
For the ill word I gave you; for however
You may deſerve, it became not me
To call you ſo; but paſſion urges me
I know not whither. My heart, break now,
And eaſe me ever!

Bacha. Pray you get you hence
Wi' your goodly humour! I am weary of you
Extremely.

Leuc. Truſt me, ſo am I of myſelf too:
Madam, I'll take my leave. Gods ſet all right! [*Exit.*

Bacha. Amen! Sir, get you gone!—
Am I denied? It does not trouble me
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:
I've loſt my patience! I will make him know
Luſt is not love; for luſt will find a mate
While there are men, and ſo will I, and more

Enter Timantus.

Than one, or twenty!—Yonder is Timantus,
A fellow void of any worth to raiſe himſelf,
And therefore like to catch at any evil
That will but pluck him up; him will I make
Mine own.—Timantus!

Tim. Madam?

Bacha.

Bacha. Thou know'ſt well
Thou wert, by chance, a means of this my raiſing;
Brought the duke to me; and, tho' 'twere but chance,
I muſt reward thee.

Tim. I ſhall bend my ſervice
Unto your highneſs.

Bacha. But do it then entirely, and in every thing;
And tell me, couldſt thou now think that thing
Thou wouldſt not do for me?

Tim. No, by my ſoul, madam.

Bacha. Then thou art right.
Go to my lodging, and I'll follow thee. [*Exit Tim.*
With my inſtruction, I do ſee already,
This prince, that did but now contemn me, dead!
Yet will I never ſpeak an evil word
Unto his father of him, 'till I have
Won a belief I love him; but I'll make
His virtues his undoing, and my praiſes
Shall be ſo many ſwords againſt his breaſt:
Which once perform'd, I'll make Urania,
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my iſſue
In this large throne; nor ſhall it be withſtood:
They that begin in luſt, muſt end in blood! [*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Niſus.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, gentlemen.

Niſus. And a fine duke, that thro' his doting age
Suffers himſelf to be a child again,
Under his wife's tuition.

Age. All the land
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's ſervice:
Sure we ſhall learn to ſpin!

Dor. No, that's too honeſt;
We ſhall have other liberal ſciences
Taught us too ſoon: Lying and flattering,
Thoſe are the ſtudies now! and murder ſhortly
I know will be humanity. Gentlemen,
If we live here we muſt be knaves, believe it.

Niſus. I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus; tho' my

Own

Own nature hate it, if all determine to be knaves,
I'll try what I can do upon myſelf, that's certain:
I will not have my throat cut for my goodneſs;
The virtue will not quit the pain.

Age. But pray you tell me,
Why is the prince, now ripe and full experienc'd,
Not made a doer in the ſtate[28]?

Niſus. Becauſe he's honeſt.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Goodneſs attend your honours!

Dor. You muſt not be amongſt us then.

Tim. The ducheſs,
Whoſe humble ſervant I am proud to be,
Would ſpeak with you.

Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wait;
When is it?

Tim. An hour hence, my good lords:
And ſo I leave my ſervice. [*Exit.*

Dor. This is one
Of her ferrets that ſhe boults buſineſs out withal:
This fellow, if he were well ript, has all
The linings of a knave within him: How ſly he looks!

Niſus. Have we nothing about our cloaths that he
May catch at?

Age. O' my conſcience, there is
No treaſon in my doublet! if there be,
My elbows will diſcover it, they're out.

Dor. Faith,
And all the harm that I can find in mine
Is, that they are not paid for; let him
Make what he can of that, ſo he diſcharge it.
Come, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha, Leontius, and Telamon.

Bacha. And you ſhall find, Sir, what
A bleſſing Heaven gave you in ſuch a ſon.

[28] *Not made a* doer *in the ſtate?*] Corrected in 1750.

Leon. Pray gods I may! Let's walk, and change our ſubject.

Bacha. Oh, Sir, can any thing come ſweeter to you,
Or ſtrike a deeper joy into your heart,
Than your ſon's virtue?

Leon. I allow his virtues;
But 'tis not handſome thus to feed myſelf
With ſuch immoderate praiſes of mine own.

Bacha. The ſubject of our commendations
Is itſelf grown ſo infinite in goodneſs,
That all the glory we can lay upon it,
Tho' we ſhould open volumes of his praiſes,
Is a mere modeſty in his expreſſion,
And ſhews him lame ſtill, like an ill-wrought piece
Wanting proportion.

Leon. Yet ſtill he's a man, and ſubject ſtill
To more inordinate vices than our love
Can give him bleſſings.

Bacha. Elſe he were a god;
Yet ſo near, as he is, he comes to Heav'n,
That we may ſee, ſo far as fleſh can point us,
Things only worthy of them; and only theſe
In all his actions.

Leon. This is too much, my queen!

Bacha. Had the gods lov'd me, that my unworthy womb
Had bred this brave man——

Leon. Still you run wrong!

Bacha. I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him,
Fed on his growing hopes!

Leon. This touches me!

Bacha. I know no friends, nor being, but his virtues.

Leon. You've laid out words enough upon a ſubject.

Bacha. But words cannot expreſs him, Sir. Why, what a ſhape
Heav'n has conceiv'd him in! oh, Nature made him up——

Leon. I wonder, ducheſs——

Bacha. So you muſt; for leſs

Than

Than admiration loſes this godlike man.
Leon. Have you done with him?
Bacha. Done with him? Oh, good gods,
What qualities thus paſs by us without reverence [29]!
Leon. I ſee no ſuch perfection.
Bacha. Oh, dear Sir, you're a father, and thoſe joys
To you, ſpeak in your heart, not in your tongue.
Leon. This leaves a taſte behind it worſe than phyſic.
Bacha. Then for his wiſdom, valour, and good fortune,
And all thoſe friends of honour [30], they're in him
As free and natural, as paſſions in
A woman.
Leon. You make me bluſh, for all theſe years,
To ſee how blindly you have flung your praiſes
Upon a boy, a very child; and worthleſs,
Whilſt I live, of theſe honours.
Bacha. I would not have my love, Sir, make my tongue
Shew me ſo much a woman, as to praiſe
Or diſpraiſe, where my will is, without reaſon,
Or general allowance of the people.
Leon. Allowance of the people? what allow they?
Bacha. All I have ſaid for truth; and they muſt do it,
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.
Leon. How's that?
Bacha. For in his youth [31] and noble forwardneſs
All things are bound together that are kingly:
A fitneſs to bear rule——
Leon. No more!

[29] *What* frailties *thus paſs by us without reverence?*] *Frailties*, Seward juſtly obſerves, is 'the very reverſe of the idea required by 'the context:' He ſubſtitutes *virtues* for that word, but we have adopted Sympſon's reading, *qualities*, which is much the beſt.

[30] Bacha. *Then for* all *his wiſdom, valour,*
Good fortune, and all thoſe friends of honour,
They are in him as free and natural, as paſſions
In a woman.] The meaſure here was quite loſt, and the ſenſe hurt, by inſerting the *all* from the ſecond line into the firſt. *Seward.*

[31] *For in* this *youth.*] Varied by Seward.

Bacha. And ſovereignty,
Not made to know command.
Leon. I've ſaid, no more!
Bacha. I've done, Sir, tho' unwilling; and pardon me!
Leon. I do; not a word more!
Bacha. I've giv'n thee poiſon
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,
Or the groſs air o'er-heated.

Enter Timantus.

Leon. Timantus, when
Saw you the prince?
Tim. I left him now, Sir.
Leon. Tell me truly,
Out of your free opinion, without courting,
How you like him.
Tim. How I like him?
Leon. Yes;
For you in converſation may ſee more
Than a father.
Bacha. It works.
Tim. Your Grace has choſen out an ill obſerver.
Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill; you talk rightly.
Tim. But you take me wrong! All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: He is the ſtorehouſe
And head of virtue, your great ſelf excepted,
That feeds the kingdom.
Leon. Theſe are flatteries!
Speak me his vices; there you do a ſervice
Worthy a father's thanks.
Tim. Sir, I cannot.
If there be any, ſure they are the times',
Which I could wiſh leſs dangerous. But pardon me,
I am too bold.
Leon. You are not; forward,
And open what theſe dangers are!
Tim. Nay, good Sir!
Leon. Nay, fall not off again; I will have all!

Tim.

Tim. Alas, Sir, what am I, you ſhould believe
My eyes or ears ſo ſubtle to obſerve
Faults in a ſtate? all my main buſineſs
Is ſervice to your Grace, and neceſſaries
For my poor life.

Leon. Do not diſpleaſe me, ſirrah!
But that you know tell me, and preſently.

Tim. Since your Grace will have it,
I'll ſpeak it freely; always my obedience
And love preſerv'd unto the prince.

Leon. Prithee to the matter!

Tim. For, Sir, if you conſider
How like a ſun in all his great employments,
How full of heat——

Leon. Make me underſtand what I deſire!

Tim. And then at his return——

Leon. Do not anger me!

Tim. Then thus, Sir: All miſlike you,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

Leon. What?

Tim. Talk and prate, as their ignorant rages
Lead 'em, without allegiance or religion.
For Heav'n's ſake, have a care of your own perſon!
I cannot tell; their wickedneſs may lead
Further than I dare think yet.

Leon. Oh, baſe people!

Tim. Yet the prince, for whom this is pretended, may
Perſuade 'em, and no doubt will: Virtue's ever watchful;
But be you ſtill ſecur'd and comforted!

Leon. Heav'n! how have I offended, that this rod,
So heavy and unnatural, ſhould fall upon me
When I am old and helpleſs?

Tim. Brave gentleman[12]!
That ſuch a madding love ſhould follow thee,
To rob thee of a father! All the court
Is full of dangerous whiſpers.

Leon. I perceive it;

[12] *Brave gentleman!*] Seward reads, Poor *brave gentleman!*

And, 'ſpite of all their ſtrengths, will make my ſafety!
I'll cut him ſhorter—I'll cut him ſhorter firſt,
Then let him rule.

Bacha. What a foul age is this,
When virtue's made a ſword to ſmite the virtuous?
Alas, alas!

Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.

Tim. By no means, Sir; rather make more your love,
And hold your favour to him: For 'tis now
Impoſſible to yoke him, if his thoughts
(As I muſt ne'er believe) run with their rages
(He ever was ſo innocent[33]). But what reaſon
His Grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are near your perſon,
I cannot yet find out; I know my duty
Has ever been attending.

Leon. 'Tis too plain
He means to play the villain; I'll prevent him.
Not a word more of this; be private! [*Exit.*

Tim. Madam, 'tis done.

Bacha. He can't eſcape me. Have you ſpoken with the noblemen?

Tim. Yes, madam; they are here. I wait a further ſervice.

Bacha. 'Till you ſee the prince[34], you need no more inſtructions.

Tim. No; I have it! [*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Niſus, and Agenor.

Bacha. That fool that willingly provokes a woman
Has made himſelf another evil angel,
And a new hell, to which all other torments

[33] *He ne'er was ſo innocent.*] Corrected by Seward.

[34] 'Till yet be *the prince.*] For want of conſulting the quarto of 1633 (which exhibits the lection in our text) Seward and Sympſon were much puzzled about this paſſage: The former prints, STILL BESET *the prince*; and the latter propoſes, STILL LET IT BE *the prince.*—Through inattention to that copy (which is infinitely the beſt, and which it is certain they were poſſeſſed of) they have made many unneceſſary variations, which we forbear to particulariſe.

Are

Are but mere paſtime.—Now, my noble lords,
You muſt excuſe me, that unmannerly
We've broke your private buſineſs.
Age. Your good Grace
May command us, and that——
Bacha. Faith, my lord Agenor,
It is ſo good a cauſe, I'm confident
You cannot loſe by it.
Dor. Which way does ſhe fiſh now?
The devil's but a fool to a right woman.
Niſus. Madam, we muſt needs win in doing ſervice
To ſuch a gracious lady.
Bacha. I thank you, and will let you know the buſineſs,
So I may have your helps: Never be doubtful,
For 'tis ſo juſt a cauſe, and will to you
Upon the knowledge ſeem ſo honourable,
That I aſſure myſelf your willing hearts
Will ſtraight be for me in it.
Age. If ſhe ſhould prove good now, what were it like?
Dor. Thunder in January, or a good woman;
That's ſtranger than all the monſters in Africk.
Bacha. It ſhall not need your wonder; this it is;
The duke you know is old, and rather ſubject
To eaſe and prayers now, than all thoſe troubles,
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend
A kingdom's ſafety: Therefore to prevent
The fall of ſuch a flouriſhing eſtate
As this has been, and to put off
The murmur of the people, that encreaſe
Againſt my government, which the gods know
I only feel the trouble of, I preſent
The prince unto your loves, a gentleman
In whom all excellencies are knit together,
All pieces of a true man: Let your prayers
Win from the duke half his vexation,
That he may undertake it, whoſe diſcretion
I muſt confeſs, tho' it be from a father,
Yet now is ſtronger, and more apt to govern!
'Tis not my own deſire, but all the land's;

I know the weakneſs of it.

Niſus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your loves: We'll to the king;
And ſince your Grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'ſt words we can.

Dor. I was never cozen'd in a woman before,
For commonly they are like apples:
If once they bruiſe, they will grow rotten thro',
And ſerve for nothing but to aſſuage ſwellings.

Bacha. Good lords,
Delay no time, ſince it is your good pleaſures
To think my counſel good! and by no means
Let the prince know it, whoſe affections
Will ſtir mainly againſt it; beſides, his father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appear not in it.
Go, and be happy!

Dor. Well, I'd not be chronicled
As thou'lt be for a good woman, for all the world.

Niſus. Madam, we kiſs your hand; and ſo inſpir'd,
Nothing but happineſs can crown our prayers [35]. [*Exe.*

ACT IV.

Enter Leucippus and Iſmenus.

Leuc. THUS ſhe has us'd me: Is't not a good mother?

Iſm. Why kill'd you her not?

Leuc. The gods forbid it!

Iſm. 'Slight,
If all the women in the world were barren,

[35] *Madam, we kiſs your hand, and ſo* inſpire.
Nothing but happineſs can crown our prayers.] The omiſſion of a letter and the inſertion of a falſe point, which turn part of theſe lines into nonſenſe, has paſt through all the editions. Mr. Sympſon has ſent me the ſame correction. *Seward.*

Sh' had

Sh' had died!

Leuc. But 'tis not reaſon directs thee thus.

Iſm. Then have I none at all; for all I've in me
Directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.

Leuc. Why?

Iſm. Nay, it is well if he know himſelf:
But ſome of the nobility have deliver'd
A petition to him; what is in't
I know not; but it has put him t' his trumps:
He has taken a month's time to anſwer it,
And chafes like himſelf.

Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Telamon.

Leuc. He's here, Iſmenus.

Leon. Set me down, Telamon!—Leucippus!

Leuc. Sir.

Bacha. Nay, good Sir, be at peace! I dare ſwear
He knew not of it.

Leon. You are fooliſh; peace!

Bacha. All will go ill! Deny it boldly, Sir;
Truſt me, he cannot prove it by you.

Leuc. What?

Bacha. You'll make all worſe too with your facing it.

Leuc. What is the matter?

Leon. Know'ſt thou that petition?
Look on it well! Wouldſt thou be join'd with me?
Unnatural child! to be weary o' me, ere Fate
Eſteem me fit for other worlds!

Bacha. May be
He knows not of it.

Leuc. Oh, ſtrange carriages!
Sir, as I've hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my uſages,
Which have been—but it is no matter what—.
Have put me ſo far from the thought of greatneſs,
That I ſhould welcome it like a diſeaſe
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this;
And yet they call me friend, and are themſelves

I fear

I fear abus'd. I'm weary of my life;
For God's ſake, take it from me! it creates
More miſchief in the ſtate than it is worth.
The uſage I have had, I know, would make
Wiſdom herſelf run frantic thro' the ſtreets,
And Patience quarrel with her ſhadow. Sir,
This ſword——
Bacha. Alas! help, for the love of Heav'n!
Make way thro' me firſt; for he is your father!
Leon. What, would he kill me?
Bacha. No, Sir, no.
Leon. Thou always mak'ſt the beſt on't; but I fear—
Leuc. Why do you uſe me thus? Who is't can think
That I would kill my father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you?—Here, Sir, is my ſword;
I dare not touch it, leſt ſhe ſay again
I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy
When I moſt need it, if I would not change
Place with my meaneſt ſervant!—Let theſe faults
Be mended, madam! if you ſaw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.
Bacha. I told the duke as much before.
Leuc. What? what did you tell him?
Bacha. That it was only an ambition,
Nurs'd in you by your youth, provok'd you thus,
Which age would take away.
Leon. It was his doing then?—Come hither, love!
Bacha. No, indeed, Sir.
Leuc. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had us'd a friend of mine near this,
My hand had carried death about it.
Leon. Lead me hence, Telamon!
Come, my dear Bacha! I ſhall find time for this.
Iſm. Madam, you know I dare not ſpeak before
The king; but you know well, (if not, I'll tell you)
You're the moſt wicked, and moſt murderous ſtrumpet,
That ever was call'd woman!
Bacha. My lord,
What I can do for him, he ſhall command me.

Leon.

Leon. I know thou art too kind: Away, I ſay!
[*Exeunt Leon. Bacha, Tim. and Tel.*
Iſm. Sir, I am ſure we dream! this cannot be.
Leuc. Oh, that we did! My wickedneſs has brought
All this to paſs, elſe I ſhould bear myſelf.
[*Urania paſſes over the ſtage.*
Iſm. Look! do you ſee who's there? your virtuous mother's iſſue:
Kill her yet! take ſome little pidling revenge.
Leuc. Away! the whole court calls her virtuous; for they ſay,
She is unlike her mother; and if ſo,
She can have no vice.
Iſm. I'll truſt none of 'em
That come of ſuch a breed.
Leuc. But I have found
A kind of love in her to me. Alas!
Think of her death? I dare be ſworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad mother's full. She was brought up
I'th' country, as her tongue will let you know,

Enter Urania.

If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle,
Such as her mother had.
Iſm. She's come again.
Ura. I would fen ſpeak to the good marquis,
My brother, if I but thought he could abaid me,
Leuc. Siſter, how do you?
Ura. Very well, I thank you.
Iſm. How does your good mother?
Leuc. Fy, fy, Iſmenus!
For ſhame! mock ſuch an innocent ſoul as this?
Ura. Feth, a ſhe be no good, God may her ſo!
Leuc. I know you wiſh it with your heart, dear ſiſter!
But ſhe is good, I hope.
Iſm. Are you ſo ſimple,
To make ſo much of this? Do you not know,
That all her wicked mother labours for

Is but to raiſe her to your right, and leave her
This dukedom?
Ura. Ay; but ne'er, Sir, be afred;
For tho' ſhe take th' ungaineſt weas ſhe can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.
Leuc. I ſhould hate myſelf, Iſmenus,
If I ſhould think of her ſimplicity
Aught but extremely well.
Iſm. Nay, as you will!
Ura. And tho' ſhe be my mother,
If ſhe take any caurſe to do you wrang,
If I can ſee't, you'ſt quickly hear on't, Sir:
And ſo I'll take my leave.
Leuc. Farewell, good ſiſter!
I thank you. [*Exit Urania.*
Iſm. You believe all this?
Leuc. Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Iſm. A good faith doth well; but, methinks,
It were no hard matter now for her mother to ſend her,
Yonder's one you may truſt if you will too.
Leuc. So I will, if he can ſhew me as apparent ſigns
Of truth as ſhe did. Does he weep, Iſmenus?
Iſm. Yes, I think ſo; ſome good's happen'd I warrant,
Do you hear, you? What honeſt man has ſcap'd miſery,
That thou art crying thus?
Tim. Noble Iſmenus,
Where is the prince?
Iſm. Why, there: Haſt wept thine eyes out?
Tim. Sir, I beſeech you hear me.
Leuc. Well, ſpeak on.
Iſm. Why, will you hear him?
Leuc. Yes, Iſmenus; why?
Iſm. I would hear blaſphemy as willingly,
Leuc. You are to blame.
Tim. No, Sir, he's not to blame,
If I were as I was.
Iſm. Nor as thou art,
I'ſaith, awhit to blame.

Leuc.

Leuc. What is your buſineſs?

Tim. Faith, Sir, I am aſham'd to ſpeak before you;
My conſcience tells me I have injur'd you,
And, by the earneſt inſtigation
Of others, have not done you to the king
Always the beſt and friendlieſt offices:
Which pardon me, or I will never ſpeak!

Iſm. Never pardon him, and ſilence a knave!

Leuc. I pardon thee.

Tim. Your mother ſure is naught.

Leuc. Why ſhouldſt thou think ſo?

Tim. Oh, noble Sir, your honeſt eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to: Shame upon her,
And what fell miſeries the gods can think on,
Show'r down upon her wicked head! She has plotted,
I know too well, your death: 'Would my poor life,
Or thouſand ſuch as mine is, might be offer'd
Like ſacrifices up for your preſerving;
What free oblations would ſhe have to glut her!
But ſhe is mercileſs, and bent to ruin,
If Heav'n and good men ſtep not to your reſcue,
And timely, very timely. Oh, this dukedom!
I weep, I weep for the poor orphans in
This country, left without or friends or parents [36].

Leuc. Now, Iſmenus, what think you of this fellow?
This was a lying knave, a flatterer!
Does not this love ſtill ſhew him ſo?

Iſm. This love? this halter! If he prove not yet
The cunning'ſt, rankeſt rogue that ever canted,

---

[36] *I weep, I weep for the poor orphans i' th' country Left* with but *friends* or *parents.*] The villany of Timantus will not allow him to talk abſurdly; his art impoſes on the prince, and he ſhould therefore at leaſt ſpeak ſenſe. And indeed how eaſy was the miſtake of *without* to *with but?* This being made, the repetition of the *or* was abſurd, and being left out the meaſure was ſpoilt, and conſequently believed to be no meaſure at all. This proceſs of the corruption ſeems natural, and therefore I hope I have only reſtored the original. Mr. Sympſon joins in correcting *with but* to *without.* *Seward.*

Quarto 1635 reads, *Left with but friends,* NOT *parents.*

I'll

I'll ne'er ſee man again [37]! I know him to bring [38],
And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes,
Look how he wrings, like a good ſtool, for a tear!
Take heed;
Children and fools firſt feel the ſmart, then weep.

Leuc. Away, away! ſuch an unkind diſtruſt
Is worſe than a diſſembling, if it be one,
And ſooner leads to miſchief: I believe it,
And him an honeſt man; he could not carry,
Under an evil cauſe, ſo true a ſorrow.

Iſm. Take heed! this is your mother's ſcorpion,
That carries ſtings ev'n in his tears, whoſe ſoul
Is a rank poiſon thorough: Touch not at him;
If you do, you're gone, if you'd twenty lives.
I knew him for a roguiſh boy,
When he would poiſon dogs, and keep tame toads;
He lay with his mother, and infected her,
And now ſhe begs i' th' hoſpital, with a patch
Of velvet where her noſe ſtood, like the queen of ſpades,
And all her teeth in her purſe. The devil and
This fellow are ſo near, 'tis not yet known
Which is the ev'ler angel.

Leuc. Nay, then I ſee 'tis ſpite. Come hither, friend!
Haſt thou not heard the cauſe yet that incens'd
My mother to my death? for I proteſt
I feel none in myſelf.

Tim. Her will, Sir, and ambition, as I think,
Are the provokers of it, as in women
Thoſe two are ever powerful to deſtruction;

---

[37] *I'll ne'er ſee man again.*] Seward call this 'abſurd,' and ſubſtitutes *ſeem* for *ſee*: We think the expreſſion eaſy and natural.

[38] —— *I know him to* bring,
And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes.] Unleſs a whole line be left out after *bring*, or the firſt part be made an imperfect ſentence, which would be very improper here, this ſeems quite unintelligible. I read,— *I know him* to b' a rogue, which is much nearer the trace of the letters than it ſeems in the pronunciation; *ring* and *rogue* having two of the ſame letters, and a third, *u* and *n*, extremely like each other. *Seward.*

Beſide

Beſide a hate of your ſtill-growing virtues,
She being only wicked.

Leuc. Heav'ns defend me,
As I am innocent, and ever have been,
From all immoderate thoughts and actions,
That carry ſuch rewards along with 'em!

Tim. Sir, all I know my duty muſt reveal;
My country and my love command it from me,
For whom I'll lay my life down: This night coming,
A counſel is appointed by the duke,
To ſit about your apprehenſion:
If you dare truſt my faith, (which, by all good things,
Shall ever watch about you!) go along,
And to a place I'll guide you, where no word
Shall ſcape without your hearing, nor no plot,
Without diſcovering to you; which once known,
You have your anſwers and prevention.

Iſm. You're not ſo mad to go? ſhift off this fellow!
You ſhall be rul'd once by a wiſe man. Ratſbane!
Get you gone, or——

Leuc. Peace, peace for ſhame! thy love is too ſuſpicious;
'Tis a way offer'd to preſerve my life,
And I will take it. Be my guide, Timantus,
And do not mind this angry man! thou know'ſt him.
I may live to requite thee.

Tim. Sir, this ſervice
Is done for Virtue's ſake, not for reward,
However he may hold me.

Iſm. The great pox on you! but thou haſt that curſe
So much, 'twill grow a bleſſing in thee ſhortly.
Sir, for Wiſdom's ſake, court not your death! I am
Your friend and ſubject, and I ſhall loſe in both;
If I lov'd you not, I would laugh at you, and ſee you
Run your neck into the nooſe, and cry, a woodcock!

Leuc. So much of man, and ſo much fearful? fy!
Prithee have peace within thee! I ſhall live yet
Many a golden day to hold thee here,
Deareſt and neareſt to me. Go on, Timantus!

I charge

I charge you by your love, no more, no more!
[*Exeunt Leuc. and Tim.*

Iſm. Go, and let your own rod whip you! I pity you;
And, dog, if he miſcarry, thou ſhalt pay for't:
I'll ſtudy for thy puniſhment, and it ſhall laſt
Longer and ſharper than a tedious winter,
'Till thou blaſphem'ſt; and then thou dieſt and damn'ſt. [*Exit.*

Enter Leontius and Telamon.

Leon. I wonder the ducheſs comes not.

Tel. She has heard, Sir, your will is to ſpeak with her:
But there is ſomething leaden at her heart,
(Pray God it be not mortal!) that ev'n keeps her
From converſation with herſelf.

Enter Bacha.

Bacha. Oh, whither
Will you, my croſs affections, pull me? Fortune, Fate,
And you whoſe powers direct our actions,
And dwell within us, you that are angels
Guiding to Virtue, wherefore have you given
So ſtrong a hand to evil? wherefore ſuffer'd
A temple of your own, you deities,
Where your fair ſelves dwelt only, and your goodneſs,
Thus to be ſoil'd with ſin?

Leon. Heav'n bleſs us all!
From whence comes this diſtemper? Speak, my fair one!

Bacha. And have you none, Love and Obedience,
You ever faithful ſervants, to employ
In this ſtrange ſtory of impiety,
But me? a mother? Muſt I be your trumpet[39],
To lay black treaſon open[40]? and in him

[39] *Muſt I be your* ſtrumpet?] Was ſhe frightened at the idea of being a *ſtrumpet* to Love and Obedience? Surely *trumpet* is the true reading.

[40] *To lay black treaſon* upon.] Corrected in 1750.

In

In whom all ſweetneſs was; in whom my love
Was proud to have a being; in whom Juſtice,
And all the gods, for our imaginations[41],
Can work into a man, were more than virtues?
Ambition, down to Hell, where thou wert foſter'd!
Th'haſt poiſon'd the beſt ſoul, the pureſt, whiteſt,
And meereſt innocence itſelf[42], that ever
Man's greedy hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is ſtill ſtranger! lay this treaſon open
To my correction.

Bacha. Oh, what a combat Duty and Affection
Breed in my blood!

Leon. If thou conceal'ſt him, may,
Beſide my death, the curſes of the country,
Troubles of conſcience, and a wretched end,
Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave!

Bacha. My being, for another tongue to tell it!
Oh, eaſe a mother, ſome good man that dares
Speak for his king and country[43]! I am full
Of too much woman's pity: Yet, oh, Heav'n,
Since it concerns the ſafety of my ſovereign,

---

[41] For *our* imaginations.] Sympſon would read *imitations* inſtead of *imaginations*: We think the text beſt. If the paſſage is at all corrupt, we ſhould perhaps read OR, NOT FOR *our imaginations*.

[42] *And meereſt* innocentſt.] Mr. Theobald had prevented me in this correction. *Seward.*

[43] *My being: For another tongue to tell it,*
Ceaſe, *a mother! ſome good man that dares*
Speak for his king and country: I am full
Of too much woman's pity.] Few emendations have given me ſo much pleaſure as that of this paſſage. The corruption lay in the loſs only of about a fifth part of a letter, and yet it utterly ſpoil'd both metre and ſenſe, where both were very beautiful. It coſt me two or three turns before I could hit upon it, but when mention'd it carries immediate conviction. Inſtead of *Ceaſe a mother*, it is only turning the *C* into an *O*.

O! eaſe *a mother ſome good man that dares*
Speak for his king and country. *Seward.*

Seward's variation here is ingenious and plauſible, though perhaps the paſſage will not appear corrupt, when the points are altered, thus:

My being, for another tongue to tell it,
Ceaſe! *A mother? Some good man,* &c.

Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a mother's name in queſtion
'Mongſt unborn people, to give up that man
To law and juſtice, that unrighteouſly
Has ſought his father's death! Be deaf, be deaf, Sir!
Your ſon is the offender: Now have you all;
'Would I might never ſpeak again!
Leon. My ſon?
Heav'n help me! No more! I thought it;
And ſince his life is grown ſo dangerous,
Let them that gave him, take him! he ſhall die,
And with him all my fears.
Bacha. Oh, uſe your mercy!
You've a brave ſubject to beſtow it on.
I will forgive him, Sir; and for his wrong
To me, I'll be before you.
Leon. Durſt his villainy
Extend to thee?
Bacha. Nothing but heats of youth, Sir.
Leon. Upon my life he ſought my bed.
Bacha. I muſt confeſs he lov'd me
Somewhat beyond a ſon; and ſtill purſu'd it
With ſuch a luſt, I will not ſay ambition,
That clean forgetting all obedience,
And only following his firſt heat unto me,
He hotly ſought your death, and me in marriage.
Leon. Oh, villain!
Bacha. But I forget all; and am half aſham'd
To preſs a man ſo far.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Where is the duke!
For God's ſake, bring me to him!
Leon. Here I am.
Each corner of the dukedom ſends new affrights forth!
What wouldſt thou? Speak!
Tim. I cannot, Sir; my fear
Ties up my tongue.
Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take

Thy

Thy courage to thee, and boldly ſpeak! Where are
The guard? In the gods' name, out with it!

Tim. Treaſon, treaſon!

Leon. In whom?

Bacha. Double the guard!

Tim. There is a fellow, Sir——

Leon. Leave ſhaking, man!

Tim. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

Leon. Well?

Tim. There is a fellow, Sir,
Cloſe in the lobby: You o' the guard,
Look to the door there!

Leon. But let me know the buſineſs.

Tim. Oh, that the hearts of men ſhould be ſo harden'd
Againſt ſo good a duke! For God's ſake, Sir,
Seek means to ſave yourſelf: This wretched ſlave
Has his ſword in his hand; I know his heart:
Oh, it hath almoſt kill'd me with the thought of it!

Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard.

Tim. I' th' lobby, Sir, cloſe in a corner:
Look to yourſelves, for Heaven's ſake! methinks,
He's here already. Fellows of the guard, be valiant!

Leon. Go, Sirs, and apprehend him: Treaſon ſhall
Never dare me in mine own gates.

Tim. 'Tis done. [*Guard bring the prince in.*

Bacha. And thou ſhalt find it to thy beſt content.

Leon. Are theſe the comforts of my age? They're happy
That end their days contented with a little,
And live aloof from dangers! to a king
Every content doth a new peril bring.
Oh, let me live no longer! Shame of Nature,
Baſtard to Honour, traitor, murderer,
Devil in a human ſhape! Away with him;
He ſhall not breathe his hot infection here.

Leuc. Sir, hear me.

Leon. Am I or he your duke? Away with him

To a cloſe priſon! Your highneſs now ſhall know,
Such branches muſt be cropt before they grow.
Leuc. Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome;
My innocence is my armour: Gods preſerve you! [*Exit.*
Bacha. Fare thee well!
I ſhall ne'er ſee ſo brave a gentleman.
'Would I could weep out his offences!
Tim. Or
I could weep out mine eyes!
Leon. Come, gentlemen!
We will determine preſently about his death;
We cannot be too forward in our ſafety.
I'm very ſick; lead me unto my bed! [*Exe.*

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Cit. Sirrah, go fetch my fox from the cutler's[44]:
There's money for the ſcow'ring: Tell him I ſtop
A groat ſince th'laſt great muſter, he had in ſtone pitch
For th' bruiſe he took, with the recoiling of his gun.
Boy. Yes, Sir.
Cit. And (do you hear?) when you come, take down my buckler,
And ſweep the cobwebs off, and grind the pick on't,
And fetch a nail or two, and tack on the bracers:
Your miſtreſs made a pot-lid on't, I thank her,
At her maid's wedding, and burnt off the handle.
Boy. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Cit. Who's within here? Ho, neighbour!
Not ſtirring yet?

Enter Second Citizen.

2 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, good morrow!
What news, what news?
1 *Cit.* It holds, he dies this morning.
2 *Cit.* Then happy man be his fortune! I'm reſolv'd.
1 *Cit.* And ſo am I, and forty more good fellows,
That will not give their heads for the waſhing, I take it.
2 *Cit.* 'Sfoot, man, who would not hang in ſuch good company,

[44] *My fox;*] *i. e. My ſword.* See note 30 on King and No King.

And

And ſuch a cauſe? A fire o' wife and children!
'Tis ſuch a jeſt, that men ſhould look behind 'em
To th' world, and let their honours, their honours, neighbours, ſlip.

1 *Cit.* I'll give thee a pint of baſtard and a roll,
For that bare word.

2 *Cit.* They ſay, that we tailors are
Things that lay one another, and our geeſe hatch us:
I'll make ſome of 'em feel they are geeſe o' th' game then.
Jack, take down my bill; 'tis ten to one I uſe it.—
Take a good heart, man! all the low ward is ours,
With a wet finger.—
And lay my cut-finger'd gauntlet ready for me,
That that I us'd to work in, when the gentlemen
Were up againſt us, and beaten out of town,
And almoſt out of debt too; for, a plague on 'em,
They never paid well ſince! And take heed, ſirrah,
Your miſtreſs hears not of this buſineſs;
She's near her time: Yet, if ſhe do, I care not;
She may long for rebellion, for ſhe has
A deviliſh ſpirit.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's call up the new ironmonger!
He is as tough as ſteel, and has a fine wit
In theſe reſurrections. Are you ſtirring, neighbour?

3 *Cit.* [*within.*] Oh, good morrow, neighbours!
I'll come to you preſently.

2 *Cit.* Go to!
This is his mother's doing; ſhe's a polecat!

1 *Cit.* As any is in the world.

2 *Cit.* Then ſay I've hit it; and a vengeance on her,
Let her be what ſhe will!

1 *Cit.* Amen ſay I!
Sh' has brought things to a fine paſs with her wiſdom,
Do you mark it?

2 *Cit.* One thing I am ſure ſhe has, the good old duke;
She gives him pap again, they ſay, and dandles him,
And hangs a coral and bells about his neck,
And makes him believe his teeth will come again;

Which, if they did, and I he, I would worry her
As never cur was worried[46]! I would, neighbour,
'Till my teeth met I know where; but that's counſel.

Enter Third Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbours! Hear you the ſad news?

1 *Cit.* Yes; 'would we knew as well how to prevent it!

3 *Cit.* I cannot tell: Methinks, 'twere no great matter,
If men were men; but——

2 *Cit.* You do not twit me with my calling, neighbour?

3 *Cit.* No, ſurely; for I know your ſpirit to be tall:
Pray be not vex'd!

2 *Cit.* Pray forward with your counſel.
I'm what I am, and they that prove me ſhall
Find me to their coſt—Do you mark me, neighbour!
To their coſt, I ſay.

1 *Cit.* Nay, look how ſoon you're angry!

2 *Cit.* They ſhall, neighbours; yes, I ſay they ſhall.

3 *Cit.* I do believe they ſhall.

1 *Cit.* I know they ſhall.

2 *Cit.* Whether you do or no, I care not two-pence!
I am no beaſt; I know mine own ſtrength, neighbours:
God bleſs the king! Your companies is fair.

1 *Cit.* Nay, neighbour, now ye err; I muſt tell you ſo,
An ye were twenty neighbours.

3 *Cit.* You had beſt
Go peach; do, peach!

2 *Cit. Peach?* I ſcorn the motion.

3 *Cit.* Do, and ſee what follows! I'll ſpend an hundred pound
(An't be two, I care not), but I'll undo thee.

2 *Cit. Peach?* oh, diſgrace! *peach* in thy face! and do
The worſt thou canſt! I am a true-man, and a free-man!
Peach?

1 *Cit.* Nay, look, you will ſpoil all.

[46] *As never* curr *was worried.*] As this is ſenſe I don't change it, but *cat* is a much more common, as well as more proper compariſon, than *curr* to a ſhrew. *Seward.*

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* *Peach?*

1 *Cit.* Whilſt you two brawl together,
The prince will loſe his life.

3 *Cit.* Come, give me your hand!
I love you well. Are you for the action?

2 *Cit.* Yes;
But *peach* provokes me! 'tis a cold fruit; I feel it
Cold in my ſtomach ſtill.

3 *Cit.* No more! I'll give you cake to digeſt it.

Enter Fourth Citizen.

4 *Cit.* Shut up my ſhop, and be ready at a call, boys!
And one o' you run o'er my old tuck with a few aſhes
('Tis grown odious with toaſting cheeſe), and burn
A little juniper in my murrion (the maid made it
Her chamber-pot); an hour hence I'll come again.
And, as you hear from me, ſend me a clean ſhirt!

3 *Cit.* The chandler by the wharf, an it be thy will!

2 *Cit.* Goſſip, good morrow!

4 *Cit.* Oh, good morrow, goſſip!
Good morrow, all! I ſee ye of one mind,
Ye cleave ſo cloſe together. Come; 'tis time!
I have prepar'd an hundred, if they ſtand.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis well done: Shall we ſever, and about it?

3 *Cit.* Firſt, let's to th' tavern! and a pint apiece
Will make us dragons.

2 *Cit.* I will have no mercy,
Come what will of it.

4 *Cit.* If my tuck hold, I'll ſpit
The guard like larks with ſage between 'em.

2 *Cit.* I have
A fooliſh bill to reckon with 'em, will make
Some of their hearts ache, and I'll lay it on!
Now ſhall I fight, 'twill do you good to ſee me.

3 *Cit.* Come, I'll do ſomething for the town to talk of
When I am rotten: Pray God there be enough
To kill, that's all! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dorialus, Niſus, and Agenor.

Age. How black the day begins!
Dor. Can you blame it, and look
Upon ſuch a deed as ſhall be done this morning?
Niſus. Does the prince ſuffer to-day?
Dor. Within this hour, they ſay.
Age. Well, they that are moſt wicked are moſt ſafe.
'Twill be a ſtrange juſtice, and a lamentable;
Gods keep us from the too-ſoon feeling of it!
Dor. I care not if my throat were next; for to live ſtill,
And live here, were but to grow fat for the ſhambles.
Niſus. Yet we muſt do't, and thank 'em too, that our lives
May be accepted.
Age. Faith, I'll go ſtarve myſelf,
Or grow diſeas'd, to ſhame the hangman; for
I'm ſure he ſhall be my herald, and quarter me.
Dor. Ay, a plague on him, he's too excellent at arms.
Niſus. Will you go ſee this ſad fight, my lord Agenor?
Age. I'll make a mourner.
Dor. If I could do him any good, I would go;
The bare ſight elſe would but afflict my ſpirit:
My prayers ſhall be as near him as your eyes.
As ye find him ſettled, remember my love and ſervice
To his Grace.
Niſus. We will weep for you, Sir. Farewell! [*Exe.*
Dor. Farewell!
To all our happineſs, a long farewell!
Thou angry Power, whether of heav'n or hell,
That lay'ſt this ſharp correction on our kingdom
For our offences, infinite and mighty!
Oh, hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,
Too heavy for our weakneſs; and accept
(Since it is your diſcretion, heav'nly wiſdoms,
To have it ſo) this ſacrifice for all,
That now is flying to your happineſs,

Only

Only for you moſt fit; let all our ſins
[*A ſhout within.*
Suffer in him!—Gods, what's the matter? I hope
'Tis joy: How now, my lords?

Enter Agenor and Niſus.

Niſus. I'll tell you with that little breath I have:
More joy than you dare think; the prince is ſafe
From danger.

Dor. How!

Age. 'Tis true, and thus it was: His hour was come
To loſe his life; he, ready for the ſtroke,
Nobly, and full of ſaint-like patience,
Went with his guard; which when the people ſaw,
Compaſſion firſt went out, mingled with tears,
That bred deſires, and whiſpers to each other,
To do ſome worthy kindneſs for the prince;
And ere they underſtood well how to do,
Fury ſtep'd in, and taught them what to do,
Thruſting on every hand to reſcue him,
As a white innocent. Then flew the roar
Thro' all the ſtreets, of *Save him, ſave him, ſave him!*
And as they cried, they did; for catching up
Such ſudden weapons as their madneſs ſhew'd them,
In ſhort, they beat the guard, and took him from 'em,
And now march with him like a royal army.

Dor. Heav'n, Heav'n, I thank thee! what a ſlave was I
To have my hand ſo far from this brave reſcue!
'Thad been a thing to brag on when I was old.
Shall we run for a wager to the next temple,
And give thanks?

Niſus. As faſt as wiſhes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leucippus and Iſmenus; the people within ſtop.

Leuc. Good friends, go home again! there's not a man
Shall go with me.

Iſm. Will you not take revenge?

I'll

I'll call them on.

Leuc. All that love me, depart!
I thank you, and will ſerve you for your loves;
But I will thank you more to ſuffer me
To govern 'em. Once more, I do beg ye,
For my ſake, to your houſes!

Omnes [*within*]. Gods preſerve you!

Iſm. And what houſe will you go to?

Leuc. Iſmenus, I will take the warieſt courſes
That I can think of to defend myſelf,
But not offend.

Iſm. You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend your father,
Or any honeſt man[43].

Leuc. Thou know'ſt I can
'Scape now; that's all I look for. I will leave——

Iſm. Timantus, a pox take him! 'would I had him here!
I'd kill him at his own weapon, ſingle ſcithes.
We've built enough on him. Plague on't, I'm out of
All patience! diſcharge ſuch an army as this,
That would have follow'd you without paying? Oh, gods!

Leuc. To what end ſhall I keep 'em? I am free.

Iſm. Yes, free o'th' traitors; for you are proclaim'd one.

Leuc. Should I therefore make myſelf one?

Iſm. This is one of
Your moral philoſophy, is it? Heav'n bleſs me
From ſubtilties to undo myſelf with! but I know,
If Reaſon herſelf were here, ſhe would not part
With her own ſafety.

Leuc. Well, pardon, Iſmenus! for I know
My courſes are moſt juſt; nor will I ſtain 'em
With one bad action. For thyſelf, thou know'ſt,
That tho' I may command thee, I ſhall be

[43] *You may kill your mother, and ne'er offend your father,* an *honeſt man.*] Former editions. Both ſenſe and meaſure require the emendation. *Seward.*

A ready

A ready ſervant unto thee, if thou need'ſt:
And ſo I'll take my leave.
Iſm. Of whom?
Leuc. Of thee.
Iſm. Heart, you ſhall take no leave of me!
Leuc. Shall I not?
Iſm. No, by the gods, ſhall you not! Nay, if you have
No more wit but to go abſolutely alone,
I'll be in a little.
Leuc. Nay, prithee, good Iſmenus,
Part with me!
Iſm. I wo'n't, i'faith! ne'er move it
Any more; for by this good light, I wo'not!
Leuc. This is an ill time to be thus unruly:
Iſmenus, you muſt leave me.
Iſm. Yes, if you can
Beat me away; elſe the gods refuſe me,
If I will leave you till I ſee more reaſon!
You ſha'n't undo yourſelf.
Leuc. But why wilt not leave me?
Iſm. Why, I will tell you: Becauſe when you are gone,
Then—Life, if I have not forgot my reaſon,
Hell take me! you put me out of patience ſo.
Oh! marry, when you are gone, then will your mother
—A pox confound her—ſhe ne'er comes in my head,
But ſhe ſpoils my memory too. There are a hundred reaſons.
Leuc. But ſhew me one.
Iſm. Shew you? what a ſtir here is!
Why, I will ſhew you: Do you think—well, well,
I know what I know; I pray come, come! 'Tis in vain,
But I am ſure—Devils take 'em! what do I meddle with them?
You know yourſelf—Soul, I think I am—
Is there any man i'th' world—As if you knew not this
Already better than I! Piſh, piſh, I'll give no reaſon!
Leuc. But I will tell thee one, why thou ſhouldſt ſtay:
I have not one friend in the court but thou,

On

On whom I may be bold to truſt to ſend me
Any intelligence; and if thou lov'ſt me,
Thou wilt do this; thou need'ſt not fear to ſtay,
For there are new-come proclamations out,
Where all are pardon'd but myſelf.

Iſm. 'Tis true;
And i'th' ſame proclamation your fine ſiſter
Urania, whom you us'd ſo kindly, is proclaim'd heir
Apparent to the crown.

Leuc. What tho', thou may'ſt ſtay at home without danger?

Iſm. Danger? hang danger! what tell you me of danger?

Leuc. Why, if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'ſt not.

Iſm. I dare not? If you ſpeak it in earneſt, you are
A boy.

Leuc. Well, Sir, if you dare, let me ſee you do't.

Iſm. Why, ſo you ſhall; I will ſtay.

Leuc. Why, God-a-mercy——

Iſm. You know I love you but too well!

Leuc. Now take theſe few directions, and farewell!
Send to me by the warieſt ways thou canſt:
I have a ſoul tells me we ſhall meet often.
The gods protect thee!

Iſm. Pox o' myſelf for an aſs,
I'm crying now! God be with you! if I never
See you again, why then—Pray get you gone;
For grief and anger wo'not let me know
What I ſay. I'll to the court
As faſt as I can, and ſee the new heir apparent.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Urania (in boy's cloaths) and her Maid.

Ura. WHAT, haſt thou found him?
Maid. Madam, he's coming in.
Ura. Gods bleſs my brother, whereſoe'er he is!
And I beſeech you keep me fro' the bed
Of any naughty tyrant, whom my mother
Would ha'me have to wrong him.

Enter Iſmenus.

Iſm. What would her new Grace have with me?
Ura. Leave us awhile. My lord Iſmenus, [*Ex. Maid.*
I pray, for the love of Heav'n and God,
That you would tell me one thing, which I know
You can do weel.
Iſm. Where's her fain Grace?
Ura. You know me weel inough, but that you mock;
I'm ſhe myſen.
Iſm. God bleſs him that ſhall be
Thy huſband! if thou wear'ſt breeches thus ſoon,
Thou'lt be as impudent as thy mother.
Ura. But will you
Tell me this one thing?
Iſm. What is it? if it
Be no great matter whether I do or no,
Perhaps I will.
Ura. Yes, faith, 'tis matter.
Iſm. And what is't?
Ura. I pray you let me know where the prince my brother is.
Iſm. I'faith, you ſhan be hang'd firſt!
Is your mother ſo fooliſh to think your good Grace
Can ſift it out of me?
Ura. If you have any mercy

Leſt

Left in you to a poor wench, tell me!
Iſm. Why,
Wouldſt not thou have thy brains beat out for this,
To follow thy mother's ſteps ſo young?
Ura. But, believe me, ſhe knows none of this.
Iſm. Believe you?
Why do you think I never had wits?
Or that I am run out of them? How ſhould it
Belong to you to know, if I could tell?
Ura. Why, I will tell you; and if I ſpeak falſe,
Let the de'il ha' me! Yonder's a bad man,
Come from a tayrant to my mother, and what name
They ha' for him, good feith, I cannot tell.
Iſm. An ambaſſador?
Ura. That's it: But he would carry me away,
And have me marry his maſter; and I'll daye
Ere I will ha' him.
Iſm. But what's this to knowing
Where the prince is?
Ura. Yes; for ye know all my mother does
Agen the prince, is but to ma me great.
Iſm. Pray, (I know that too well) what then?
Ura. Why,
I would go to the good marquis my brother,
And put myſelf into his hands, that ſo
He may preſerve himſelf.
Iſm. Oh, that thou hadſt no ſeed of thy mother in thee,
And couldſt mean this now!
Ura. Why, ifeth I do;
'Would I might never ſtir more if I do not!
Iſm. I ſhall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd elſe:
Hang me, if I don't half believe thee!
Ura. By my troth,
You may.
Iſm. By my troth, I do! I know I'm an aſs for't,
But I can't help it.
Ura. And won you tell me then?
Iſm. Yes, faith will I, or any thing elſe i'th' world;

For

For I think thou art as good a creature as
Ever was born.

Ura. But ail go i'this lad's reparel;
But you mun help me to ſilver.

Iſm. Help thee? why, the pox take him
That will not help thee to any thing i'th' world!
I'll help thee to money, and I'll do't preſently too:
And yet—Soul, if you ſhould play the ſcurvy harlotry,
The little pocky baggage now, and cozen me,
What then?

Ura. Why, an I do, would I might ne'er
See day again!

Iſm. Nay, by this light, I do not think
Thou wilt: I'll preſently provide thee
Money and a letter. [*Exit.*

Ura. Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.
When I have found my brother, I will beg
To ſerve him; but he ſhall ne'er know who I am;
For he muſt hate me then for my bad mother:
I'll ſay I am a country lad that want a ſervice,
And have ſtraid on him by chance, leſt he diſcover me.
I know I muſt not live long, but that taime
I ha' to ſpend, ſhall be in ſerving him.
And tho' my mother ſeek to take his life away,
In ai day[49] my brother ſhall be taught
That I was ever good, tho' ſhe were naught. [*Exit.*

Enter Bacha and Timantus; Bacha reading a letter.

Bacha. Run away? the devil be her guide!

Tim. Faith, ſhe's gone!
There is a letter; I found it in her pocket.
'Would I were with her! ſhe's a handſome lady;
A plague upon my baſhfulneſs! I had bobb'd her
Long ago elſe.

Bacha. What a baſe whore is this, that, after all
My ways for her advancement, ſhould ſo poorly
Make Virtue her undoer, and chuſe this time,
The king being deadly ſick, and I intending

[49] *In* ai *day*;] *i. e.* In *one* day.

A preſent

A preſent marriage with ſome foreign prince,
To ſtrengthen and ſecure myſelf! She writes here,
Like a wiſe gentlewoman, ſhe will not ſtay;
And the example of her dear brother makes her
Fear herſelf[50], to whom ſhe means to fly.

Tim. Why, who can help it?

Bacha. Now poverty and lechery, which is thy end,
Rot thee, where'er thou goeſt, with all thy goodneſs!

Tim. By'rlady they'll bruiſe her, an ſhe were of braſs!
I'm ſure they'll break ſtone walls: I've had experience
O' them both, and they have made me deſperate.
But there's a meſſenger, madam, come from the prince
With a letter to Iſmenus, who by him
Returns an anſwer.

Bacha. This comes as pat as wiſhes:
Thou ſhalt preſently away, Timantus.

Tim. Whither, madam?

Bacha. To the prince; and take the meſſenger for guide!

Tim. What ſhall I do there? I have done too much
Miſchief to be believ'd again; or, indeed, to 'ſcape
With my head on my back, if I be once known.

Bacha. Thou'rt a weak ſhallow fool! Get thee a diſguiſe;
And withal, when thou com'ſt before him, have a letter
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou
Haſt ever hope of goodneſs by me, or after me,
Strike one home ſtroke that ſhall not need another!
Dar'ſt thou? ſpeak! dar'ſt thou? If thou falleſt off,
Go be a rogue again, and lie and pandar
To procure thy meat! Dar'ſt thou? ſpeak to me!

Tim. Sure I ſhall never walk when I am dead,
I have no ſpirit. Madam, I'll be drunk,
But I will do it; that is all my refuge. [*Exit.*

Bacha. Away! no more! Then I will raiſe an army
Whilſt the king yet lives, if all the means and power
I have can do it; I can't tell.

[50] Fear *herſelf.*] Seward reads, *Fear* for *herſelf*; but the text is good ſenſe, according to the idiom prevailing in our Authors' time.

Enter

Enter Iſmenus and the three lords.

Iſm. Are you inventing ſtill? we'll eaſe your ſtudies.
Bacha. Why, how now, ſaucy lords?
Iſm. Nay, I'll ſhake you! yes, devil, I will ſhake you!
Bacha. Do not you know me, lords?
Niſ. Yes, deadly ſin, we know you: 'Would we did not!
Iſm. Do you hear, whore? a plague o'God upon thee! The duke is dead.
Bacha. Dead?
Iſm. Ay,
Wildfire and brimſtone take thee! Good man, he
Is dead, and paſt thoſe miſeries, which thou,
Thou ſalt infection like, like a diſeaſe
Flungeſt upon his head. Doſt thou hear? An 'twere
Not more reſpect to womanhood in general
Than thee, becauſe I had a mother, who—
I will not ſay ſhe was good, ſhe liv'd ſo near
Thy time—I would have thee, in vengeance of
This man, whoſe peace is made in Heav'n by this time,
Tied to a poſt, and dried i'th' ſun; and after
Carried about, and ſhewn at fairs for money,
With a long ſtory of the devil thy father,
That taught thee to be whoriſh, envious, bloody.
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
Iſm. You fleering harlot, I'll have a horſe to leap thee,
And thy baſe iſſue ſhall carry ſumpters[51]. Come, lords;
Bring her along! We'll to the prince all, where
Her hell-hood ſhall wait his cenſure; and if he ſpare
Thee, ſhe-goat, may he lie with thee again! and beſide,
Mayſt thou lay upon him ſome naſty foul diſeaſe,
That hate ſtill follows, and his end a dry ditch!—
Lead, you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad
Shall make you ſkip; away to the prince!
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
I hope yet I ſhall come too late to find him. [*Exeunt.*

[51] *Shall carry* ſumpters.] A *ſumpter* horſe is that which carries the proviſions and baggage. *R.*

Cornets [52]. *Cupid descends.*

Cupid. The time now of my revenge draws near;
Nor ſhall it leſſen, as I am a god,
With all the cries and prayers that have been,
And thoſe that be to come, tho' they be infinite
In need and number [53]! [*Aſcends.*

Enter Leucippus and Urania.

Leuc. Alas, poor boy, why doſt thou follow me?
What canſt thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.

Ura. In good ſeth, I ſhall be weel and rich enough
If you will love me, and not put me from you!

Leuc. Why doſt thou chuſe out me, boy, to undo thee?
Alas, for pity, take another maſter,
That may be able to deſerve thy love
In breeding thee hereafter! me thou knoweſt not,
More than my miſery; and therefore canſt not
Look for rewards at my hands: 'Would I were able,
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindneſs!
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith;
Thy harmleſs innocence moves me at heart.
Wilt thou go ſave thyſelf? Why doſt thou weep?
Alas, I do not chide thee.

Ura. I cannot tell;
If I go from you, Sir, I ſhall ne'er draw day more:
Pray, if you can, (I will be true to you)
Let me wait on you! If I were a man,
I would fight for you: Sure you have ſome ill-willers;
I would ſlay 'em.

Leuc. Such harmleſs ſouls are ever prophets.

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[52] Cornets. *Cupid from above*] Seward, ſeeing 'no propriety' in the *cornets* 'belonging to Cupid,' places that direction at the end of the foregoing ſcene; but why diſplace the *cornets* here, ſince he inſerts them on Cupid's other appearances? We have made this direction like the former.

[53] Cupid. *The time now*, &c.] This ſpeech, till Seward very properly introduced it here, was placed at the end of the play, notwithſtanding the direction quoted in the laſt note ſtood where it now does.

Well,

Well, take thy wiſh [54]; thou ſhalt be with me ſtill:
But, prithee eat, my good boy! thou wilt die,
My child, if thou faſt one day more; theſe four days
Th' haſt taſted nothing: Go into the cave,
And eat; thou ſhalt find ſomething for thee,
To bring thy blood again, and thy fair colour.

Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you! but I'll eat
Tomorrow.

Leuc. Thou't be dead by that time.

Ura. I ſhould be
Well then; for you'll not love me.

Leuc. Indeed I will.—
This is the prettieſt paſſion that e'er I felt yet!—
Why doſt thou look ſo earneſtly upon me?

Ura. You've fair eyes, maſter.

Leuc. Sure the boy dotes!—
Why doſt thou ſigh, my child?

Ura. To think that ſuch
A fine man ſhould live, and no gay lady love him.

Leuc. Thou wilt love me?

Ura. Yes ſure, till I die; and when
I am in Heaven, I'll e'en wiſh for you.

Leuc. And I'll come to thee, boy.—This is a love
I never yet heard tell off.—Come, thou'rt ſleepy, child;
Go in, and I'll ſit with thee.—Heav'n, what portends
this?

Ura. You're ſad, but I'm not ſleepy: 'Would I could
Do aught to make you merry; ſhall I ſing?

Leuc. If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou
Shouldſt comfort me, and art far worſe than I!

Enter Timantus, diſguiſed.

Ura. La', maſter, there is one; look to yourſelf!

Leuc. What art thou that into this diſmal place,
Which nothing could find out but miſery,
Thus boldly ſtep'ſt? Comfort was never here;
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any houſe

54 *Well, I take thy wiſh.*] The meaſure and ſenſe both require us to expunge the *I*. *Seward.*

Built by a better architect than beasts;
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: If you conquer him,
He is your meat; if not, you must be his.
Tim. I come to you (for, if I not mistake,
You are the prince) from that most noble lord
Ismenus, with a letter.
Ura. Alas, I fear
I shall be discover'd now.
Leuc. Now I feel
Myself the poorest of all mortal things:
Where is he that receives such courtesies
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all!
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.
Tim. His letters speak him, Sir.
Ura. Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die!
Ah me! sure I cannot live a day.
[*Leucippus opening the letter, the whilst Timantus runs at him, and Urania steps before.*
Oh, thou foul traitor? How do you, master?
Leuc. How dost thou, my child?—Alas! look on this;
It may make thee repentant, to behold
Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.
Ura. 'Tis nothing, Sir, an you be well.
Tim. Oh, pardon me!
Know you me now, Sir?
Leuc. How couldst thou find me out?
Tim. We intercepted
A letter from Ismenus, and the bearer
Directed me.
Leuc. Stand up, Timantus, boldly!
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the state and me:
But oh, far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a traitor death
Without a trial! Here the country is not

To

To purge thee or condemn thee [55]; therefore take
A nobler trial than thou doſt deſerve,
Rather than none at all: Here I accuſe thee,
Before the face of Heav'n, to be a traitor
Both to the duke my father and to me,
And the whole land. Speak! is it ſo, or no?
Tim. 'Tis true, Sir: Pardon me!
Leuc. Take heed, Timantus,
How thou doſt caſt away thyſelf! I muſt
Proceed to execution haſtily
If thou confeſs it: Speak once again! is't ſo, or no?
Tim. I am not guilty, Sir.
Leuc. Gods and thy ſword
Acquit thee! here it is. [*Gives him his ſword.*
Tim. I'll not uſe any violence
Againſt your highneſs.
Leuc. At thy peril then!
For this muſt be thy trial; and from henceforth
Look to thyſelf!
[*Timantus draws his ſword, they fight, Timantus falls.*
Tim. I do beſeech you, Sir,
Let me not fight.
Leuc. Up, up again, Timantus!
There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—
Fy, fy, Timantus! is there no uſage can
Recover thee from baſeneſs! Wert thou longer
To converſe with men, I'd have chid thee for this.
Be all thy faults forgiven!
Tim. Oh, ſpare me, Sir! I am not fit for death.
Leuc. I think thou art not; yet truſt me, fitter than
For life. Yet tell me, ere thy breath be gone,
Know'ſt of any other plots againſt me?
Tim. Of none.
Leuc. What courſe wouldſt thou have taken, when
thou hadſt kill'd me?
Tim. I would have ta'en your page, and married her.

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[55] *To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore*
A nobler trial than thou doſt deſerve.] Here a verb is evidently left out, being equally neceſſary to the ſenſe and meaſure. *Seward.*

Leuc.

Leuc. What page? [*Urania ſwoons.*

Tim. Your boy there—— [*Dies.*

Leuc. Is he fall'n mad in death? what does he mean?
Some good god help me at the worſt! How doſt thou?
Let not thy miſery vex me; thou ſhalt have
What thy poor heart can wiſh: I am a prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayeſt cloaths,
And the fineſt things, that ever pretty boy
Had given him.

Ura. I know you well enough.
Feth, I am dying; and now you know all too.

Leuc. But ſtir up thyſelf: Look what a jewel here is,
See how it gliſters! what a pretty ſhow
Will this make in thy little ear! ha, ſpeak!
Eat but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me?

Leuc. I prithee mind thy health! why, that's well ſaid;
My good boy, ſmile ſtill.

Ura. I ſhall ſmile 'till death,
An I ſee you! I am Urania,
Your ſiſter-in-law.

Leuc. How!

Ura. I am Urania.

Leuc. Dulneſs did ſeize me!, now I know thee well:
Alas, why cam'ſt thou hither?

Ura. Feth, for love:
I would not let you know 'till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my mother was
So naught.

Leuc. I will love thee, or any thing!
What, wilt thou leave me as ſoon as I know thee?
Speak one word to me! Alas, ſhe's paſt it!
She will never ſpeak more.—
What noiſe is that? it is no matter who

Enter Iſmenus with the lords.

Comes on me now.—What worſe than mad are you
That ſeek out ſorrows? if you love delights,
Begone from hence!

Iſm. Sir, for you we come,
As ſoldiers to revenge the wrongs you've ſuffer'd
Under this naughty creature: What ſhall be done with her?
Say; I am ready.

Leuc. Leave her to Heav'n, brave couſin!
They ſhall tell her how ſh' has ſinn'd againſt 'em;
My hand ſhall ne'er be ſtain'd with ſuch baſe blood.
Live, wicked mother! that reverend title be
Your pardon! for I'll uſe no extremity
Againſt you, but leave you to Heav'n.

Bacha. Hell take you all! or, if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither!
And 'till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continu'd plague, and ſuch a one
That knows no friends nor ending! may all ages
That ſhall ſucceed curſe you, as I do! and
If it be poſſible, I aſk it Heav'n,
That your baſe iſſues may be ever monſters,
That muſt, for ſhame of Nature and ſucceſſion,
Be drown'd like dogs! 'Would I had breath to poiſon you[56]!

Leuc. 'Would you had love within you, and ſuch grief
As might become a mother! Look you there!
Know you that face? that was Urania:
Theſe are the fruits of thoſe unhappy mothers,
That labour with ſuch horrid births as you do!
If you can weep, there's cauſe; poor innocent,
Your wickedneſs has kill'd her; I'll weep for you.

Iſm. Monſtrous woman!
Mars would weep at this, and yet ſhe cannot.

Leuc. Here lies your minion too, ſlain by my hand:
I will not ſay you are the cauſe; yet certain,
I know you were to blame: The gods forgive you!

Iſm. See, ſhe ſtands as if ſhe were inventing
Some new deſtruction for the world.

Leuc. Iſmenus,

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[56] *Would I had breath to* poiſon *you.*] Some editions (Seward's among the number) read,

Would I had breath to pleaſe *you.*

Thou'rt

Thou'rt welcome yet to my ſad company.
Iſm. I come to make you ſomewhat ſadder, Sir.
Leuc. You cannot; I am at the height already.
Iſm. Your father's dead.
Leuc. I thought ſo; Heav'n be with him!
Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never! thou
Haſt made more ſorrows than we've eyes to utter.
Bacha. Now let Heav'n fall! I'm at the worſt of evils;
A thing ſo miſerably wretched, that
Ev'ry thing, the laſt of human comforts, hath left me!
I will not be ſo baſe and cold to live,
And wait the mercies of theſe men I hate:
No, it is juſt I die, ſince Fortune hath left me.
My ſteep deſcent attends me[57]: Hand, ſtrike thou home!
I've ſoul enough to guide; and let all know,
As I ſtood a queen, the ſame I'll fall,
And one with me! [*Stabs the prince, then herſelf.*
Leuc. Oh!
Iſm. How do you, Sir?
Leuc. Nearer my health than I think any here.
My tongue begins to falter: What is man?
Or who would be one, when he ſees a poor
Weak woman can in an inſtant make him none?
Dor. She's dead already.
Iſm. Let her be damn'd
Already, as ſhe is! Poſt all for ſurgeons!
Leuc. Let not a man ſtir! for I am but dead.
I've ſome few words which I would have you hear,
And am afraid I ſhall want breath to ſpeak 'em:
Firſt to you, my lords; you know Iſmenus is
Undoubted heir of Lycia[58]; I do beſeech you all,
When I am dead, to ſhew your duties to him.
Lords. We vow to do't.
Leuc. I thank you. Next to you,
Couſin Iſmenus, that ſhall be the duke,
I pray you let the broken images[59]
Of Cupid be re-edified! I know

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57 *My* ſtep *deſcent attends me.*] Corrected in 1750.
58 Undoubtedly *heir.*] Varied by Seward.
59 *I pray you let the broken* image *of Cupid.*] Altered in 1750.

All

All this is done by him.

Iſm. It ſhall be ſo.

Leuc. Laſt, I beſeech you that my mother-in-law
May have a burial according to—— [*Dies.*

Iſm. To what, Sir?

Dor. There's a full point!

Iſm. I will interpret for him: She ſhall have burial
According to her own deſerts, with dogs!

Dor. I would your majeſty would haſte for ſettling
Of the people.

Iſm. I'm ready.

Age. Go; and let the trumpets ſound
Some mournful thing, whilſt we convey the body
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave!
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,
Accurs'd, whilſt one man has a memory! [*Exeunt.*

IN the courſe of Mr. Seward's Notes on this Play, he remarks, that 'Had this whole plot, a father marrying his ſon's whore, the 'ſon's penitence and diſtreſs, and her plots for his deſtruction, 'been wrought into a tragedy, without the idle machinery of 'Cupid and his Revenge, it would have afforded ſufficient matter 'to ſuch geniuſes as our Authors:' And afterwards ſays, 'I cannot 'take leave of this play without again regretting the farcical in-'termixture of the machinery of Cupid, from whence it takes its 'name. Without this, and the ridiculous death of the princeſs, 'what a noble tragedy would our Authors have left us? The 'character of the king from his ridiculous dotage on his children, 'to a ſtill more ridiculous dotage on a wanton wife; the misfortunes 'of a virtuous young prince from taking one vicious ſtep, and en-'deavouring to conceal it by a falſity, are finely deſcrib'd; but how 'is the juſt moral ariſing from thence ſpoil'd, by making this only '*Cupid's Revenge!*'

In our opinion, the Plot and the Machinery are equally ridiculous; and we cannot avoid expreſſing our concern, that ſo much admirable poetry ſhould be beſtowed on ſo abſurd a drama.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

00052967

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016